

THE
ORIENT PEARL,
FOR
1835.

EDITED BY
W. KIRKPATRICK

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TO

LADY GRANT.

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HER LADYSHIP'S MOST OBEДИENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is necessary to explain to Subscribers the cause of the delay which has taken place in publishing this volume. Had the time originally fixed upon been adhered to, the ORIENT PEARL would have come to a field in which the BENGAL ANNUAL had preceded it by a shorter interval than was expected; and many were of opinion that so close a succession of Annuals was unsuitable to the taste prevailing under this meridian. This delay has, however, been most favourable to the PEARL, for it has enabled the Editor to include some rich gleanings which the haste of the Editor of the BENGAL ANNUAL did not permit him to gather up. The prose contribution at the close of the volume is an instance of "the good wine" being reserved to the last.

The Editor renewed his connection with this Annual with the intention of continuing it from year to year. This resolution he is reluctantly compelled to abandon, as he finds the labour and attention, which should be devoted to an undertaking of this kind, incompatible with his present situation and duties.

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INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

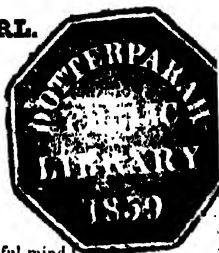
BY J. DUNBAR, ESQ.

THIS earth, though not alike in beauty clad,
Holds not a clime, where nature is not found
Enrobed in loveliness. If flowers abound
On some more favour'd soils, let such be glad,
Redundant thus ; yet let not those be sad,
In which creation hath not shed around
Each beauteous plant, to deck the sterile ground ;
Nor need Improvement e'er despair to add
To nature's gifts. Thus, while th' enlighten'd West
Pours forth her treasures, with a lavish hand,
E'en here, in this so long benighted land,
A thousand signs Refinement's march attest !
Reason and Truth their kindred flags unfurl,
Lo ! we obey their call, and give—the ORIENT PEARL !

THE ORIENT PEARL.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

BY CAPTAIN MCNAGHTEN.



On these he mused within his thoughtful mind

Dryden.

THE man who bestoweth upon another unsolicited advice (a species of almsgiving not uncommon even in this niggardly and selfish age) has always the satisfaction, in addition to the pleasant feeling of conscious liberality, of believing himself wiser than the by-him-considered-little-better-than donkey, upon whom he inflicts the overflowings of his sagacity; and if the giver be one of those solemn and heavy people who are not extraordinarily gifted with eloquence,—who are no orators, as Brutus was—they contrive, or think they contrive, to hide their verbal poverty behind the veil of the oracular promulgation that—"second thoughts are best." If they can give you no other reason for pausing in your career, they can always give you *that*; and accordingly it has so often been dinned into my own miserable ear, that I have determined to give the sentiment even more than its proverbial chance of immortality, by

discussing its merits in the pages of an Annual. Luckily for me, it is an apophthegm, on both sides of which a good deal may be said ; and luckily for the reader, I mean to say, *of* that good deal, as much as I possibly can. When a proser tells you that second thoughts are best, ask him the *gender* of the thoughts he is pleased to mention ; for I purpose proving to you that *if* the chances really are that a man's second thoughts are best, the said chances also really are, that a woman's first thoughts should be at a similar premium. Woman is intuitively wise : man only wise, and not always that, after much reflection ; and therefore, if you ask advice of a woman (in nine cases out of ten the best counsellor), place your reliance upon her prompt opinion ; but if you ask advice of a man, do not give much more than a snap of your middle finger and thumb (not loud enough for him to hear) for any opinion that he may give you, if he *cannot* give you a prompt one ; for it is a hundred guineas to a hundred pence, that his vacillating mind will, at last, offer you two courses to choose between,—fearful of responsibility, that raw head and bloody bones of a weak and timid nature.

But of course, when I suppose you to be asking advice, I also suppose you to be applying for it to a firm and sensible person, be the same male or female ; because if, on the “birds of a feather” precedent, you go to some one who is as great a fool as yourself, the chances, already twice mentioned, are that you will obtain no better rule of guidance than what your own untutored mind might have suggested. In the next place, if a man spontaneously present you with his thoughts—either first or second—in

the way of advice, wish him silently, but heartily, at the very spot where Captain Ross says he has discovered the true magnetic pole—and wish him there, moreover, without an inch of blanket, or a drop of brandy · but if a woman spontaneously present you with *her* thoughts, “either with or without advice,” then bestow upon her your softest but not least enduring gratitude (which means your love, when propriety will admit that meaning) ; for you will never be wholly worthless and vile, so long as you possess any of those qualities for the sake of which a woman takes a pure interest in your welfare. Never care so much as one rupee, even in these piping times of proprietors-dividend-securing-economical-retrrenchment, what *mankind* say or think of you—good, bad, or indifferent,—so long as *womankind* have for you the sentiment of regard ; but always act as I once sang (when I *could* sing) upon being taxed, or twitted, with devoting so much of my poesy to the female sex :—

Oh ! if there be, who think my song should take a wider
range,

And that from woman's charms and love my lute at last
should change,

Should lend its tones to theme of war, or revel in the hall,
Or sing ambition's towering rise, or paint a tyrant's fall :
It may be that I *could* do these, and win a breath of fame ;
But be *my* guerdon woman's praise—though man should
scoff or blame.

Her love (the brightest mark on earth, of heaven) forsakes
us not,

Though overwhelming ruin come to blight our better lot ;

It takes the poignancy from grief, and soothes the throb of pain,

And raises hope where, *but* for it, hope ne'er would come again :

It purifies the erring heart and frees the soul from guile,
When man's most rich reward in life is woman's love-born smile.

Then still my poet-strain shall be of woman's matchless love;
Her fervency, her gracefulness, her faith—all faith above :
Her heart-lit eye, her fragrant lip, her fairly-moulded form,
And the sun-beam look that softens down our passions' wildest storm :

Let others sing of strife or mirth ; the lists, or festal hall ;
My one theme shall be woman's love,— for I have known it all.

Upon this principle, I say, of valuing woman's praise more than man's commendation, always act, whether you chance to be in a dilemma or not. for behold ! men will give you their advice, partly from ostentation, and partly from a mentally alleged superiority ; and if you follow that advice, and are evidently sinking over ears and head (for the ears *must* go under first, unless you *dive* into the slough of despond) in consequence of following it, the man who gave it will be among the first to abandon you—fearful lest your fate may compromise his wisdom—and disown all interest in you, past, and present, and to come, also, unless you come up again and get on swimmingly : and if you do *not* follow his advice, he will tell you, in substance, if not in words, to go to the—antipodes in your own way, for an obstinate, senseless, ungrateful, mule-headed brute, as you doubtless are ; and however well you may do after that, he will take care to inform the world, generally, that, to his

knowledge—such as it is—you would have done better still if you had done as he desired you. But a woman will not only give you advice, in her own gentle, deferential, assuasive way, when you stand in need of it (for they have too much tact and native delicacy to offer it unwanted), but she will never abandon you—and, more especially than never, if all the rest of the globe do—though the choicest adversity should souse you, as vinegar does salmon, for not having been guided by her sweet and rational opinion, because, forsooth, you would not deign (you insufferable, and yet superlative, dolt!) to accept of a woman's advice for the direction of your very sapient manhood. A man's second thoughts, when he ponders on the performance of some action which, in his own opinion,

The world will gaze with wonder at,
And envy when 'tis done ;

are something like those of a hen when she designs to lay an egg, but has not fixed upon the whereabouts. She goes to a nice sheltered and well concealed spot, in the midst of a hedge, or haply in a hayloft, where her deposit might remain till it was addle before any body would discover its bourne. She scrapes it a little, turns herself about in it, fits herself into it, and almost lays her egg,—but not quite. No, upon “second thoughts,” she goes to the manger, finds a bit of hay there, huddles and muddles herself into a corner, lays her egg, and exit, but imagining it much safer than in the midst of the luxuriant hedge, or the impervious contents of the well-plenished loft! And so with man :—his second thoughts often mar what his first would have completed ; or lose by overcaution what the

first would have mastered by a *coup de main*. A woman's first thoughts, on the other hand, are every thing; and, like the first spring of the chitá at the antelope, if they fail to gain the object, she ventures no more. *But they seldom fail*; for woman's wisdom is like instinct; and close observers will perceive, what is a veiled page in the volume of life to superficial people, that when a woman fails in any undertaking, the failure has its source in her having yielded to man's judgment in some important stage of the process—and in having yielded, too, against her own conviction. I really think, after mature deliberation, that second thoughts have obtained their pre-eminence in consequence of their success having been, on occasions, prominent; and their various failures forgotten, or unremarked. We always expect a change of weather with a change of moon, but we never observe how often the moon changes by herself! and no doubt some watchful person (probably an undertaker) having remarked that one of thirteen he had junketted with one evening, expired before the year did, it forthwith became a rule honored by due notice in the occasional *observance*, but let pass with impunity the frequent *breach*, like the fault of him who is a favorite at head-quarters! I can assure the above alluded-to undertaker, that had he sat down to do the jovial with precisely twenty-six, instead of but half the number, the chances (already thrice-named) of something turning up in his line would have been much greater in a given space of time. Look at first thoughts! The Duke of Wellington's first thoughts on beholding Torres Vedras were to convert them into impregnable defences. His

first thoughts on seeing the site of Waterloo, a year before the battle, were to "fight the French for king George upon the throne" upon that very place, if ever he should have the option. Nelson's first thoughts at Trafalgar were to break the enemy's line; and his first thoughts at the Nile, to attack them at their moorings. Look on *that* picture of first thoughts, and now look on *this* picture of second thoughts. Lord William's first thoughts were to attack Suchet, once upon a time; but his second thoughts were to walk off; and I remember, *multa gemens*, to this very day, that between six and seven years ago, my first thoughts were to have asked for a particular appointment, and my second thoughts were *not* to have asked; and I was afterwards told, as if from good authority, that if I *had* asked, I should have obtained it; but that it was not thought fitting to give even to merit what merit did not consider worth the asking. Well, another time, my first thoughts were not to ask for *any* appointment, and my second thoughts *were* to ask for any appointment; and I *did* ask, and had better (as a philanthropist) have let it alone, for I only put benevolent persons to what they confessed was the pain of refusing me—and to give pain of any sort has always been my very amiable aversion. So much for second thoughts, in some very remarkable instances! You see, there is often a sort of plausibility in the second thoughts, which imposes upon shallow people for the hidden depths of wisdom—depths which, like the horizon, they only *seem* to see—and which has got those thoughts a name sufficient to cover a multitude of stupidities; while that gay, bold, open-faced, dashing, clever son of impulse,

the first thought, is, by bearded boys, whose minds are still in childhood, taken and deemed to be a shallow-pated coxcomb, because he is neither very studious nor particularly demure. But I recollect an instance wherein my own second thoughts proved by far the best, and that was when I began to think that *first* thoughts were the best. I, at one period, followed the stream in the wake of *second* thoughts; buzzing, bubbling, and spluttering after them, like a part of any other mob at the heels of any other pretender. I then conceived (but I was as one without an atom of experience) that second thoughts were to the first, what the judicious friend was to the congenial companion. The first thought was, I admitted, like the boon comrade, the favorite of the two; and it struck me we were disposed to quarrel with the intruding second-one for its officious interference; though being sensible of its superior value, (like that of the sagacious, but often-thwarting, friend,) we acted upon *it*, while our hearts were with its opposite! The cause of this, I concluded, might be that we felt our vanity wounded alike by the after-thought and the friend, as each compelled us to, at least tacitly, acknowledge that we were less intuitively wise, and a degree less infallible, than we had complacently imagined; and if we ultimately conformed to that by which our vanity had been hurt, I decided the reason to be, because ourself-interest was more powerful than even our vanity.

“Happily constituted,” I exclaimed, “are they who are not cursed with such head-strength or conceit, as prevents them from willingly following the maturer counsel; and who, in all their predicaments, can imitate Queen Eli-

Elizabeth :— she loved Leicester, but she was counselled by Burleigh !” But this was the rhapsodical emanation of a juvenile mind ; and the time came, besides, when I got to know more of woman’s nature than to believe that Elizabeth *did* love Leicester, or Essex, or any body else, with the heart love, which alone deserves the name ; for she was a cold, vain, and selfish, albeit a wise woman ; and such a woman can have no love in her. Had she loved Leicester, in the true and womanly sense of the term, the sage Burleigh would not have had one particle of chance with him ; for it is woman’s “ sweet weakness ” to yield all where she has yielded her heart, and one word (in *that* case) from Leicester would have annihilated the “ wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best ” arrangement which sterling old Mentor Burleigh could have perfected in a month of constant meditation. But this is a digression, to follow out which, through its interesting ramifications, would quite seduce me from my original theme. Although it is now a trite observation, (for all observations upon human nature, that are based upon truth, become trite, in consequence of their being universally admitted) yet he who first announced it must have been a deep, an acute, and an accurate investigator, in genuine metaphysics ; for it is not at this day even so trite as it is true,—that “ a woman jumps to a conclusion,” while a man plods his way to it. But almost always the conclusion to which the female mind thus leaps is the right conclusion, whereas the end of a man’s reasoning very often leaves him wrong ; nor would he be satisfied at being right, if he could not explain to himself how he came to be so. A woman, on the contrary,

does not care how she arrives at the true goal, so long as she is convinced she *has* arrived at it; and could no more explain to you the mental process, outstripping the very lightning from heaven, than the American boy could have told by what means he gave you an instantaneous and a true solution of a complicated arithmetical question. Women are practical and correct metaphysicians; men are theoretical, and often blundering ones: but what I have always found to be the beauty of a woman's first thoughts (upon any question of conduct submitted to her) is that while their correctness flashes conviction *of* that correctness to your mind at once—if you have a mind at all—you are able to elucidate both to your own and her satisfaction the train of reasoning which justifies her dictum, though she may still remain unconscious of its having operated within her at the moment of consultation. Her opinions often strike you at once with all the force of a truism, and they seem as if they had always been your own, and your only incredulity is that you have never before actually entertained them—for you could swear that you have! When Walter Scott remarked—in that brief and passing way in which he unostentatiously let fall his shrewdest observations—that the sensation of wonder never occurred in a dream, the truth of the remark was as obvious to every one who read it, as though he had himself declared it a hundred times before; and yet it was never uttered by any other tongue than his, and probably never occurred to any other mind, though people had been dreaming for six thousand years! The old proverb, then, that “woman's wit is better than man's wisdom,” only means that woman's first thoughts are

better than man's second thoughts; and it is forcibly grafted on my own belief, that, with some exceptions to prove the rule, a man's own first thoughts are preferable to his after ones. To me the fact seems to be that what are called the second thoughts, are frequently but the first, which have been "slow to come;" and that the man, possessed of constant presence of mind, and comprehensiveness of understanding, comes to that rule of action *instantly*—which the slower and less collected mind can only arrive at after much deliberation. The former sees all the bearings of the question, all the difficulties of the dilemma, all the pro's and contra's of the case, at one mental *coup d'œil*; and if he subsequently determine to alter his course of procedure, it will be upon the acquirement of some new information, which, had he at first obtained it, would have been equally acted upon by his first resolve. But the latter character—he of the second thoughts—is one who is always more or less, in proportion to the exigency, dumbfounded by the first shock of an occurrence; because his wits are never about him. They are not wool-gathering, for they are doing nothing; but like idle, and badly managed, servants, they are never in the way when most particularly wanted. The consequence is that they have all to be collected, and arranged, and allowed time to recover their breath; and whatever they resolve upon, after all that fuss and note of preparation, is called "second thoughts," and dignified with the title of "maturest counsel;" when what is deemed its maturity, is nothing but its lateness. Then, besides these two characters, there is a third, called the world:—a meddling, prying, self-puffed-up

censorious character :—which takes upon itself to form a judgment of the two thoughts, but takes care to see the result first; and then if the first thought have not proved infallible, it is dogmatically pronounced to have been a hasty, crude, and an ill-digested thought; while the second thought, though, mayhap, equally erroneous, when estimated by the upshot, is at all events excused, because it is the supposed production of a world of pains. Give me the man for *my* “guide, philosopher, and friend,” who thinks comprehensively and decides promptly. I do not mean the man who blurts out his conceited and shallow notions, on an *ex parte* statement; or who utters his verdict or his advice before he has made himself master of all the information he has reason to think obtainable: but the man who, upon as much knowledge as you, the applicant for counsel, choose to convey to him (the penalty of disingenuous concealment being on your own head), will promptly tell you how you ought to act, and convince you, by his very manner of counselling, that his promptitude is the result of his discernment and not of his mere conjecture. Such a man decides on the generally warring principle of intuitive approximation to actual foresight which directs a woman; the distinction between the two cases being simply that *he* will be able to make clear to you *why* he thinks you had better act as he advises; while *she* will leave it to your own acumen to account for *her* decision. Another feature in what are denominated second thoughts is, that they are frequently only a prolongation, or rather a dilution, of the first; whose boldness they often paralyse by overcaution, and whose effect they impair by letting slip the time for ac-

tion. Second thoughts are waverers, and if they sometimes keep you clear of destruction, they seldom procure you an unqualified triumph. Marmont acted upon a tissue of second thoughts at Salamanca. Many men delay from a positive inability to act at once ; and if the thus enforced procrastination is marked by a change of the original circumstances, they straightway impute much wisdom to themselves, and—" there !" (they exclaim) " see what we have escaped by not acting precipitately !" and then under the altered circumstances they will go on waiting again, till their fear of precipitancy terminates in the passiveness—not of prescience but of paralysation. It was the first thought of Fabius to oppose Hannibal by delay, and therefore his comparative inactivity was the result of his unhesitating resolve ; and indeed a search into, or a reminiscence of history will convince us that the greatest actions have been the offspring of quick determination : and even where first thoughts have apparently led to failure, who is to know how much worse the end might have been had those thoughts *not* governed the action ? Another species of credit often accorded to second thoughts is in something of *this* questionable shape. A man decides upon doing such a thing ;—taking his passage, we'll say, upon a certain ship. Before he can effect it an occurrence takes place which puts it, not out of his will but, out of his power to perpetrate his intent. He is, perhaps, smitten with cholera morbus, or (what is the next best thing) his agents fail, and five per centum of dribbling dividends,—like angels' visits few and far between,—stare him in the ruined face, and mock him with the ghost of his former board—*quantum mutatus ab*

illo Hecore !—and his original design is direfully frustrated. Well, the ship sails without him, is duly wrecked upon a hidden coral reef, and (as the newspapers tell us) “every *soul* on board perishes,” though it is to be hoped the *bodies* alone do ; and then comes our friend, even arrogating wisdom to himself, and sucking a compliment to his sagacity out of the lemon of his misfortune, and exclaims, “How well it is that I did not go in her !—you see *second thoughts* are best.” For my own part, I am quite certain that if ever I write the “Confessions of an Octogenarian,” having then attained not only to years of discretion and garrulity, but also to a period of the present century by which the great number of people I shall speak ill of will, it is to be imagined, have died, I shall indite a considerable quantity of anecdotic matter in proof of what I now declare to be the fact ; viz. that out of any *ten* instances in which persons wiser than I, in their own conceit, are ready to maintain I have gone grievously wrong, *nine* of them have positively proved the wisest courses (with reference to a whole heap of fore and after facts, involving what the Benthamites call “the greatest happiness of *their* greatest number”—*id est*, Number One) which mortal man could have pursued ; while the *tenth*, which I shall probably admit to be an error, was neither more nor less than a confounded second thought, that in an hour of human weakness I allowed to govern. The practical fact, undoubtedly, is that first thoughts rule the world ; for out of our every hundred acts, of all kinds and degrees, ninety and nine are performed on a first view of the case, and yet the world is not turned topsy-turvy ; and indeed were what I

have asserted *not* the case,—did humankind pause on all occasions before they acted,—the dance of life would be like the music of the stop waltz—the sudden cessation of which occasioneth so much bungling and jumbling among the gyratory couplets. Lastly, I should say that in forming acquaintances, especially with any view to eventual friendships, first impressions (another term for first thoughts) are every thing. True, you may be a noodle—one who has no more discernment than a mole, and consequently not quite so much as a lynx—and in that case the human face divine of another man is no index to *you*, though your own is quite a sufficient one to him; but if you are *not* a noodle (though I confess the chances, abovementioned four times, are in favor of your being so) then take a hint from one who revels in experience bought, as it should seem, providentially, for your use, and form your judgment of all men from your first thoughts of them. I do not mean to say that you can at once estimate their whole character—its every light and shadow; its ins and its outs; or how it may be affected under every change of fortune, or every attack of bile—but its sterling value you may at once appraise; and if you own the soft impeachment of feeling an aversion to any one upon a first interview; and subsequently, upon further acquaintance, feel it less than at first; then you may take my word for it that you had better have acted upon your first instinctive warning, and that your gradually more partialising feelings towards the individual are owing to your becoming more accustomed to what primarily was distasteful, and not to an error in “the small still voice” that whispered to you to abstain. Es-

chew your second thoughts, in all such cases, as you would a William of the Wisp ; for like that personage (and that is one reason why I don't choose to be on Jack and Tom terms with him) they will lead you into a quagmire difficult of egress. Above all, have nothing whatsoever to say to any man against whom a woman, who is interested in you, warns you after she has been "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" in his social society. If he have been theretofore your intimate friend, pray have saving sense enough left to set yourself down for the noodle I have already hinted that you, in all human probability, are, and beware of him ever after ; for if she say he is not to be trusted, he will sooner or later betray you as sure as your baptismal name is Simon, if unhappily it be so. Consider *her* first thoughts in such an instance, as pure gold ; your own as the veriest dross :—that is to say your own *second* ones, for, in the greatest likelihoood, you "began with a little aversion," only your easy temper let it be soothed out of you, or hushed into an untroubling dormancy. Suppose, now, you should some day turn this rule of mine against myself, and dislike me grievously at first sight, or upon some such wholesome female warning as I have been pleased to mention ?—but the last supposition involves an impossibility. In the former case, then, if you revolted from me upon your own unaided instinct, the consequence would be that, so far from my caring "a fico" for the matter, I should rejoice exceedingly in the disgustful impression which proved the means, on your part, of protecting me from such an intolerable bore of a private acquaintance as you must inevitably be. The same to me, you may rest

assured, whether you were the King of Great Britain, in London, or the Governor General of India, in Council : I should consider you a most insufferable nuisance, and should no doubt be even with you in the matter of instinct. We should meet under the doctrine of mutual repulsion, and I should, after that, use the most powerfully purifying Windsor soap in washing my hands of you for ever and ever.

THE SONG OF THE ROSE.

AM I not beautiful ?—His glow I caught
As the sun blushed upon you quivering sea.
Sing, Poet, truly sing if earth has aught
That may in loveliness compare with me ?

•
AM I not beautiful,—too fair to shrink
Like the sad violet chambered in her leaves ?
Then let me smile to heaven, and freely drink
The freshness that its showering starlight gives !

AM I not beautiful ?—Say, have not I
The very sweetness of the bulbul's breath ?—
Sing, Poet, sing,—the rose may fade and die,
But her lip claims that fragrance even in death.

DOMUM, DOMUM, DULCE DOMUM.

BY D. I. MONEY, ESQ.

HOME ! Home ! beloved and sacred name !
 To memory dearer than the fame
 Of any noble act of old,
 In England's history proudly told !

Home ! Home ! what magic in that word !
 Oh ! let it be in whispers heard,
 Let lips of friendship only tell
 It to those friends, who love it well
 And know the power of its spell !

Home ! Home ! there's something in the sound,
 When utter'd on this foreign ground,
 Unheard, and haply too unfelt
 By those, who have from childhood dwelt,
 Where it is mixed with all they know
 Of earthly happiness or woe.
 It breaks upon us like a flash
 Of sudden lightning, when the crash
 Of thunder *instant* follows, and
 A cold wind bursts upon the land.
 The storm has gathered in its might,
 And all looks dark as darkest night—
 The drops of rain fall big and slow,
 The trees are swinging to and fro—

A moment's heavy pause—and then
 The thunder-peal is heard again ;
 And the fork'd lightning flashes quick,
 And the black clouds are gathering thick—
 The wasting storm with wind and rain
 Is rushing like a hurricane !
 And *then* the cloudy masses through
 Is seen a glimpse of heaven's blue—
 The gale is passing, and each blast
 Grows faint and fainter than the last,
 Till suddenly the storm is past.
 And nature looks so fresh and green,
 You scarce could tell a storm had been.

}

So when the sound of home is heard
 In this far land—such scenes arise,
 Such feelings of the heart are stirred,
 Such deep and untouched sympathies—
 The tide of memory sweeping o'er
 Events that happened years before—
 A thousand by-gone joys are brought
 Tumultuous o'er the depths of thought ;
 And things you wish forgotten leap
 Forth from their long unbroken sleep—
 While others half forgotten press
 Upon the heart with heaviness ;
 And then the tumult of the mind,
 As quickly thought leaves thought behind—
 And every spot where friends had met
 Awakens some intense regret,—

And every parting scene appears
With all its anxious hopes and fears ;
And *sudden* then a funeral pall
Throws its dark shadow over all
We loved ; a chilling tremor creeps
Through us, and nature burdened weeps
With all the agony of woe—
Till through the tempest, like the bow
Of promise, memory's sunshine gleams
On some bright happy spot, that seems
To mock our grief—we linger yet
Until the beauteous lights are set—
And as they softly, calmly close,
The heart recovers its repose !

Oh ! Home ! my Home ! thrice welcome sight !
I see thee smiling in the light
Of other days, when thou wert all
My fondest, wildest wish desired—
A bright and joyful festival
Of revelry that never tired !

I see thee in the winter day—
With skates in hand we're on our way
To yon round pond ! A hard black frost
Last night ! hurra ! and now we've crost
The meadow, that surrounds the lake
Of ice—we pause awhile, and take
An eager view ; upon the side
That's nearest we embark, and slide

About—the ice is firm—it bears—
We gain the middle—and who cares ?
We slide and stamp—but hark ! crack ! crack !
A crash is heard the icy surface o'er—
The sound reverberating back
Is lost upon the farther shore !
Crack ! crack ! crack ! to the school-boy's heart
What sound more pleasure can impart !
The skates are on—and on we dash—
The ice is glossy black—each crash
Is music, and we feel as free
As any bird that *skims the sea*.
There's not a spot upon the wide
And bright—bright-mirror'd surface lying ;
We taste—we feel, as on we glide,
The very luxury of flying !

I see thee in the winter night—
(I never saw a scene more bright)
When snugly closing round the fire,
We careless heard the snow-storm's ire—
And shutting out the wind and cold,
Sat listening to the story told,
How some poor donkey or a post
Was taken for a fearful ghost—
How 'neath some tree was always heard
The sound of that mysterious bird,
Whose cry at midnight rises shrill,
And clear, and loud, foreboding ill,
And how the ominous sound had scared
All who at that dread hour had dared

To seek the spot of its lone rest,
And drive it from its unseen nest.
We heard of sudden-sinking floors,
Of frightful noises and trap-doors,
Of heavy nightmares, and of screams
In restless after-supper dreams ;
How highwaymen were seen about
Drear Shooter's Hill, and such like places—
How murders always were found out,
Though time had swept away the traces !
The forest lodge—the bloody bed—
And underneath a shaggy head
Just peeping out ;—the lonely inn—
The landlord with a *murderous* grin—
The sleeping draught—the daughter's look
Of warning, as the traveller took
The fatal cup ;—the haunted room—
The man of armour in the gloom
Of the dark passage, and the test
Of courage, as the hero drew
His pistols forth—fired at his breast,
And *saw* the balls pass harmless through !

With these and other tales was past
The night so happy to the last.
Instead of stories we begun
A game sometimes—and oh ! the fun
Of blind-man's buff—that prince of games
Made for young boys and elder dames,
In which the old and young unite
With the true spirit of delight !

Oh ! these were days when the young heart
Had never felt the bitter smart
Of grief ; it *then* knew most of joy,
Without cessation or alloy.
And happy too were summer days,
As dear as any winter brought !
But let them be—I will not raise
The curtain—Let them live in thought.

STANZAS.

BY " RAVEN."

THEY are " beautiful exceedingly,"—
The spirits proud and lone !
Dazzling or darkening the earth, while we
That creep below, as they pass on,
But dare to wonder how they soar,
And bow down, and adore.

Yet who would be, in his weary round
Even yonder solitary sun,
For all of gorgeous glory bound
To the course that he *must* run,
Through one eternal, changeless year,—
One noon of never ending glare ?

Mine be the brightness of some small star
That seems, just peeping on the night,
To say, " How crowded here you are,
Ye constellations bright !
There's scarcely room in heaven, I see,
For such a tiny spark as me."

Or even of the star-drop of our own earth,—
The little firefly wandering gay,—
A reveller midst dark flowers, whose mirth
Around him sheds an amber day.
His night is graceful, and delight
Is ever winged in his rambling flight.

Or of that gladness, like life, which plays
On the tide in its happy flow ;
Bright as the sun from which it strays,
Yet fresh as a mermaid's brow :—
That laughingly ever meets the eye
Like a spirit whose soul is society.

I would not be, I would not be
Yon solitary sun,
For all of glory gathered round
The course that he must run,
Through one eternal, changeless year,—
One noon of never ending glare.'

ETIMAD KHAN.

[*A Tale of the time of Akbar.*]

BY W. PHILIPPE, ESQ.

It was in the spring of 1832, that I was moving up from Cawnpore to Agra, and after a long march, I found myself encamped near a small village, about fifteen miles from the latter place, bearing the name of Etimadpur, which had the appearance of having been formerly a place of some importance. About a mile to the west of the village the road winds through a range of low hills of yellowish granite, and passes a large tank, perhaps two hundred and fifty yards square, in the centre of which stands an octagon dome-roofed building; and as I was examining it, and wondering at the occasion of the structure's being erected, six or seven men entered, and spreading their clothes towards the setting sun, commenced performing the evening devotions of Mahomed.

The principal figure in the groupe was a man apparently verging on seventy years of age—his ample jáma, sitting in thick plaits at the waist, descended in a flowing robe from thence to the heels, while the upper part fitted tight to the body; a turban of muslin, like the jáma, white as the driven snow, contrasted with a face of dark-olive hue, and features of noble, nay majestic, proportions, gave to the individual an air demanding respect, which his long white beard, descending to his breast, with his rosary of beads, considerably increased. From inquiries made from the

villagers I learnt that Saiad Abdul Hosen, for he was a descendant from the prophet himself, richly deserved the sentiments of respect that his person inspired ; a long course of studies of the rules inculcated in the Koran had vested him with so discriminating a knowledge of the Mahomedan laws, which he so strictly followed, that the people of the place looked up to him with reverence, almost amounting to adoration, as a common father—a common friend. This was the personage who, after the conclusion of his prayers, addressed me with that courtesy so distinctly marked in the manners of the east ; that is, among the better informed classes.

“ You look,” said he, “ with an air of curiosity on this mouldering building, and on this noble tank, once a reservoir of liquid crystal, now a stagnant pool, in which the singára only thrives ; perhaps you would like to hear the history of this place ; if so, and will accompany me to yonder dargáh,” pointing to an old tomb on the summit of a small knoll, as he spoke, “ I will relate the legend that attaches to the place, while we enjoy the cool breeze of evening, and mark the beams of the expiring sun as they play upon the cloud-like dome of the Táj Mahal.”

Assenting to the proposal of the venerable man, I accompanied him to the tomb, and ascending to the terraced roof, we sat down, and I listened to the narrative, which I have formed into the following tale.

About noon one day, at the latter end of the reign of Akbar Sháh, whose prowess and good government had given to the province of Agra a state of quiet rarely known at

that period, and whose fame had extended to the farthest limits of the kingdoms of Hindusthán, two travellers wended their weary way across the arid track lying between Etíwah and the new-founded city of Akbarahád, or, as it is more generally known in modern days, of Agra, who were anxiously looking forward for protection from the storm, which the dark, black clouds on the verge of the horizon so strongly portended, in any hut that might present itself to afford the desired accommodation. But although the practised eyes of the travellers glanced in every direction, nothing that would give the slightest idea of the adjacence of a human dwelling could be discerned.

The first of the travellers was a man of about twenty-five, but from a long career of warlike hardships, appeared full ten years older than he properly was. The attire of the warrior was in accordance with his evident avocation : a shirt of mail, made of the highest tempered steel, protected his body from the effects of the ordinary weapons of the time ; a semi-globular cap of the same material, round which a scarf, the boasted produce of Cashmere, was wrapped in many fanciful folds, covered his head ; beneath the mailed shirt he wore a long padded coat of crimson silk, which, as he sat on horseback, entirely covered his legs, leaving exposed merely the feet, cased in embroidered slippers, which rested on the broad, shovel-like stirrups suspended from the saddle. The arms of the stranger consisted of a scimitar of great weight, and which would require a man of great sinew to wield or use with effect ; a small circular shield, formed of the skin of the rhinoceros, impenetrable even to a matchlock ball, was suspended at his back ; while a spear

of immense length, tapering from the but to the head, rested on his right shoulder, and completed his equipment. Such was Etimád Khán, a young Pa/hán chief, a favourite of the emperor's, and the hero of my tale. The steed that carried the warrior was an iron-grey of large bone and excellent muscle, but from recent fatigue and hard work was reduced to a spareness of flesh rarely to be seen in the horses of the chiefs of Hindusthán ; still the arched neck, the proud step, the curl of the fore leg, and elevation of the flowing tail, exhibited the spirit of the high-casted animal.

The other traveller was of more advanced years, and of an humbler rank ; that of a common sawár, that rank which is considered so mercenary ; but of such conduct, Mamur, the individual before me, was never guilty :—his accoutrements were far inferior to those of the chief, whose proud brow bore marks of intellectual superiority, sufficiently denoting his rank without reference to his habiliments. Mamur's clothes consisted of a long coat of Kanauj chiutz, quilted with cotton, a sufficient defence against the sword of an adversary ; instead of the steel cap and shawl, the defence of his head consisted of cotton cloth, wound many times round the head, and finally brought in thick plaits under the chin, obscuring the better part of the face ;—his arms were the sword, the lance, and the shield, all of inferior workmanship to those of the chief, but still that had shown good service, and were capable of shewing more, while the sinewy arm of the owner remained to wield them. The horse of the sawár was a raw-boned, but powerful, bay, yet evidently nearly overcome by the distance already traversed.

The latter personage rode in rear of the chief with that deferential air so apparent in a Mussulman of low rank to a superior ; near enough to converse, should such be his master's pleasure, but with too much respect to commence, or in any manner, to decide its nature. For some time the parties rode on in silence, when the chief began a conversation upon the, to them, important subject of the coming storm : whether it would enable them to reach Agra, still near eight kos, ere the impending torrent should be loosened. The attendant, though well acquainted with the signs of a forthcoming tempest, did not speak in such terms of certainty as his companion.

" I tell thee," said the chief, " that yon streak of grey light, now rising above the horizon, marks the rapid progress with which the storm approaches, and in this desolate waste, we may praise Alláh, if we succeed in getting a shelter for ourselves and beasts, before the rain reaches us ; which cannot now be long."

" Truly," rejoined the sawár, " I think thy prediction just, most noble Khán, and would, most humbly, advise that we push our beasts to yonder rising ground, which may, perchance, hide from our sight a comfortable protection."

The chief assented, and putting their horses into a gentle canter, the pair more quickly approached a low range of hills, which impeded their prospect in front ; but their progress was soon arrested by the sight of a young female, sitting by the road-side, beneath a stunted tree, bewailing at the violent gusts of wind, which carried the sand in clouds, half blinding the travellers, and so immediately preceding the approach of the thunder, then rumbling as it progressed.

On the sudden halt of the travellers, who were surprised at seeing a female alone and unprotected in so desolate a spot, she pulled the end of her chaddar, which composed the whole of her dress, over her face, but not so as entirely to hide features regular and handsome in the extreme, from the gaze of the soldiers. The movement was of that coquetish nature that draws observation by the ostensible act of avoiding it, and, as such, it did not escape the observation of the young chief.

"How now," was the inquiry he put to the girl; "what brings you here, so distant from any house, in such weather as this?"

"May it please you, mighty sir, I have been to a village three kos away, to sell the produce of my mother's wheel, and on my return, I was oppressed by fatigue, and sat down to rest," was the reply.

"And where is your mother's house?" asked the chief, to whom the rencontre appeared far from disagreeable; "how far is it from this, and will it afford a shelter for me and my servant, and our beasts? if so, and your mother will grant it, she shall not go without reward."

"The words of the Khán sáheb are the orders of his slaves," rejoined the girl; "the house of my mother is still a kos distant; before the time that I can traverse it, the storm will be upon you."

"Nay then, gentle damsel," resumed the chief, "if it do not so far interfere with thy modesty to ride behind a simple soldier, I will engage that Rustam," patting the neck of his steed, who at the notice made a caricole in the air, and straightway resumed his former staid position,

“ will bear your weight in addition to his master's, and we will soon reach your mother's house.”

With looks bent upon the ground, the female drew her chaddar more closely over her countenance, and rising from the ground, ascended the little bank on the road-side, from whence she extended her hand to the young chief, who, having given his spear to his attendant, approached more closely, and grasped her by the arm close to the shoulder, then, directing her to rest her foot upon his own, by the strength of his muscular arm, he raised her, and placed her behind him ; the size of the thickly padded saddle affording her a comfortable seat. On her being settled, the chief shook the reins of his steed with an “ on, Rustam, on,” at which the docile beast went off in a hand-gallop, undistressed at his double burthen. The sawár, striking the corners of his stirrups into his horse's flanks, put on in an equal pace, and both travellers, guided by the girl, turned off and rode across the country to the right.

A quarter of an hour brought the travellers to a low hut, forming the base from which a wing projected on either side ; that on the right being occupied by a few buffaloes, and that on the left being half filled with ploughs and other rude implements of husbandry ; and on their riding up to the door of the domicile, a man, apparently a husbandman, wrapped in a coarse blanket of goats' hair, which enveloped his person, issued from it, attracted by the clatter of horses' hoofs, and advancing, held the bridle of the chief, while he gently placed the girl upon the ground, and dismounted himself. The soldier then led his horse to the shed on the left, to which he was followed by his attendant.

Having seen his horse fed from a bag of gram that hung from his saddle, Etimád Khán repaired to the chabutra in front of the dwelling house, which, being covered with a pent of thatch, afforded a shelter from the rain, now falling in torrents, and accompanied by loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, which faintly illumined the face of the country, over which the thick murky clouds threw considerable gloom.

Seated on a morah the chief looked fearlessly at the dreadful storm; indeed, he was solely thinking upon the possibility of his reaching Akbarabád in the evening should the weather clear up. The man who had received the Khán's horse remained with the servant in the shed, so that Etimád was left to his own contemplations, till the young girl brought from the house a huqqa, while a woman, apparently near sixty, bent with age, came out and seated herself on the ground beside him. The chaddar of the younger female, who it is time to distinguish by her name of Amrabi, was now drawn back, so as fully to expose to view her handsome features, on which the eyes of the chief soon became riveted, fascinated by an appearance such as he had never before seen excelled; and which, unused as he was to the glance of bright eyes, occupied the whole of his imagination for the time.

It was not until about half an hour before sunset that the storm ceased, and the clouds cleared away; Etimád Khán then called to his servant Mamur, to prepare the horses and get ready to resume his march; but the travellers' quitting the place so soon, if at all, was not intended by the old woman, who endeavoured to persuade the chief to remain there until morning.

"Akbarabád is still seven koss distant," said the crone, "and my lord's horse has come a long way; honor then his slave's habitation by accepting its shelter for the night; there is no other house between this and Shahderah, which is but one kos from the waters of the Jamuná." -

Etimád Khán was half inclined to remain, when a glance at Amrabi, who had brought a saitar, which she was tuning, and apparently about to sing to, and who returned his glance with one as expressive as could be marked by two piercing black eyes, while she thus addressed the young chief:

"Will not my lord remain in the house of his servant; I, the lowest of his slaves, will sing the glad air with which he would woo his bride; and her mother will prepare such humble food as the house affords for his refreshment."

The Khán yielded, and directed his servant to lead the horses back to the shed, and to prepare a bed for himself, and another for his master, at their heads.

"Not so," interrupted the old woman, "my lord's bed must not be with horses; it must be within the house, and Amrabi shall lull him to sleep by the gentle sounds of her saitar."

To this also the chief assented, and the old woman commenced preparations for their evening meal, leaving the young soldier and Amrabi seated on the chabutra outside, but still having them frequently in her view, as she moved about within the hut, and constantly in her hearing; for the open door, and their proximity to it, prevented them from speaking in any manner so as not to be overheard—their conversation was, therefore, in that light air of railery for which the language of the east gives so many facilities.

Though the language in which the chief and Amrabi conveyed their thoughts was light and trifling, the manner with which it was expressed, accompanied by the numerous signs, for which the women of Hindustán are so celebrated, either confirmed it, or conveyed a far different meaning, to the words themselves; and although Amrabi gave a verbal negative to the request of the chief to join his fortunes, it was given with such an air, and was accompanied by a truth-telling glance of the eye, as led Etimád Khán to conceive that a visit to the gay city of Akbarabád would not be so unpleasant as the damsel, with her tongue, declared. Indeed, there was something of an air of mystery that hung about the actions of Amrabi, that Etimád could not, with all his art, penetrate: it appeared so strange what a being, so young, so intelligent, and so beautiful, could be doing in so remote a situation:—that she was a relative of the old crone, or the rugged-looking man the old woman styled her son, Etimád could not believe, although, when addressing the old woman, Amrabi had called her “mother;” yet without relationship, why should she be there? and when there, why she was exempt from the performance of that share in household drudgery that a female of her age and rank would be called upon to perform in ordinary life—it was difficult to tell.

On the food on which the old woman was so busy being ready, she brought it outside to the chabutra, and Amrabi bringing brass plates, the whole was divided, and the sowar and his rough-looking companion coming from the shed, the party sat down to their evening meal, which having concluded, the old woman brought out two earthen vessels,

from one of which Amrabi poured sharbat, which she handed round with the grace of a Hebe, while the ancient dame took from the other several kinds of sweetmeats, part of which she handed to Mamur, while Amrabi performed the same office to his master ; but, on presenting them, gave a look which spoke as plain as eye could speak, that they were not to be eaten—the chief, however, did not take the glance as it was intended, and ate two or three of the sweetmeats, and was in the act of raising more to his mouth, when the corner of Amrabi's chudder, as she turned round, swept them, and what remained upon the plate, into the mud, in front of the chabutra.

The quick eye of the old woman immediately noticed the fall of the condiments, and she opened her wrath upon poor Amrabi for her awkwardness, and accompanied her words by several blows, which, with reference to the skinny arm with which they were given, were marvellously effective : she then turned to the chief to apologise for the *gaucherie* of the girl, and to the circumstances of her supply being exhausted ; so that she had no others to offer in their stead. Etimád Khán received the apology with an air of unconcern, protested that their loss was immaterial—that he had already feasted sumptuously, and that his life as a soldier had habituated him to disappointments, in the scale of which this was a mere trifle.

After again smoking his hukah, the chief retired to an inner apartment of the hut, which was separated merely by a screen of bamboo matting, thinly plaistered with mud, from the shed in which the horses were tied, and Mamur and their rough-looking host were to sleep. The old wo-

man retired to a corner, and Amrabi, seating herself close to the door of the division in which the chief was to sleep, commenced singing some airs of love and war, till the chief, who was overpowered by the fatigues of the day, and the contents of the sweetmeats, soon fell into a calm, uninterrupted repose, when Amrabi retired to her own carpet, spread upon the ground, and apparently dropt asleep; although she was, in fact, watching the motions of the beldam near her.

In about half an hour, the old woman arose from the ground, and pushing aside the jhāmp that did the duty of a door, went forth towards the sheds, from which issued the man who has before been mentioned, who having lighted a small lanthorn, and attached it to a line, hoisted it to the end of a bamboo, which in the day time served as a support to a rail-work resting place for the pigeons between their circles or wanderings. While waiting for a reply to the signal, the two individuals entered into conversation, in a low tone of voice, regarding the state which their guests were then in.

The beldam opened the conversation by inquiring how Mamur slept.

"Sleep," replied the man, with a hoarse, constrained laugh; "he sleeps as sound as we could wish; and will no more awake at the tightening of the rumal, than he would at the buzzing of a flea: but how rests the chief?"

"I fear," rejoined the old woman, "that he does not sleep so sound as he should—he had scarcely eat sufficient of the mestaces, when Amrabi, curses on her awkwardness, knocked them from his hand; but still the strength of those

that he did eat, will, I hope, be sufficient for our purpose—but see, there is the signal,” pointing to a glimmering light about a mile distant, “Gangu and the rest will soon be here, and then to business.”

In about a quarter of an hour, several dusky figures were discerned approaching the house, and proceeding more cautious as they neared it, five men stole gently into the area in front of the place, and after a word of greeting, they were led by the old woman of the house to the shed in which Mamur lay.

I must now return to Amrabi, who was apparently sleeping in the hut; but on the old woman's quitting it, she raised herself upon her hands, and listened with breathless anxiety for the arrival of the men, and perceiving that they had entered the shed, she rose, and half muttering, “he at least shall be saved,” she crept to the cot on which the chief was sleeping, and gave him a gentle shake by the arm, accompanied by a sharp pinch of the cheek, which brought him awake in an instant, and he saw, by the dim light of a chiragh burning in a niche in the wall, the object of his dreams, Amrabi, leaning over him; her hair dishevelled, and attired in nothing but a petticoat, and an ungah, which displayed her swelling bosom almost bursting under the excitement of the moment, while her finger on her lips cautioned him to be silent, which sign was almost immediately followed by her whispering in his ear the ominous word, “*Thags*.”

The word struck instantaneous conviction to the mind of the chief, of the situation which he was in; he had heard of the practices of the *Phánsigárs* in the west; of their decoy-

ing unwary travellers to their haunts, and then putting them to death: first setting them to sleep by opiates mixed up with sweetmeats, to render their attempts to rescue themselves fruitless. Unsuspicious of the character of his hosts, Etimád Khán had left his arms and shirt of mail in the outer apartment, from whence they had been removed. While in a doubt how to defend himself from the Thags, his youthful Mentor, in a whisper, and by signs, directed him to look through a crevice in the wall, to watch the operations of the murderers; and on their leaving the shed, and entering the house to deal with him, to cut through the thin matting separation (to do which she gave him a knife), and proceeding into the shed, to make his escape as quick as possible; with these instructions Amrabi withdrew, and left Etimád Khán to himself.

On applying his eye to the hole, he perceived the work of death in the act of being completed; before him lay extended his faithful servant, his limbs quivering in spite of the powerful grasp of four men, who held him to the ground, while the other two tightened the rumal around his neck. Mamur soon gave a faint struggle, a low gurgling sound was heard in his throat, and he was gone. As soon as this was ascertained, the murderers quitted the body, and led by the old hag, who had stood by, holding the light, left the shed, and proceeded towards the door of the house.

"Now," said the chief to himself,—“now for action,” and inserting the knife in the crevice easily cut through the split bamboo separation, making an aperture large enough to give him access to the shed, and dividing the rope by which his horse was tied, he led him to the door. As he was

in the act of throwing himself upon his back, he heard the exclamations of his intended murderers, on finding his bed empty ; and on their rushing to the door, they found Etimád in the act of urging on his steed. A word was sufficient, and the gallant animal, without saddle or bridle, dashed into a gallop, guided alone by his rider's legs, while a ball from a matchlock whistled past him as he tore along.

The Thags, on being thus disappointed of their prey, rushed forth in hopes of finding that Etimád had, in his mad career, fallen into one of the numerous ravines which intervened between the house and the open country towards Akbarabad, in which direction Etimád Khán had gone, and which the darkness of the night rendered extremely probable ; but after a search of two hours, they returned without any trace of him.

During the two hours' search of the Thags for the body of Etimád Khán, whom they confidently expected to find dashed lifeless among the broken ground, that individual had escaped from all these dangers by the sagacity of his horse, and after a rapid march of eight kos, found himself passing the gates of the Rámábágh, which were lighted up, and exhibited signs of the emperor's being then present in them. Judging that Akbar was then holding some fête within, he restrained his foaming steed, and demanded from the attendants at the gate, if the emperor was there, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he turned his horse's head, and darting through the gate, pressed up the paved walks towards the pavilion in the centre, from whence the sound of music and merriment gave notice of the presence of the monarch. So strange a figure as Etimád Khán made, attired in nothing but a pair of loose drawers, while his

horse struck fire from its hoofs, as it galloped along the pavement, could not fail to attract the attention of the bystanders ; but still without the power of staying his progress, which was only checked by the steps of the pavillion, against which the horse's forefeet struck in a vain endeavour to surmount them, and stumbling forwards, threw his rider towards the astonished emperor, while the poor animal rolled over a motionless corse, after so much strenuous exertion, which was crowned with success, in his master's rescue.

Before Etimád could rise from the ground, he was seized by the attendants, who were about to hurry him, unknown, from the presence, when the emperor himself recognized his young favorite, and calling to the slaves, directed them to release the chief, and him to account for the manner in which he had thus appeared before his sovereign. A few words sufficed to elucidate the latter, and to urge a request for a small body of men, instantly to return to the place of murder, to avenge his follower, to retrieve his arms, and protect Amrabi. The request was scarcely uttered, ere it was complied with, and several of Etimád's friends started forth to join him in his visit of retribution ; selecting a few, newly accoutred, and mounted on a fresh horse, Etimád was soon retracing his steps ; and, after severe punishment of the horses, the party arrived in the vicinity of the hut, a few minutes only after the return of the murderers, some of whom were congregated in front, anxiously discoursing of the events of the night, while the others were inside packing up the few moveables the house contained, evidently with the view of abandoning it. Those who had remained without had just become acquainted with the circumstances

attending the destruction of the meetaces by Amrabi, which before appeared to have been accidental, but now, coupled with the escape of their intended victim, was extremely plain as the effect of design, and vowing revenge on Amrabi, the others moved inside, to put their threats into execution.

Meanwhile, Etimád and his party had dismounted, and encircling the house and sheds, gradually decreased the circle, so as to leave fewer outlets for the escape of the Thags, who were unconscious that punishment would so soon follow the crime they then were in the act of perpetrating. The chief had warned his party to spare none but the young female; and on the murderers' issuing from the house, unaccompanied by Amrabi, they were received by an unexpected volley from the matchlocks of the soldiers, which laid the old woman and one of the men dead on the spot, and so far disabled the others, as to prevent their escaping from the sowars, who rushed forward, and soon put them to the sword.

Etimád Khán, immediately on firing, for it was from his matchlock that the ball had proceeded, which had struck the old woman, darted forward into the house in search of his preserver, when what a sight was presented to his view! She lay on the ground writhing in the agony of death with the fatal rumal still around her neck, to which her hands were feebly applied to slacken it, while a pool of blood on the floor, into which more was still issuing from a wound in the side, rendered it plain, that she had fallen a victim to the revenge of the Thags for her share in procuring the flight of the chief.

Etimád Khán was by her side in an instant, and kneeling down beside the dying girl, loosened the rumál, and raised her head gently on his arm ; but life, although not quite extinct, was ebbing so fast as to banish all idea of preserving it : once, indeed, she opened her eyes, and faintly glanced at the chief, and endeavoured to speak ; but expiring nature refused, and with a faint groan, she sank back into the arms of the chief with a convulsive motion—she was dead.

A few words now will suffice to conclude my tale. The bodies of the old woman and her associates in crime were thrown out to the wild animals, who had already smelt their blood, and had gathered round, waiting for their prey : the hut and buildings were burnt to the ground, and on their site the mahl was erected beneath which Amrabi sleeps, and the tank was dug around it. The body of the ill-fated Mumur was removed and interred at a short distance, which is marked by a humble monument. The workmen who were employed in these works built huts for their accommodation, and being joined by their families, set themselves down at the conclusion of their labours, and formed a village, which was called Etimádpur. Their services were, however, some years after again required ; Etimád Khán was numbered with the dead, and at his special request, was interred on the summit of a rocky eminence, close to the tank, on which the mausoleum now stands, and it was on the terrace of this building that the mullah related to me the substance of my tale.

Such is the legend attaching to the Buri ka Tallao, or the Old Woman's Tank, near Agra.

THE GANGES.

BY C. J. MULLER, ESQ.

MAJESTIC Ganges ! idol of warm hearts,—
 That,—in the dim remoteness of the past,—
 When Imagination, in her fitful starts,
 Was o'er her own creations wild and vast,
 Like the life-imbuing sun,—exulted
 At the glorious rush of thy deep waters,
 And hallowed every wave as on it sped.
 Unto thee, antique Inde, thy sons and daughters
 Were, O how devoted !—even as hope
 To life : The high mountain, the deep river,
 The gushing fountain, and the shady tope
 Were consecrated in the heart's shrine ever :
 And tho' the golden time has passed away,
 And poetry has ceased to blended be
 With daily life,—yet, yet, the glorious day
 When idolising spirits first loved thee,
 Thou mighty stream ! is dear to minstrelsy.

Ceaselessly raving ;—winding among rocks
 Where sunlight falls not ; where the savage pard
 Couches safely ; and the lonely eagle mocks
 The red sun ;—among monuments unscarred

By time or deluge,—snowy Himalai—

Thou comest with a godlike force and seeming,
Wending among the rich bright plains that lie

Where gorgeous India's fervid sun is beaming :
No wonder then, in his devotion high,

His starry fancy and his orient dreaming,
The fervent Hindu fabled thee divine,
And rested all his hopes on wave of thine.

Storied river ! how oft upon thy breast,

Have floated on the gilded prows of kings,
In the proud pageantry of conquest drest,
Exulting in the glory battle brings.

And often, where the Jumna meets thy wave,

Hath pious Hindu found a holy grave ;
While thronging thousands raised the fervent prayer,
And blessed the martyr soul that triumphed there.

Great stream !—aye treacherous,—often terrible :—

Now gleaming in the sunshine,—anon dark
With the shadow of the coming storm. Hark !

How it raves and frets,—and with giant swell
O'erleaps its bounds,—while cometh o'er the plains

The desolation of o'erwhelming waters,
Sweeping home and its hopes, life's joys and pains,
Into the grave. Then, India's dark-eyed daughters,
Nursed in the tenderness of gentlest life,

Lovely and fragile as the morning flower,
Sink unresisting 'neath the sudden strife,
All too timid for danger's fearful hour.

And yet I love thee, wild and mighty stream,
 For thou art kindred with the glorious past ;
 And, in my father land, my early dream
 Was oft of thee : and now that I am cast
 By Fortune in this gemm'd and storied shore,
 I look upon thy waves and love thee more.
 Bright stream ! when this fond heart no more shall be,
 The rose and lily still shall bloom by thee,
 And not till heaven has frowned on Himalai,
 Shall thy beauty and thy terror pass away.

THE NAUTCH GIRL.

BY " RAVEN."

HER song is not of those which once we loved
 From lips whose sweetness made them loved the more,—
 But 'tis like sounds of flower-leaves zephyr-moved—
 'Tis young affection's earliest sighings o'er
 The perished blossom. Now, 'tis as th' unheard
 Yet silvery dream-song,—'tis a summer shower
 Dipping on some still lake : or 'tis th' inspired
 Bleending of breeze-touched chords that murmuring make
 Strange melodies.—Hark ! fluttering as a bird
 To the first whispered breath ere morning break,
 It bursts forth now in gladness like that trill
 Of exultation to which flowers awake
 Opening their beautiful buds to sounds which fill
 The dome-shaped petals.—The wild notes arise
 Heavenwards,—now far, faint, fitful,—rapturous still,—
 Not dying, but dissolving, in the skies !

" Say, sweet spirit of poetry,
 Where dost thou wander, ever alone ?"
 " Through the dark forest that slopes to the sea,—
 Dreaming of days that are dead and gone,
 Or of some world that should only be
 A bower thus sacred to poetry ;—
 Or, oftener, fancying wild thoughts and words
 To the voluptuous songs of birds ;
 Or from light leaves of the loftiest trees
 Learning *their* songs to the summer breeze,
 That blend with the chorus loud and strong
 Of the merry waves as they move along,
 — Like rustics dancing hand in hand,—
 To fling their shells upon the sand."

" Wandering spirit of poetry,
 I too will sing with the waves and thee !"

HYMN.

BLESS'D be the night, beneath
 Whose shadowy wings,
 The spirit, calm as death,
 Rests from the weariness of earthly things.
 Bless'd be the breath of morn,
 That round the slumbering spirit gently plays,
 And wakes it freshly in a strength new born
 To hymn its gladness in the song of praise.
 Bless'd be the day, whose spread
 Of perfect light is truth, and peace, and love ;
 The touch of life to all that else were dead,
 The first bright page revealed of God above !

A TRIP ON THE BHAGIRATHI, DURING THE DURGA PUJA VACATION IN 1832.

BY M. CROW, ESQ.

THE twenty-eighth of September, 1832, was that which preceded the Durgá Puja vacation in our office. We all looked forward to the approaching holidays with an infantine anxiety, which forcibly remind me of my school-days on the eve of Christmas vacation. In fancy I enjoyed the innocent days of my youth which have gone by never to return, and prepared, after a year's continued labour, for the anticipated relaxation. For myself, I proposed a trip on the river, little thinking at the time that that trip would be so full of interesting incidents as to supply materials for the PEARL.

Myself, accompanied by another friend, embarked the next day for a trip up the river. The weather, although unusually hot, promised, by its severity, not to alloy our enjoyment with any inconveniences or apprehensions of danger. The hospitable mansion of Babu Dhāranidhar Pál of Chandannagar was the scene of amusement for several parties who had left town on excursions similar to ours, and we resolved for one evening at least to share in the entertainments prepared by him for the public. Among the visitors at the nautch there were two characters, whose peculiarities struck me forcibly. The first was a European, said to have lately arrived from France, gaping with astonishment at the different kinds of *náches* exhibited on these occasions. I would

willingly have parted with a couple of rupees to be made acquainted with the reflections which at the time occupied his mind. The other was an East Indian lad, of about fourteen, earnestly engaged in a theological controversy with a native lad from the Hindu College. I happened to be seated next to this polemical pair, and could not help noticing the contrast which this couple formed to the rest of the company; for whilst all were engaged in looking at the evolutions of the dancing girls, these seemed so absorbed in their disputation as to become totally absent to all the noise and bustle with which we were surrounded. In the warmth of debate, they frequently raised their voices so high as to arrest the attention of the standers by; but nothing could put them out of their way. The Christian lad was determined to prove to his antagonist that his religion was the only way to heaven; and the other, although he readily admitted, that Hinduism was not the way to that goal, was determined to hold out that reason alone was sufficient to guide him thither. My attention was insensibly drawn away from the amusements of the evening to this discussion; and the retrospects of my younger days, when similar discussions were my chief delight, came forcibly to my mind. I felt ashamed of seeking enjoyment from a source so impure as the nâches; and taking a lesson of morality from my youthful neighbours, bid them good night, and returned to my boat.

The third day we proceeded up the river without meeting with any thing particular, and in the evening arrived at a small village called Nayâsarfi. By the side of this village there is a beautiful creek, which, after meandering

through a great extent of the most fertile country, disembogues itself into the Bhágirathi. When we entered this creek, the sun had just hid its orb beneath the horizon, leaving the variegated landscape, which now opened upon us, in a glow of the richest tints, laid on by the unerring pencil of nature herself. The prospect was one of the most beautiful and picturesque I have ever seen in my travels through the country. The beauties of nature were here heightened by the embellishments of art. An iron suspension bridge, of considerable span, gracefully hung over the nálab, and the view through its elegant arch seemed from the entrance of the creek like a painted scene of our Indian Drury. There is nothing bold or sublime in this prospect; all its beauties being of a placid nature, they please the imagination not by striking the beholder with surprise, but by lulling into serenity the discordant feelings of his heart. Near this bridge we tied our boats for the night.

The next morning found us again on the Bhágirathi, and after passing Sukságar and a few other places, we arrived at a part of the river where the current was so rapid that the boats could hardly be pulled against it. Our boat-men told us that this was caused by the sudden falling of the river after the inundations; that the mass of waters, yet pouring down from up the country, was now confined within the original channel, which made the current more rapid than even in the rains, when the inundations overflow the banks, and find a much wider space to pass through. At a particular spot along this rapid, there was a large eddy, caused by a projection of the mud bank, which continually

fell into the water with loud crashes, and agitated its bosom with swells almost too large for the size of the vessels exposed to their action. Nothing have I ever seen on this river to equal the impetuosity of the current at the point of this projection, which we passed with much difficulty.

Little after us were two large boats, *uláks**, which their hardy *malláks*† were pulling up inch by inch against the torrent, and a small *Pansai*, full of native passengers. The two large boats came on near the point almost abreast of each other, and there, like towers, stood still, neither the current nor the men who were dragging them up, being able to gain on each other. The light *Pansai* passed them, and just as she was about to round the point her mast got entangled in the strings by which one of the large boats was pulled. Before she could be cleared, a tremendous rush of water struck her front, and she instantly swang round from the land, and fell side-ways against the torrent. In such a situation, the only chance of escape from being swallowed up in the deep, was to let go the string by which she was pulled. This was instantly done, in obedience to the repeated calls of *bhári dōṭ*. The boat instantly righted, but the next moment fell across the two large boats behind. In this dangerous situation, she began to fill, and had not the two large boats separated, and allowed the *Pansai* to pass between them, five minutes more would have hurled a number of souls into eternity. These are some of the dangers

* Boats of considerable burthen.

† Means boat-men, in the up-country dialect.

‡ Means loosen the string, in the technical dialect of the boat-men.

which attend excursions on the gentle Bhágirathi, even in the fairest weather.

In the evening, we were obliged to tie our boats along this inconvenient bank, and were soon joined by a Budge-row, in which there were some officers coming from Barhampur. One of them came near our boats, and after some talk on general topics, told us that he had left his station only the day before, which nothing could have made possible, except the rapidity of the downward current.

The next day we arrived at Sántipur, much earlier than we had expected; and as this was the day that the images of Durgá are thrown into the river, we brought our boats to the principal ghát in the town, to witness the ceremony. It was yet too early for the tamásliá, and we proposed a walk through the principal parts of the town. As usual, we were followed by a crowd of native men and boys, whilst the women, leaving the street, hid themselves in the neighbouring houses, as if they had been pursued by a gang of lawless ruffians. Why should men habited like Europeans thus be shunned by the women of this country? Europeans are renowned for their respect and even veneration of the fair sex; they are the destroyers of female slavery and murder in India, and the wide spread fame of their justice and benevolence is not a stranger, I am told, even within the walls of the Hindu zenana. Does it not then seem strange that even natives of this country, whilst habited like Europeans, should be regarded by the Hindu women as objects of dread and apprehension? The real cause of this is, however, sufficient for the production of the effect we beheld. Whilst in their public capacity Europeans are really the

benefactors of India ; whilst among their own countrymen they pay all the deference and respect due to the fair sex, it is a matter of regret that the conduct of some of them, particularly when removed from the cognizance of those whose opinion they regard, is very different: justice, decency, virtue—all that is held sacred in society—is too often sacrificed at the unhallowed shrine of unbridled lust, and the sanctuary of the innocent conquered subject of Great Britain unblushingly polluted by her inconsiderate sons. Europeans are constantly passing up and down the river, and the dread which the irregularities of some of them have caused among the defenceless Hindus is so great, that I have frequently observed the women who came to the river side for water, throw down their “kalsis*,” and run into the village at the very sight of a Topi-wallah's† boat passing near the banks. The change in the temper of the time, it is to be hoped, will correct these abuses, and inspire the natives with confidence in themselves.

Proceeding a little farther into the bazar, we observed a sight which I shall never forget. By the side of a shop, there lay a wretched creature, almost in a state of nudity, but so emaciated and disfigured, that it was difficult at first to recognise whether the object we beheld was really a human being. Human misery can scarcely be carried to a higher pitch than was to be seen in this wretched woman. The poignancy of her pains at times deprived her of her senses, and she sung, and cried, and laughed, alternately. From what I could gather from her during her lucid mo-

* An earthen vessel for water.

† A man in the European dress, wearing a hat.

ments, and from what the people of the place told me, I learnt that she had a husband living in that very town, who having preferred the company of some dishonest women, had abandoned his wife to her present distress. Her emaciated condition was the effect of mere starvation. Without the means of relief, she had been driven from shop to shop like a dog, without receiving a morsel of food to allay the cravings of hunger, till at last, reduced to insanity, she became the object of attack for the merciless boys of the bazar: one of them, she told us, had knocked out one of her eyes with a stone, another had broken her leg with a stick; so that she was, when we saw her, unable to move from the spot on which she lay. We proposed to give her a rupee, but were told that it would be better to buy some food for her; for money, they said, would be snatched away from her by the bazar boys so soon as we would be gone. We attended to this suggestion, and gave her some tirc, which she devoured with a canine voracity. Such is sometimes the picture of human misery in the very rudest of our fellow creatures, in the very place of our birth, nay in the very presence of those whose duty it is to cherish us!

The time for the Bhásán* approaching, we went to our boats, and soon after the images began to arrive; the noise and bustle soon increased, and the ghát became a scene of perfect confusion; men and boys indiscriminately trampling upon the huge images, as they were thrown into the water one after another, in order to demolish them, or to rob them of the glittering tinsels with which they are profusely decorated. One image had hardly been demolished,

* Throwing of the Durgá in the river.

when another was thrown over it, and the people engaged upon them were continually exposed to the risk of being crushed under the falling images. Whilst this confusion was at its height, there came a remarkably large image, preceded by a number of Brijabásis, who made way for it through the dense crowd. Its bearers descending quickly from the steep declivity of the bank, it reached the edge of the water all of a sudden, and was instantly precipitated into the river. With the splash, a horrid yell was heard, and the enthusiastic crowd instantly jumped on the image, unmindful of the cry. But not so the mother of the boy that had fallen under the image. From the banks she had seen her son fall, and distractedly rushed forward to snatch him away from an untimely and cruel death. Her noise and lamentations at last arrested the attention of the fanatics, the image half-demolished was raised up, but ah! it was too late, and nothing but the mutilated earthly remains of the boy was restored to the arms of his disconsolate mother. He was the only child, and only hope of support in her old age; for she was without a protector. We gave her some presents, and otherwise endeavoured to console her. But a parent's grief in such a situation is not to be removed but by time, which alone can effect changes beyond the power of mortal man. It is a grief which cannot be appreciated but by those who have felt it.

The next morning we returned towards Calcutta, and without meeting with any particular occurrence, except a strong gust of wind, in the evening, we arrived at night in the Tribeni khál; where we heard from a washerman that a large boat had been upset by the wind off Chinsurah, and two men drowned.

The next morning (Saturday the 6th October), we left this shelter and put to river, which was rather rough, in consequence of a strong wind from the south-east. It was also raining; but notwithstanding, we determined to reach Calcutta before the night. But Providence had decreed very differently. The wind increased every moment, and by mid-day, the boats could no longer make their way against it. We therefore stopt at the village of Baidyapáti, in sight of Serámpur. This was no place for shelter, but we could go no further, and as there was a *hát* (market) here on that day, we thought we would get such things as we might require. At 2 P. M., the flood made, and rose higher than usual, the wind and rain still increasing; which phenomena, added to the appearance of the sky, prognosticated a continuance of bad weather, and even threatened a hurricane. Therefore, when the flood was at its height, we pulled up our boats as high on shore as we could, resolving to pass the night where we were. I forgot to mention that a little after our arrival at this place, we were joined by Mr. ****, with his family, which consisted of his wife and two children. They followed our example, and the tide having fallen by 4, and leaving the boats on dry land, we all considered ourselves secure at least until its return.

At about 2, Sunday morning (the 7th October), we were aroused from our sleep by the rocking and rolling of the boats, which had floated again by the tide. Nothing notable however happened, and in an hour, the boats were again allowed to settle on the ground; the aspect of the sky precluding every hope of our soon being able to prosecute the voyage. With the appearance of the day the weather began

to assume a more frightful aspect. The largest trees on shore barred down at every gust of the tempest, and the river rolled towards the shore in gigantic waves. At times the rain poured down in such torrents, that it was impossible to see the opposite bank, and the low drifting clouds seemed to touch the agitated bosom of the deep below, and to present the most awful aspect ever beheld in these parts. This day the rolling billows reached our slender boats an hour before the proper time for high water, and by 2, it blew a dreadful hurricane. The boats rolled and dashed against the banks most awfully, and nothing but the smallness of their size enabled the men, assisted by ourselves, to keep them afloat. At this time a mighty gust of wind, attended by an enormous wave, lifted up our boat, broke the string with which she was fastened, and dashed her with a tremendous crash upon the one which belonged to Mr. ****. Another such shock would have sunk that boat with all its inmates. Aware of their danger, and seeing the consternation of our boat-men, I jumped into the raging waters, with the end of a strong coir rope in my hands, and with difficulty swimming to the shore, succeeded in fastening the boat a second time to the root of a tree on the banks.

Mr. ****, whose family had been terrified almost to death by the concussion of the boats, came to us for assistance, and wished to remove his family to some place of shelter on the shore. We approved of his suggestion, and offered every assistance in our power. Two huts near the bank were soon engaged. But it was not so easy to remove the family from the boat to the shore. The boats rose and fell so furiously, that none but the strongest could land from

them, and even they not without eminent danger of receiving some hurt by the dashing of the boats against the ground and the roots of the trees. The task could be undertaken only by one who was no stranger to the river, and who could fearlessly venture in the waves. I offered myself for the service, and succeeded in bringing to shore the family unhurt. They were taken to one of the huts, and their baggage removed to the other, which appeared less secure. We retired to our boats, which continued to be the sport of the waves.

About 4 P. M. the hurricane was at its greatest height : boughs from the trees were torn off and strewed on every side, and the straw from the thatched houses flew about in every direction. About this time a scream from the hut of Mr. **** summoned us again to the spot, where we beheld the hut in which their baggage had been placed levelled to the ground, burying some of his servants in the ruin. The other hut too shook and creaked with every blast, and threatened the same fate to its inmates. A consultation was now held, as to what was to be done in this predicament. The night fast approached, and the idea of allowing the family to remain in such a dangerous place could not be entertained for a moment. A pakká building, the temple of the Hindu goddess Káli, was the only place which in that neighbourhood seemed to promise security, and thither we went to beg for shelter for poor Mrs. ****, and her two little children. The sentry at the gate referred us to the havildár, who was in an adjoining hut. He assured us, that the place being sacred, no Christian could be allowed to put his foot within its walls. He however took us to another place, which

was at some distance from where we were. Here were two low brick built rooms, one of which was occupied by the broken pieces of an old boat. The other had served for a cooking place of the natives, and was sooted all over, having the niches occupied by blackened pots, which had been used by its former inmates, and the ceiling ornamented with festoons of cobwebs. In short, the tout ensemble of this room perfectly harmonized with its sombre decorations, and gave to the whole an appearance extremely disgusting. Our olfactory nerves were no less gratified by the effluvia which this mansion of the Mahá Káli sent forth, than our sight had been by its decorations. It was however safe and sound, strong enough to defy the utmost fury of the storm. Safety was all we sought, and poor Mrs. **** and her little ones were a second time exposed to the wind and rain. We commenced our march toward this fortress, opposed not only by the wind and rain, but by a torrent of knee-deep water, which poured down from the adjoining fields into the river. Roused to make way against such obstacles, poor Mrs. **** often sunk to the ground ; and had it not been for our help, she could hardly have reached this place of safety, if not of comfort. Her things were next removed from the fallen building, and carried to the pakká room. It was not before 8 that we bid them good night, and returned to our boats, which were again on dry land, by the ebbing of the tide.

By mid-night, the wind changed, and blew less violently from the south ; the rain also fell in lighter showers, and the sky began to clear. At sun-rise the river was as smooth as glass, and the famous October gale had terminated. We

thanked Providence for his protection, and having congratulated one another on our happy escape from the dangers of the day before, we left the village of Baidyapáti, and resumed our course towards Calcutta.

In our way down we were every where presented with the dismal effects of the late hurricane. On the open river there was hardly a large boat that had escaped injury, and great many of them were seen broken or sunken beyond the hope of recovery. The sight at the Nimtalá ghát of Calcutta, where we landed, was distressing beyond the power of description. In various directions numerous vessels of all sizes and kinds were wrecked one upon another, so that in some places it was difficult to distinguish the pieces of one from those of another, and the Strand was strewed all along with goods of various kinds, and wrecks of the vessels promiscuously thrown in heaps. It is remarkable, that amidst this general devastation no small boat was injured, but such as were crushed by the larger ones which had drifted against them. This shews that it is much safer, though less convenient, to go in small boats. At the approach of a storm these are generally pulled up on shore, where they are of course as safe as a house on land; or if that be impossible, they can be kept from sinking by the strength of the boat-men; neither of which can be done with a large vessel, and if a creek be not found in time, its situation in a storm is most dangerous. She must trust to her anchor, which is but an uncertain hope against the currents which prevail here. This broken, the vessel must either founder in the middle of the river, or be dashed to pieces against the banks. We attribute the escape of our boats

entirely to the smallness of their size, for an empty Budget broke to pieces and sunk very near us at Baidyapáti. This circumstance should not be lost sight of by those who after reading this account may think of going on the river.

THE UNCONGENIAL CLIME.

BY THE REV. W. H. PEARCE.

Dost thou inquire why Earth is reft of bliss?
 Why dark and dreary as we find it is?
 Why all around breathes not of life and joy?
 Why care and grief the peace of man destroy?
 Go, look around! Will tropic fruits and flowers
 E'er thrive in arctic regions? Will the bowers
 Of graceful palms, which ornament a plain
 Of India warm with sunshine, e'er retain
 Their leafy pride, if, where chill icebergs lie
 'Neath the cold glitter of the polar sky,
 You should transplant them? No, oh no! they need
 A genial heat that living juice to feed
 Which every pore requires; without the ray
 Of the warm sun, they languish, they decay.
 And can we hope, in this our frigid clime,
 This polar region circumscribed by time,
 Round which sin forms a fog so cold and dense,
 Heaven's genial rays are scarcely felt from hence,—

Where from the Sun of Righteousness the beams
Fall faint and cheerless, like those clear cold gleams
Of moonshine, which in wintry seasons give
Light with but little heat—that *here* should live,
And thrive, and flourish fruits and flowers which owe
Their birth to warmer regions, where they grow,
Fed by the brightness of the King of kings,
By heaven's pure airs, and heaven's perennial springs ?
Alas ! such flowers as Joy, and Peace, and Love,
Those rare exotics from the world above,
Transplanted, need their native air to show
Primeval beauty ;— here they may not blow,
But pale and sicken till the hand of Time
Place them again in their own glorious clime.

Since then on earth we must remain oppress'd
With sin and sorrow, nor attain our rest ;—
Since perfect joy, and purity, and love,
Will never flourish, save in heaven above ;—
Since ignorance will never cease to grieve
The soul that longs for knowledge, till we leave
This world of darkness for the realms of light,—
O, let us stretch our pinions for the flight !
Let us take heart at once a world to spurn
Where all is dead or dying ;—let us burn
With anxious hopes of that high state of bliss
Where all is peace, and life, and holiness,

EVENING ON THE RIVER.

BY BA'BU KA'SIPRASA'D GHOSH.

How sweet the hour when day-light dies
 On Gangá's peaceful breast !
 And swift the rovers of the skies
 Lie to their homes of rest.

When whispering breezes gently play
 On pinions light and fleet,
 And steal from blooming flowers away
 Their odours rich and sweet.

When every hue and every beam
 That brightened Nature's face,
 Melt like the phantoms of a dream,
 And leave behind no trace.

When 'twixt the earth and skies, the shades
 Of evening intervene,
 Whose hallowed influence pervades
 The dim, surrounding scene.

When thoughts and raptures wild possess
 The contemplative mind,
 Such as we never can express,
 Nor can we elsewhere find.

* They're holy as the shades of even,
 That now the earth enclose,
 And pure as e'er to gracious Heaven
 The sinner's prayer arose.

CHARLOTTE COLVILLE.

BY ROBERT SMITH, ESQ.

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself.—*Shakespeare.*

It was my lot to have been sent from this country at an early age, to England, in company with other children, whose parents had embraced the opportunity of the periodical fleet of Indiamen, which, in those days, was wont to sweep the homeward seas in large convoys, for mutual protection against the enemy's cruisers. Of these associates of my early days, the sun of many has gone down long before its noon; others, like myself, are scattered to the four winds of heaven; each pursuing his toilsome way in search of fame, honor, or wealth, as genius or inclination prompts. Of those whose memory is still most cherished in recollection, Charlotte Colville is the chief.—Gentle reader, have patience, and do not shut up the book at this announcement; I am not about to inflict on you a mawkish love-tale, of which I am myself the hero, but a narrative of private life, of which, it is my only wish, that you may never experience the trying reality in your own persons.

Charlotte Colville was the daughter of an officer, and her mother having died in India, her father, who had married again, had sent her to England, under the care of a merchant, who was returning with his family, after having amassed a

competent fortune. There was a great number of children on board of the vessel, which was an Indiaman of the largest class; and as might have been expected, many were the boyish intimacies formed amongst them. My partner was Charlotte Colville; I know not what particular congenialities of disposition could have drawn us together, as our tempers generally were by no means similar, no more than our years. She was all meekness, and timidity; I all fire, daring, and obstinacy. I was then scarcely in breeches, but a more untamable subject the vessel could not number amongst its juvenile freight. But these minutiae are almost foreign to the narrative; let it suffice to say, that after rather a lengthened passage, the monotony of which was chequered by touching at St. Helena, and the excitement occasioned by exchanging a few long shots with some French privateers, which hovered on the flanks of the convoy, the vessel arrived safely before Deal, and for the first time, I touched the soil of Britain.

Arrived in England, I was sent to a public school, to be broken in; and for a period of eight years, I do not suppose I saw Charlotte Colville as many times. She remained in the house of her guardian, educated under private masters, in all the accomplishments supposed to be requisite for her station in life. Her father had died in India, and she now became entitled to considerable property, belonging to her mother, which had been enjoyed by him during his life time, but which now reverted to his daughter, in terms of a previous settlement. About this time I was emancipated from the trammels of pupillage, and put under a course of training for a situation in the covenanted service, which had

been promised to me by a late Director. I was now the every-day companion of Charlotte Colville, and shared in all her joys and griefs : the latter were not few ; she had no brother, I had no sister, and a similarity in this respect, drew our kindest affections together. I was too young to feel more than a boyish interest in all that related to her ; but it was sincere, and untinctured with one selfish feeling. I had not then known the world, and probed its heartlessness. Two years glided away in this unchequered manner, with nothing to cast a cloud over the heaven of our happy thoughts. A third came, and with it, a change ; my avocations were considered to render it necessary that I should go to London ; (we had all this time been residing in the country ;) and with a heavy heart, I took leave of Charlotte Colville. Little did I then suspect the deep game that was being unfeelingly played against her peace and mine. My being sent to London was but a pretext, to put me out of the way, as being the sole obstacle to a series of machinations, which were to end in her being married to a relative of her guardian's, a man far her senior in years, and of a character by no means deserving of alliance with so much purity. For some months, I was kept in ignorance what was going forward ; two letters, that at intervals I had written to her, were answered ; but to a third and fourth there was no reply. On inquiring at the General Post Office in London, I was informed they had been despatched in due course, and delivered at the place of their destination.

As the shooting season was approaching, I determined to avail myself of the opportunity of clearing up my doubts,

and on the 30th of August, 1819, bent my way towards the well-remembered domain. It stands on a bend of the great western road, and a ride of six hours brought me to the spot. On making inquiries at the lodge, the old gardener welcomed me with his usual cordiality ; but to my eager inquiries in regard to the family, only replied, that they had gone into the country for some time, but where, he did not know. Neither entreaties nor menaces could elicit from him the information I required. In fact, I afterwards ascertained that the old man did not know, and I regretted that I had upbraided him for his seeming unkindness in this respect. The house itself being shut up, with strict injunctions to permit no use to be made of it, until the family's return, I was obliged to seek quarters at a respectable inn of the neighbouring village. Here I was kindly received, inasmuch as I was well known to the host, to whom I had dispensed such patronage as my limited finances allowed. My horse was well housed and groomed, and after partaking of some refreshment, I called for the landlord, and made anxious inquiries respecting the place to which the family had retreated. He professed his ignorance of the exact locality, but hinted that they had gone northwards, and that the game-keeper had received orders to keep the preserves strictly, for a party who were expected to assemble at the hall in the autumn. Farther I could not learn from this man, nor did I think it of use to try him longer, as he was an under-tenant of the estate, and held his lease at the power of the individual who had created all the mystery and uneasiness by which I was surrounded. Upon retiring to rest, vexed and fatigued at my ill success, and perplexed

as to the course I should pursue on the morrow, a sort of under-groom, who did the duties of valet and Boots conjoined. underwent some sharp interrogatories upon the subject that was uppermost in my thoughts. After permitting my choler to exhaust itself, with a grimace probably intended for a leer, he replied, that although it was as much as his place was worth to open his mouth on the subject, yet, as he had heard I had a kindness for Miss Charlotte, and that it was a sad thing for true hearts to be sundered, as he had himself experienced with Betsy Bowen, he would tell me the rights of it—come what might. Scarcely repressing a smile at this Giles Scroggins confession, I soon wormed out of him the intelligence that the family had gone to Scotland during the spring, and that Perkins, the bailiff of the estate, had received a letter two days before my arrival, advising him that they would return to the hall during the first week in September. This information greatly relieved me, but on further questioning, I ascertained that, in addition to the family, the party consisted of the relative alluded to, and a young man, whom, by his designation of the “captain,” I recognised to be a lieutenant in the navy, who had become an especial favorite of mine, from presenting me with a fowling-piece, and joining me in some shooting excursions during the vacations. He was at that time only a part midshipman, but was now a full lieutenant, and, having considerable interest, looked forward to early promotion as commander. A handsomer young man both in feature and figure I have rarely seen, and his mental qualities corresponded.

Frank, affable, and generous, he was a universal favorite; one of those few gifted spirits who can at once win the affections and command the respect of both old and young. His name I am not at liberty to mention, yet it is that of a younger branch of a time-honored house, known in the annals of English history for many a brave deed by sea and land.

On the fifth day from my arrival, after a fatiguing sport over a neighbouring farmer's stubbles, in returning to mine inn, I ascertained that the family had arrived during the day; and such was my anxiety to see Charlotte, and ascertain from her own lips, the cause of all this mystery, that unpresentable as I was, I hurried over to the hall, and barely giving time to the servant who preceded me to announce my name, was in an instant in the midst of those who had been associated with my recollections from the period of my childhood. The old man received me with constrained cordiality: his help-mate, after a "bless me! how the boy *has* grown!" welcomed me with real sincerity: the relative bowed stiffly, whilst my warm hearted friend, the captain, returned my grasp with a vigour that almost dislocated my shoulder. I next approached Charlotte, who was sitting at the farther end of the room, in a recess that overlooked a broad expanse of luxuriant meadows, through which one of those delicious trout streams, almost peculiar to the south of England, wound its devious way. She received me, as she had always done, with that confiding sister-like affection which had characterised our former intercourse. I was however surprised to observe that she appeared pale and distressed, and once

or twice cast a hurried glance in the direction of her guardian. But there were no eyes on us, the circle being engaged in discussing some question which had been suspended by my entrance. As the evening was fine, and the moon nearly at the full, it was with pleasure that I assented to Charlotte's proposition to take a walk in the grounds along the river bank. As we passed to the door, I thought I observed Charlotte exchange a glance with Capt. C——, and at the same instant, a frown came across the brow of the relative. The action was instantaneous, but coupled with all the circumstances, I concluded there was rivalry between the parties. Our walk was a long, and for some time a silent one ; I saw she had something on her mind, but timidity prevented its utterance. I was wrought up to a pitch of excitement by observing her distress, and losing my self-possession, abruptly burst out with " Charlotte, you are unhappy : tell me what is the matter ! " Throwing herself into my arms, the lovely girl gave vent to her grief in incoherent exclamations, whilst the hot tears coursed down her cheeks in unrestrained profusion. I was petrified !—Until then, my life had been one scene of sunshine, unchequered by a cloud. I knew not sorrow, except as I had read of it in books ; but the reality in one so young, so pure, and to whom I was bound by so many ties, at once shocked and disheartened me. Yet I speedily recovered myself, and leading my charge to a seat in one of the rustic arbours, constructed in the walks on the banks of the river, listened with half-drawn breath to a tale broken at intervals by sobs and tears, which left me moments of reflection, to muse on the course which I ought to pursue in

this emergency. At last she ceased; the moon had now risen, and the cold dews of night had begun to descend, when I took her hand, and gently led her forth in the direction of the hall, but not before I had vowed in the face of that mild orb that was careering above us in autumnal splendour, fit image of her own unstained purity, to stand by her through good and through evil report, and not to divulge what I had then heard, but to one other mortal, until the time for concealment should no longer arrive.

When we reached a small wicket gate that led into the shrubbery, from which a path communicated with a small postern door forming the private entrance of the house, I left her, at her own request, and by a circuitous route reached my quarters in the inn. whence I sent an apology to the family, on the plea of fatigue, and soon after retired to rest. But it was in vain I courted the advances of the poppy-wearing god; I was in a whirl of excitement, and after a series of fitful dreams, and indistinct reminiscences of the past, heard the cry of the early cock announce the approach of morning. I arose, and throwing up the sash, inhaled the iucense breath of an English morning, borne by the gales of the west across the broad expanse of the Atlantic. I was sitting in this manner, looking out upon the indistinct landscape beneath me, and musing upon the occurrences of the past night, when a low tap at the door aroused me from my meditations, and on desiring the applicant to enter without hesitation, as I was in my morning dress, Capt. C. made his appearance, and approaching me with some emotion, wrung my hand in silence, and motioned me to a chair. Our conversation need not be here de-

tailed ; it may be surmised that it related to the conversations of the previous evening. He informed me that business required his immediate presence in London, and that to me he trusted, as to a brother, to watch over his interest with Charlotte, and to keep him timely informed of every movement that indicated an attempt against her peace or honour. I promised faithfully and sincerely to do as requested ; I had already done so to Charlotte ; that was sufficient to bind me. The sequel will show how I kept my word.

At the request of the family, I now removed to the hall, and passed my time alternately in field-sports, and in domestic enjoyment. It may be supposed, I now had frequent opportunities of conversing with Charlotte ; she became generally more cheerful, but occasionally appeared dispirited, which I found to be caused by the conduct of her guardian, who, now that Capt. C. was absent, urged his relative to press his suit with ten-fold assiduity, till at length his attentions became so intolerable as to lead her to propose to me a step, as bold and decided, as ever man could have adopted under similar circumstances. I assented, knowing her perfect purity and singleness of purpose. Weeks passed away, yet on one pretence and another, I still remained at the hall : during this time, Charlotte appeared to have relaxed much of her dislike, and by degrees, to be more accessible to her suitor. Her guardian was delighted, called her a good girl, and in his joy, executed an assigment to trustees, of a sum of money which her father had directed to be paid to her on the eve of her marriage. At length, after a series of importunities, the fatal

"yes" was reluctantly and faintly pronounced, and the marriage decided, to take place during the succeeding week.

And now, the fulfilment of my promises came on me in an overwhelming tide, yet I was not dismayed by the intricacy or magnitude of the engagements I had entered into. On the contrary, I proceeded to their arrangement, with a coolness and determination that could not be exceeded, even now with the experience of twice as many seasons in possession. I felt I had a difficult game to play, but the stake was a high one;—nothing less than the happiness of the beings for whom I treasured my warmest affections.

Captain C. and myself had regularly corresponded since the date of his departure; and under cover of mine, were letters from him to Charlotte, which breathed sentiments of the warmest affection, and tended considerably to sustain her through the trials to which she had been subjected, and had still to undergo. Nothing surprised me more than the alteration which was now visible in her—she was still the same beautiful and retiring being; but there was a promptitude and decision in every thing of moment she did, that, under other circumstances, I never could have accounted for. In this, I could not be outdone by one of the weaker sex. Four days before the ceremony was to take place, I posted to London, to make some necessary purchases, which having been effected, I called upon Captain C. who agreed to return with me, and about midnight we alighted in a small market-town, situate about three miles from the hall. Here we remained for the night, and on the morning, it was arranged that Captain C. should remain incognito in the town, whilst I should go on to the house.

A rendezvous was appointed for the two succeeding afternoons, in a wood on the borders of the estate, and at these meetings we talked over our future plans. The third evening was devoted to a much more delicate and hazardous transaction. As the twilight descended, Charlotte and myself slipped out unobserved, and entered the shrubbery. I led her to a seat in one of the little sheltered arbours that were disposed about the walks, and requesting her to summon up all her fortitude during the few minutes I should be absent, proceeded to the outskirts of the plantation, where I uttered a low whistle. It was answered immediately, and in a few seconds Captain C. stood before me. We immediately proceeded to the arbour, and I was gratified to observe that Charlotte had profited by my advice. She received Captain C. affectionately, but without undue emotion ; and the few minutes allowable for the interview were passed in serious consideration of the events of the momentous morrow. At length the moment of parting arrived, and with surprising firmness did Charlotte Colville receive the farewell and impassioned embrace of the being who was thenceforward to be to her but as a dear and cherished friend.

My promises had thus far been rigidly fulfilled ; but the last and most important, that of standing by her in her sad hour of trial, remained. After seeing Charlotte safely into the pathway that communicated with the postern, I returned and rejoined Captain C., and in the walk which I took with him, to his quarters in the town where he was residing under an assumed name, the course to be adopted was finally resolved on.

It was on a clear December morning, in the year 1819, about the hour of 11, that the cavalcade that in England usually denotes the marriage party of individuals in the higher ranks of life, drew up at the humble gate of a lowly village church, in the county of Buckingham. A concourse of villagers had assembled to greet the members of the party ; and as we passed through their extended files, from the gate of the church-yard to the portal, I could not help overhearing the remarks of the female part of the assembly.

" Ah ! " said one, " so she has taken that fellow who is old enough to be her father, when she had the choice of many a young heart that will now seek long, yet find none that can supply her place in their affections." " Poor thing," said another, " I pity her, she has been trepanned ; the 'squire holds her fortune in his hands, and she is so good and so timid, that he does as he likes with her : were her father or mother alive, this would never have happened ; but I have heard her say, they both died in that distant country in which the 'squire made all his money."

" Yes," said a third, " the clerk told me it was in a place called India, where money grows on trees, and the people have only to gather it ; but there are so many wild beasts and snakes there, that it is not every body that can fill his pockets ; only the luckiest of them."

" That may be all very true," interrupted a fourth ; " but I think that young man, they call her brother, and who is said to come from the same country, though he is no kin to her, is to blame for all this. He might have had her, had he been a year or two older, and more attentive ; but he is so wild, caring for nothing but shooting and fishing, and

riding and running about the country, that I doubt if he will ever get married. Yet he is forward enough, I assure you. The other evening he met my Jane on the foot-bridge over the river, and said something to her, which has quite turned her head. I would tell her lover, Jim Peters of it, were I not afraid a quarrel would follow ; and as the young gentleman is said to be very ready with his fists, which is one of the wicked things they learn at Eton, Jim might come off the worst. However, I shall tell the 'squire's lady of it, for he is not so much of a boy as he seems ; take my word for that."

The latter words were uttered in rather loud a key, as the indignant matron waxed warm in her catalogue of my misdeeds ; if any thing farther was added, I do not know, since the whole party now entered the church, and proceeding up the aisle at a slow pace, arranged themselves around the altar.

The scene that then presented itself, even at this distance of time, is fresh in my memory. In front of the hallowed enclosure, attended by her bridesmaids, stood Charlotte Colville, pale, yet apparently resigned ; whilst the relations and friends of the family were collected in two groups on either side. The ceremony now commenced, and the relative before alluded to, who was the hero of the piece, took her reluctant hand from that of the 'squire who enacted the part of her parent, and led her to the railing, where they both knelt down. I had placed myself close to a low window that looked into an angle of the church-yard, by the side of which was a wicket door, and which was so situate as to enable me to have a full view of the party. This window I opened,

and the action passed unheeded. The service proceeded slowly, as the minister, a venerable old man, dwelt with impressive emphasis on every syllable of that beautiful form of words, as if his hearers should imbibe the same holy feeling that dictated his impassioned delivery. Once, and only once, did Charlotte Colville tremblingly put aside her veil, and casting a deep imploring glance at me, was answered with a look of cheering recognition. And now, the solemn words, "If any man can show any just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace," were in the course of being uttered; and at this juncture I observed Charlotte to be excessively agitated, as she grasped the rail for support, whilst one of her bridesmaids stepped forward, and placed herself by her side. The time was arrived—I gave *the signal*—the wicket door was thrown open with a suddenness that turned all beholders to the spot, and Captain C——, attended by a stranger whom I had not before observed, hurried through the throng, which divided right and left at his approach.

"Stay!" said he in a voice of thunder, and a look of mingled triumph and contempt at the astonished groupe, as he respectfully handed to the clergyman a written document: its perusal occupied but a moment, but it was one of breathless intensity.—Then shutting the volume from which he had recently been inculcating the beautiful precepts of Scripture, "My children," said the latter, "let us give thanks that we have been spared the perpetration of a great sin—this lady is the lawful wife of Captain C." The words had an electric effect—Charlotte fainted, and was borne away by her friends, whilst

the younger members of the assembly, and not a small portion of the elder, were loud in their congratulations on the occasion. A few, whose darkened looks and compressed eyebrows, showed their dissatisfaction at this unexpected denouement, as soon as the certainty of the information was confirmed by the testimony of the stranger, who proved to be a relative of Captain C., left the church, and drove off without interruption,

My promises are all now fulfilled ; and my only remaining duty is to inform my fair readers, that Charlotte Colville had been privately married at Edinburgh, in the presence of respectable witnesses, during the time the family resided in that capital, in the early part of the year ; that prudential considerations prevented Captain C. from claiming her as his own, until overpowering necessity compelled him to do so, at the risk of disinheritance : that the 'squire and his lady became reconciled to that which could not be recalled, and that Charlotte Colville still lives a happy wife and a proud mother, in the bosom of that domestic peace, which in every land awaits those who do not sacrifice the heart at the shrine of lucre or ambition.

PARAPHRASE OF THE 137TH PSALM.

BY J. B. S.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion," &c.

As we rested awhile by Babylon's streams,
We mingled our tears with the river;
For on Zion were centred our thoughts and our dreams,
On her glory departed for ever!—

We suspended our harps on the willows around,
Dumb was each note, untuned every chord;
For our spoilers commanded our hymn to resound,
To the praise of Jehovah, the Lord!

The song of our God we never shall sing
In the land of th' oppressor and stranger;
Our harps shall be silent, untouch'd every string,
Save to wail o'er our Zion, her fall, and our danger!

Jerus'lem, Jerus'lem!—if e'er I forget thee,
My hand of its power may Heaven bereave!—
Should above every joy my remembrance not set thee,
My tongue to my mouth for ever may cleave!

Remember, O Lord! how the children of Edom,
While holy Jerus'lem *thy* city was named,—
Whilst yet in her glory, unspoil'd of her freedom,—
Raze, raze her foundations,—raze, raze her, exclaimed!

O ! doomed to destruction, proud Babylon's daughter !
Bless'd shall he be who our wrongs shall repay her ;
'Mid her plunder and ruin, her sack and her slaughter,
Bless'd, bless'd be her spoiler, destroyer, and slayer !

Thrice happy be he, and with blessings be crowned,
Who each feeling of nature and mercy shall smother !
Thrice bless'd be the hand which shall dash to the ground,
The babe from the breast 'mid the screams of the mother !

SONNET.

BY J. M. F.

PROUD as we are, I know that we should be
Much more than man, or less, to shed no tear
When pale and lifeless on an early bier
The innocent and beautiful repose,
Like withered lily, or wind-rifled rose,
That sprung and faded in its infancy,
Just opening its fair buds, again to close.
Good as we may be, there is not an eye
So heavenward raised, it shall not rain soft dew
When drops a scion of the virtuous few ;—
There's not a heart from earth so wean'd away,
(When youth is call'd to blossom in the sky,)
That sighless views the child of hope decay,
Though fled on angels' wings to brighter day.

TO KATE

BY G. C. S.

Yes, I must bid thee now adieu,
 And know not what may be my fate,
 Perhaps I never more may view
 Those precious eyes of heavenly blue,
 My dearest Kate

Oh 'tis a painful hour to me!
 It is an hour that all must hate,
 Yet 'tis an hour that all must see,
 Though few have one to love like thee,
 My dearest Kate.

Yes, all who meet on earth must part,
 But oh! there is a future state,
 And 'tis consoling to the heart
 And eases separation's smart,
 My dearest Kate,

To think what blessings are in store
 For those whose love on earth was great;
 Oh yes, upon another shore
 They'll meet again to part no more,
 My dearest Kate.

THE HINDU FOUNDLING.

BY THE REV. A. CUTTON.

(Written in 1832.)

In a retired village in the farthest verge of Western India dwelt Naráyan-dás. He was of the goldsmith caste, and prospered in his ingenious handicraft beyond many of his competitors. While, however, he saw, with that self-gratulation which perhaps only a Hindu can feel, his little property increasing around him, there was one reflection ever preying upon his spirits, which, like the withering blight of heaven, ruined all his future hopes—he was childless. Many an offering did he present at the shrine of his guardian deity, many a celebrated place of pilgrimage did he visit; many a holy sage did he consult, and long did he with punctilious regularity offer his vain repetition of Rám, Rám—but all seemed to be in vain. At length his wife gave promise of an heir. Naráyan-dás was overjoyed at his good fortune. The brahmins were fee'd and feasted to insure a realization of his hopes, his devotion to his propitious deity was increased, and every preparatory rite as prescribed in the Shástras was scrupulously observed. The time at last arrived when he was to be addressed 'Father.' The child was born, but alas! who can depict his disappointment? It was a girl!—stung with anguish and vexation, it was long before he could suffer the unceremonious babe to be brought into his presence. The gods were all neglected

and abused; the bráhmans and sages denounced as a herd of impostors, and his selfish puja was totally abandoned. As it was for mere cupidity he worshipped, so he viewed religion as his enemy when she refused to gratify his wishes. The feelings of the father however soon claimed the place appointed them by the God of all the families of the earth. His bowels yearned over his little daughter, and her artless playfulness entwined itself around his tenderest affections. But how variable is human happiness! Scarcely had the father sat down contented with the hope that his daughter would one day become united to some distinguished member of his caste, and thus maintain the honour of his house, when early in the year of 1827, a pandá, namely, a pilgrim-hunter, from the far-famed temple of Jagannáth entered the village.

The reader should be informed, that the missionaries of idolatry are fitted out by the principal priests of Jagannáth for their unholy work, and are sent throughout the whole of British India, to allure pilgrims to the shrine of the idol. The British Government levy a tax on these pilgrims before they can enter the temple, and a handsome remuneration is by the Government secured to these pandás for every pilgrim they can induce to visit the idol.

The pandá, intent upon his profitable office, trumpeted forth with bolsterous confidence the praises of his god. "Come," he exclaimed. "come, ye good people, accompany me to my holy country. There God is revealed in unutterable glory. There he appears at the ^{time} of the Rath Játrá, mounted on his glorious car, travelling without being drawn to his distant temple. There the sins of countless births

are effaced, and the fruits of holy actions are enjoyed. Ye who want wealth, come with me, and you will be rich as Kuvera. Ye who wish for a son, come, and you shall have an heir shining in every virtue, and resplendant as the god-like Rāma. Come, make no delay!" With these and similar delusions the crafty pandā successfully plied his work. Nārāyan-dās, with several of his fellow villagers, were entrapped. Their cupidity was excited. The hope of prosperity in this world, or at least of great advantage in a future birth, weighed with some; but with Nārāyan-dās, the expectation that he should then reap the reward of all his prayers and offerings for a son, revived with tenfold strength, and induced in his breast the determination to undertake the pilgrimage.

The first month of the year had scarcely rolled away, before Nārāyan-dās, his wife, and his child had set out on their long and wearying pilgrimage to the holy land of Orissa. All the movable part of his property was transmuted into shining ore, to defray the expenses of his journey, and purchase the fulfilment of his hopes. What remained was entrusted to the care of a distant branch of the family. From day to day and month to month did the weary pilgrims pursue their painful route. The fierce Indian sun parched them up by day, and the heavy dews drenched their frame at night. Sometimes their only sustenance was the produce of the surrounding jungle, and their only shelter at night some friendly tree. Worn out with hunger and fatigue, one after another of the little company, sickened and died. Jaded by travel, and hardened by the frequent recurrence of misery, his companions, acting under that

base selfishness which is the curse of fallen man, seized upon his little property, and left him to perish, while the vultures and jackals preyed upon his corpse.

Often has the writer of this brief narrative beheld the unhappy devotees of Jagannāth, old, wearied, worn down with hunger and fatigue, bind a portion of their tattered garment about their lacerated feet, and with bended back, and haggard countenance, and dull sunken eye-balls, go limping, and groaning, and sighing from day to day and week to week. Many of course die by the way, and are either left to be eaten by the numerous animals which live on human prey, or are thrown out on the village Golgotha to be there devoured. Their bones of course remain to whiten the plains and road-side.

When our little body of pilgrims entered the country of Orissa, new difficulties awaited them. As five long months had been consumed on their journey, the rainy season had commenced; in consequence the rivers had swollen to an enormous size, and their already scanty purse was well nigh drained to procure a passage over these streams, and to meet the daily demands upon them from one and another of the Government harpies under the character of chaukidars, thanādars, collectors of customs, and a variety of similar characters, with which the country is infested. These rapacious villains consider the pilgrims fair game, and indeed, a regular system of oppression is practised with respect to them by all classes of the inhabitants of Orissa.

Their perplexities and exposure at length brought on the cholera: several victims sunk under it; one instance may

he particularly noticed. A poor woman, who had been confined on the journey, was attacked by this fatal scourge. Feeling herself unable to proceed, she sat down by the side of a bridge, with her helpless infant. Her companions of course left her to her fate. Short but sad is her history and the history of her babe. She died, and was as usual devoured by the dogs and birds, while the black ants ate off the flesh from all the lower extremities of the child. In this mangled state her cries attracted an English serjeant, who was travelling that way. He tried all that humanity could dictate to save the life of the infant, but after a fortnight's suffering, the poor thing expired.

On the arrival of the pilgrim party at Bolasore, 150 miles from Jagannáth, the wife of Nárayan-dás was seized with the dreadful cholera, and again the declaration of the Apostle was verified, that idolaters are "without natural affection." The husband abandoned the wife, and the father his child. Nárayan-dás was seen no more. Whether he fell a victim to the horrors of Puri, or survived again to reach his native village, is not known. Such however is the brutalizing tendency of these pilgrimages. The poor woman, on awaking one morning found that the whole party had forsaken her. Thus, a stranger, seized by the ruthless cholera, with a feeble infant at her breast, she wandered to a neighbouring village, where she was informed medical aid could be obtained. Although, however, she reached the door of the celebrated doctor, who was indeed a fat, wealthy, bráhmaṇ, she could procure no assistance from him. How long she remained here is not certainly known. But it was so ordered in providence that a Missionary went one

evening to preach in the village. The poor woman and her child were then lying under a large tree. The day had been very rainy, and they were thoroughly saturated with the wet. He soon ascertained the nature of her disease, and administered some medicine and brandy which he had with him. He pleaded long in vain for some food for the poor starving infant ; no one would give him any, nor would one of the village women suckle it, which they might have done without prejudice to their caste, though any sum was offered as a recompense. At length, an egg-cup full of milk was procured, and never was a scene more pitiful beheld than when the starving child crawled toward the Missionary, and looking up in his face, seemed to say, " Oh Sir, pity me, pray pity me ; I have no friend in the wide world but thee ! " The Missionary had the poor woman removed to a neighbouring shed, where he attended her, and administered medicine to her for two or three days ; but at the end of that time, she expired. When the Missionary perceived that the poor woman was fast expiring, he inquired of the wealthy bráhmaṇ who was standing by, what was to be done with the child ! To which the unfeeling monster replied with perfect indifference, " O let it die too, what else." (*Sabhe mari jibu, aur ke.*) The Missionary in vain offered to pay any expense connected with bringing up the child ; nothing that he could say availed aught. The mother had about twenty rupees, and several silver ornaments, and the possession of these was what he and the police officers were anxious to obtain. This they effected, and were willing thus to avoid all trouble respecting the child.

Seeing how matters were likely to go, the Missionary determined to save the little girl. She was then about six months old, so he took with him an old female servant, and intrusted the child to her protection. When the poor infant was brought into the verandah of his house, some rice-pudding was placed in a plate on the floor before her, while a spoon was sent for; but no sooner did the child perceive that it was food, than she crawled toward the plate, and helping herself with both hands, with the utmost greediness, would ~~w~~ suffer herself to be removed, until the whole was eaten up.

As the Missionary had no children, the little foundling was soon adopted as a daughter. She is now a smart little girl of about six years of age, and is with her foster parents, on her way to America. May she live to return with them, and become a blessing to those benighted people from whom she derived her existence!

Reader, if thou art affected by the simple narrative before thee, then resolve that thou wilt exert thy influence in every possible way till these pilgrimages to Jagannáth shall cease, or the connection of the British Government with these abominable idolatries shall for ever be dissolved. The strongest persuasives of the pilgrim-hunters are derived from the boasted countenance of these abominations, by the *enlightened* European. "See," says the wily pandá, as he points to the lofty cars covered with English broad-cloth, "the wide roads leading to the temple; the places of accommodation for the pilgrims; the collector and his officers superintending the idolatrous proceedings." "See," he exclaims, "how the Company honours Jagannáth. If these

powerful people did not know Jagannáth to be a god, would they thus serve him, and present such large offerings of food from day to day?" Let the Government then wash their hands from these polluted things. Let Jagannáth rest on his own merits. Let no premium be held out to these pandás to allure the pilgrims to his shrine, and then, although for a year or two there may be a greater influx of devotees, yet these pilgrimages will certainly gradually cease. The temple at Puri will, like those of Bhubaneswar, sink into ruins, and Jagannáth, as a native once said, will be eaten by the white-ants.

Let it not be thought that the writer of this narrative is unfriendly to the Honorable Company's sway in India. Far from this being the case, his dearest hopes are associated with the permanency of the British sway in this country. But as he thinks that India was given to Britain by the Almighty Disposer of kingdoms to further his designs of mercy to this idolatrous people, so he fears lest, by the Government's patronizing its base idolatries, it should forfeit its title to this extensive empire.

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

BY E. V. IRWIN, ESQ.

(Vide pp. 380—382, 2nd Vol. of "Conquest of Grenada.")

I.

THE dewy morn looks smilingly o'er Sierra and Cham-
paign,
Where winds 'neath Alpuxharra's range a monarch's stately
train,
Where a green and floating banner shews the crescent's
silver track,
And from lance, and shield, and jewelled mail the sun-
beam's glinted back.

II.

And the mountain-breeze is tossing full many a Moorish crest,
And many a champing desert-barb hath flecked his paitrel'd
breast,
And circled in by flashing spears some gentler palfreys bear
The Alhambra's veiled loveliness—the fairest city's fair.

III.

That proud procession's measured pace hath woke no cym-
bal's clang ;
No rolling drum or mellow flute, no hill-born echo rang ;
But mutely gorgeous, on it moves as some gay pinnace glides
Which whispering zephyrs scarce impel o'er crisped sum-
mer tides.

IV.

But where's the courtier's flattery ; the witling's fluent jest ;
The lover's dulcet breathings to the empress of his breast ;
The grave yet deep-toned sympathy that aged warriors
 show,
When hailing on the stripling's cheek young valour's maiden
 glow ?

V.

I see not these, but mark instead a calm-pervading air,
Where dominant Resignation cloaks the gnawings of despair ;
Save transiently, when flushing brow and writhing lip attest
The Titan torture-throcs that rend each inly-bleeding breast.

VI.

Sad is the childless noble's grief, who mourns his failing line,
And wild the exile's first-wrung sigh o'er severed hearth
 and shrine,
And dark the soldier's stern regret o'er shivered spear and
 brand,
When the death-winged missiles shower from the distant
 craven band.

VII.

But these in all their mingled might to express were feebly
 tame,
One half the wordless agonies that sweep those souls of
 flame—
Eight centuries of glory fled—shattered their conquering
 bow—
Who kingless, nameless, nationless, their Eden-homes forego.

VIII.

And now the mourning troop have reached a green hill's
myrtle crown,
Whence yearningly o'er this sweet land their humid eyes
look down ;
Now to the Alhambra's glittering towers their parting gaze
they strain,
Now seek the silver Zenil, where it threads the aroma'd
plain.

IX.

And while a thousand memories of love and softness rise,
And every dome, and cliff, and rill, doth claim peculiar sighs,
What means you circling wreath of smoke, and that low
sequent roar ?
The Christian holds Boabdil's throne, the Moslem reigns
no more.

X.

And who is he of golden locks, and blue, benignant eye,
On whom that ominous sound doth ring like a demon-
tortured's cry ?
"Allah Akbar," he essays, but his lips the words forego,
And the pious tones are strangled in a whelmless burst of
woe.

XI.

'Tis Grenada's crownless monarch, and Ayxa* she is nigh,
And the soul of Abdarrahmán† lights her flashing, tearless
eye—

* Ayxa la Horra, the Sultana, mother of Boabdil el Zogoybi.

† The most illustrious of the kings of Grenada, the Trajan, Akbar, Alfred of his line.

“Mourn on, mourn on, the glorious land thy manhood
 could not keep,
 When ravished from thy fall’ring grasp, it suits thee well
 to weep.”

XII.

But a mother’s cutting scorn glances blunted from his grief,
 And Commixa’s* sager mildness imparteth not relief;
 While the hapless asks of Allah, in the blackness of despair,
 If ever wretch so felly curst, hath cropped the vital air.

XIII.

And while I gaze, the exiled band their mountain march
 resume,
 And scarce their disappearing plumes o’ertop the golden
 broom;
 Now the rearward pennon’s fluttering eludes my earnest view,
 And a mighty nation’s vanished, credrics the morning dew.

THE VALE OF KASHMIR.

BY C. J. MULLER, ESQ.

THERE’S A land in the north, where the rich rose is breathing
 A fragrance the purest, the sweetest on earth,
 Where eloquent lips are in smiles ever wreathing,
 And Beauty and Love have their passionate birth.

*.Aben Commixa, the prime minister of Boabdil, who
 vainly endeavoured to console his royal master at this climac-
 teric of his misfortunes.

'Tis a land where the green hills are covered with flowers,
Where sun-light bursts forth from the brightest of skies,
Where Time is a round of the merriest hours,
And joy beameth pure in a world of dark eyes.

'Tis a spot where the Bulbul for ever is singing,
The bard ever pouring his witching love lay ;
Where the rushing cascades for ever are flinging,
In sunshine the brightest, their beautiful spray.

Oh ! heavenly there gleams the snow on the mountain,
And lovelily clustereth the bacchanal vine ;—
There music is soft, like the voice of the fountain,
And Woman—her eye and her form are divine.

And this is the land of old romance and story—
The land, that the monarch of Inde* so adored,
Where Beauty and Love held the sway over glory,
Till heros flung from them the buckler and sword.

Oh ! have ye not heard of the vale of Kashmir,
The clime of the lovely,—the region of song ?
'Tis there, Oh 'tis there I would make me my bier,
And rest where the rose trees and nightingales throng.

* Jehangir.

THE MONOCULAR LOVER, OR THE OFFERING OF A MONOCULAR COCK.

BY W. SMITH.

“BEHOLD yon dreadful sight,” said Zara, trembling, to her servant maid, as she sat on the terrace of her father’s house in Lucknow; “behold yon dreadful sight,” pointing to a youth in an adjacent wood chased by a furious boar. He brandished his spear, and aimed a blow, which the monster instinctively parried, as with all his bristles raised up, he foamed at his prey: every step that the animal gained on the youth, diffused a deathly paleness on her features, which straight regained its lustre and hue, as the chase admitted of a hope of his escape. Her bosom heaved with a variety of feelings from hope, animating hope, to the coldest despair, and every intermediate shade of feeling between these two extremes appeared and disappeared in her lovely features. With the eyes of a lynx she watched every movement, and gave a hysteric shriek, as the lad plunged into a stream to avoid his foe, the sound of which tingled in her ear as the death-knell of the spirited youth. The servant maid alarmed the house, and applied such restoratives as were calculated to bring her to her senses. Alli, her father, inquired into the cause of all this bustle, and neither Zara nor her maid could account for any thing; the latter, apprehensive of her master’s vengeance for allowing his daughter to pollute her eyes with the sight of a man, while Zara herself was too delicate to confess the interest excited in her bosom

by a strange youth. Indeed, from this day forward, she appeared to decline in health, and no wonder, if we consider the cause. A young girl, who seldom set eyes on so lovely an object as a youth, beholds one while in a mood most susceptible of tender impressions. Every thing around—flowers, streams, the roseate and the violet in the evening skies, and the vocal lays of the bulbul and the shámá—all conspire to open the heart. In this tender frame she sees a youth, and such a one too, as combined in his graceful exterior all that can please or charm a woman; besides, her feelings were hitherto like a stream, never disturbed, and ever equable. The magic of excitement was now for the first time diffused over her soul, and an excitement that combined the sweetest emotions of our nature.

There was love aroused by his beauty, a tender anxiety for his escape, and heart-dissolving pity for his distressed plight; and then to behold his melancholy plunge in the stream, sealing an untimely end, agitated the pulsations of her heart to a degree, that it could burst the bars of its earthly tenement. This was too overpowering to a girl whose first perceptions of beauty and sensations of love were so inauspicious. She cherished with enthusiasm the picture of the unhappy youth, and in her solitary moments, recalled with all the vividness of reality the scene which stamped a new era in her history. By a little inquiry, however, she might have known that he who was so bewailed, escaped unhurt; but to evince any thing like interest in his fate was revolting to the delicacy of an Indian girl, to say nothing of the consciousness of love that makes one suspicious. Since the accident alluded to, she was

regularly on the terrace, "in pensive sadness rapt," gazing on the same verdant scenes and animating beauties around, yielding her whole soul to the potent sway of excited feelings. She saw a young man, one evening, wandering in the wood—she would have concealed herself, but curiosity held her to the spot; and as he approached nearer, great was her surprise to find in him the self-same person whose death she had lamented. Her heart throbbed, and a dizziness began to seize her, when she retired with difficulty to her own apartment; not until her eyes had met the fixed and intent glance of the wanderer, expressive of every feeling which love could convey. "Hussain," soliloquized he; "Hussain, stir thyself, for there's now an object worth struggling for, and by the tomb of Mahammad, she shall not escape the pressure of these arms." Hussain was the son of the king of Lucknow's vakil—a wild, unthinking youth, who acted more from the impulse of the moment than from any settled principles of action, but who had an uncorrupted heart, which only required the fostering hand of culture to develop its native virtues. By inquiries he soon found that the owner of the house was an independent talukdár, and the lovely damsel, his only daughter, on whom he doated to distraction, but whom he kept immured in the zenáná to avoid the pollution of vulgar eyes. "And a week hence I'll distract him a little more," thought Hussain. "What, does the old fool think, that his being a father gives him a right to keep her immured? In spite of his vigilance, I'll have a smack of her Hourí lips ere long." In this spirit he renewed every day his poetic wanderings towards the stream, making every demon-

stration of the tenderest love, and he soon hailed the welcome assurance conveyed by her eyes, that the girl's heart was no less his. What with him was the levity of doing a spirited act, soon settled to the most serious object of his life, and ere he dreamt of the loss, his heart was Zara's beyond retrieval. True love is an alchemy whose touch hallows the baser feelings, and refines the impurities of thought and intention; and under its converting influence, Hussain's usual levity vanished, leaving him the sighing lover. He had recourse to the strategy usual on these occasions—to gain over the servant maid of Zara to his interest at any price. Upon opening the subject to her, she fretted and winced, and asked Hussain with a very grave air, if the king had issued a firmán, authorizing every youngster to think so ill of servant maids. He replied with warmth; "Allah forbid any idea of the kind should enter my head; for, by the hump of the holy camel, I only wished you to convey this letter to your mistress, and here is what will make amends for your trouble," giving her an asherfi. The last argument was more powerful than the hump of the holy camel; so smoothing down the asperities about her face as much as possible, she answered, "Oh you talk sense now, young man; of course, there is a great difference between being the bearer of a letter and acting the —— but why didn't you tell me this was all? Meet me here to-morrow evening, and you shall have an answer, provided you are as considerate then." "Here is what will ensure you against my consideration," said Hussain, as he slipped another asherfi into her hands. "Certainly, Sir," said she, by way of thanks, "certainly,

Sir, you are a sensible lad, and know how to go about business; and by every hair in my father's beard, and that is long enough, young man, considering my age, it will not be my fault if you don't succeed in your suit." Here ended the scene. Like two lawyers, each departed chuckling at the thought of having overreached the other in a bargain. We need not here give an account of what success attended Hussain's letter; suffice it to observe, that like true lovers, they soon came to a right understanding, had constant interviews, and maintained a correspondence by letters, rife with all the metaphors and similes which love is wont to glean from bursting buds and sparkling skies. We refrain from giving a description of their feelings, conscious of our inability to present any thing like a picture of the whole; for those who have loved as deeply as Hussain and Zara, can alone conceive the flame *they* nursed in their bosoms.

In the mean time Mirzá, a zemindár of extensive property, proposed a marriage between himself and Zara; the father accepted the offer, and both mutually "signed, sealed and delivered" a contract to that effect before the cází, as if the whole was a matter of bargain for a fallow piece of land. This same Mirzá had wealth alone to recommend him, and the other requisites consisted of a face rumpled and wrinkled by age, and a suspicious-looking eye, the other having long ago quitted the socket, leaving it tenantless. In addition to these qualifications, he was a particular *dost* of Alli, and their estates lay contiguous to each other; so that the contemplated marriage would in effect be an alliance of the two zemindáris and an accession of wealth

and power to each of the contracting parties. Hussain and Zara were informed of every particular connected with this contract by the maid-servant, whose honesty had been timely secured on their sides. And surely it is not sickly sentimentalism to say, that their misery was great. When each had found in the other a rock of constancy, a fount of sympathy, and the source of every thing to sweeten life, and to afford—what angels themselves would envy, if envy ever found a place in their celestial bosoms—sweets, deprived of which, this fairy world were a wilderness of weeds and briars; at this time a monocular zemindár to step in and snap, with profane hands, the ligaments and fibres of their fond hearts, interwoven by nature into one web of faith and love! The idea was intolerable, and yet they knew not how to avert the fate suspended over their heads. Zara was entreated by her lover, in terms which his strong emotions alone could command, to rebel against her father, and fly to his arms for protection: but to leave her father's house she could never think of, as it would heap disgrace and distress on his aged head: and yet she assured him that nothing less than actual force would ever make her Mirzá's wife.

In prosecution of his contract, our Mirza solicited permission to hold a conversation with his charming bride through the pardá, it being contrary to usage to allow them to contemplate their mutual charms face to face. Besides, he had reasons of his own, and which the reader will doubtless guess, for avoiding such an interview, even if the observance of the usage could be dispensed with on this occasion. "Hark, Mirzá," said Alli, "I allow my

daughter to converse with you under covert of the pardá, and mind don't abuse this special privilege." "Abuse!" cried Mirzá, "abuse! what dirt have I eaten that I should ever think of doing such a ——." Before he could conclude the sentence, he was led towards the zenáná, and left at the impassable line, the pardá. He modulated his raven voice to as tender a key as he could, reciting a set speech, cut and dried for the occasion. "Sure my charmer is within, for I both feel and see the heat and brilliance of her eyes through this partition. Oh when shall it be destroyed, that I may clasp my own! Here is Mirzá come to kiss the dust of your feet." He repeated this again and again with the precision of the parrot, but as yet he could obtain no answer; such tender notes as *his* were not much calculated to touch her heart; they on the contrary provoked a smile, which Zara was ill able to resist. Perceiving, however, that no return was likely to be made to his compliments, he was about to leave the place with chagrin, when Alli, seeing how matters stood, cried out, "One bullet more, friend Mirzá, and the day's our own—don't retire, my man, with only the heat and brilliance of the eye." "I am thinking," said Mirzá, "whether I may not serenade myself into a consumption before our Peri deigns to answer." "Try again, my friend, try again," replied Alli; "nothing like perseverance." Thus encouraged, Mirzá resumed his rhetorical serenade, flourishing it away with greater spirit, and in a diversity of intonations. "Hist, air Mirzá," answered the silver tone of Zara, "hist, I have no dust in my feet to be kiss'd away, and before I confirm my father's contract of marriage, I should like to put you a

question or two." "As many, jewel of my soul, as the sands on the sea-shore, or the leaves which autumn gives to the winds."

"Have you all your members sound and whole?"

"To be sure I have, and only wish you could see them."

"Two feet?"

"Yes."

"Two hands?"

"Aye, two hands too."

"Two eyes?"

"But why, my Huri, should you ask such questions?" cried Mirzá, with some warmth, muttering to himself, "I'll give any thing to know what she is driving at."

"Sir, there is an important, a religious reason for it."

"Pray state it," rather churlishly, "before I make any further answers."

"Only this: the last offering I sent to the Golden masjid was a cock, and the *mullah* on examining the bird returned it, saying it was blind of one eye."

"Eye, eye, I thought she was driving that way," muttered Mirzá to himself.

"And with an intimation," continued Zara, "that if my next offering proved of the same kind, I would be punished with a husband cursed with the same defect; but he very leniently added that as it was my first offence, the punishment would only be an offer of marriage from a monocular bridegroom, that I might be vexed for a season. This I was glad to find would be the only expiation I am destined to make, and I now wish to know, Sir, whether the *mullah* was right, for in that case, I shall willingly suffer myself to be vexed so that my atonement is complete."

Like a dog overcome by a thunder-clap, that remains rooted to a spot, not knowing which way to turn, Mirzá could scarcely determine whether he should return home or away immediately to Alli. To the latter, however, he did go, and unfold the whole story which the ingenuity of the girl had weaved to get rid of him, and every tittle of which he sincerely believed. "Alas!" continued he, "that I, a zemindár possessing immense riches, should be deemed so insignificant as to be made instrumental in the punishment of a silly girl for the offer of a blind cock! O that I should live to see this day!" "Don't whine so," replied Alli, "don't whine so, I'll soon prove this is a mere fetch of the girl's to leap out of the net, in which I have her—she shan't burst the meshes, I assure you." "Won't she?" cried Alli with rapture, "you are a reasonable man, filled with wisdom to the very brim; but then how evade Allah's dictate?" "Dictate indeed! why man, Allah is otherwise engaged than to care much for a blind cock, a silly girl, or a fat zemindár." A little argument just suited to the meridian of Mirzá's intellect, mixt with a spice of wholesome raillery, soon did his job; for lightened by the removal of religious scruples that sat a little heavy on him, he cried out, "Holy Mahammad, thy will be done!" Nor is this improbable, when we consider the attractions of the girl, and the deep-rooted inclinations of Mirzá, which combined will always destroy the flimsy scruples produced by the dogmas of Islámism. Alli, who had a long time for many reasons meditated a visit to Calcutta with his family, declared his intention to do so, before the nuptials were solemnized, and Mirzá offered to accompany his *dost* to the City of Palaces. This gave to the

lovers a respite from their wretchedness, in which the failure of their artifice on the Mirzá had involved them.

The whole party were soon domiciled in Calcutta. Hus-sain's feelings may be easily conceived. The absence, from Lucknow, of the only object that had any attractions for him, was sufficient to make him more than melancholy: the fear of losing her for ever being superadded, completely distracted him. He did not know but before their return she might be linked to his rival, beyond any earthly power to dissolve; and their existence would only be an unvarying and monotonous round of sadness. He had oft watched the young bamboo in his native wood, and he knew the least blight in the first stages of its growth ever after left it unsound, though it assumed the stately appearance of its brethren. His mind wandered to images like these, as he apprehended a similar fate. But resolution often proceeds from a drooping and desponding heart, like the electric fluid from a watery cloud. To prevent, if possible, the threatened catastrophe, he summoned all his energies, started for Calcutta, and the first day he set foot in that city, called on Alli with formal proposals of marriage.

"Young man," said Alli, you might as well have staid in Lucknow, for look'ee, my daughter is already bespoken."

"Yes, sir, but the proposed match is so—so—"

"So what, youngster? you seem to turn your nose on it: a large zemindári producing nearly half a lák per annum is to be sneezed at—is it?"

"And the happiness of your daughter to be sacrificed?"

"Holy Mahammad! only hear how the puppy talks, why what sacrifice? have I not looked on this side, and that,

till I could not find a longer purse and better blood—and when I have secured such a rare union of both, a chap, who may be a doshád or a beggar for aught I know, tells me I sacrifice my daughter's happiness. Out, thou son of a dog—out with thee—or I'll flicá thee, and make a drum of thy skin for the ensuing Moharram." As it did not appear very clear that Hussain's logic would be much appreciated, and somewhat indignant at the treatment experienced, he left the house. Hopeless of success in an honest way, he began to entertain serious views of inducing Zara to leave her father's abode. But as yet he had neither seen nor written to her, nor was there any prospect of either for the present, the maid who contrived these things being left behind at Lucknow.

The fate of individuals, like that of empires, often hangs upon the veriest trifles; and what the most consummate policy fails to compass is often brought about by accidents: for the same cause that stirs a feather impels also a planet in its orbit. An accident now brought about what efforts and policy failed to secure. Mashid, one of Alli's principal domestics, and a country bumpkin to boot, in making inquiries for the shambles was by a wag directed to the pork-market. Pork appeared in all directions, most tempting to the poor clown. He took a large supply for his master's use, muttering between his teeth, "Calcutta's the place for good beef I see." To take his master by surprise, he made use of all the culinary art he possessed, and presented the several dishes on the carpet with a deal of self-complacency. Alli with his *dost* feasted heartily on the meal, and observed at every mouthful that it was cer-

tainly worth while to come to Calcutta, if only to taste the very savoury beef to be enjoyed there. "Inshálláh, you may say that," exclaimed Mirzá, more than once, "for by the beard of Mahammad, I never tasted better kabábs and kuliáns." "And so cheap too, four annas the ser," rejoined Alli, as he stroked his flowing beard. As Mashid in his ignorance continued to make the daily supplies, he was one day met by Hussain near the market. Somewhat surprised that Alli's servant should come out of a pork-market with a fore-quarter of what appeared to be pork; he cautiously sounded the clown, and pumped out of him the mistake he had committed. "Go to, cunning fellow, you have chosen the fattest part of beef," said Hussain, by way of confirming him in his mistake.

"Leave," answered he, "leave me alone for that, Sir—my graunum used to observe I would be a good judge of butcher's meat, and you see the poor woman was right." "Aye, to be sure, and only continue as good, and your fortune is made."

"Fortune! you may well say that—a fellow the other day observing my taste in these matters, just as you do now, said with a sly look, I might as well add some wine for my master's use. 'Wine!' says I to him, 'rascal, you talk of wine, that abominable beverage to a true believer! a rigid Musalmán!' I would have bastinadoed the fellow, but somewhat softened by the compliments he tittered out to my good taste in butcher's meat, I let him escape; and he did rejoice in his escape, for he scampered off laughing heartily."

"Perhaps at you?"

"At me! Blessed Alli, how you talk! don't I tell you his escape from my clutches was the cause of his mirth?"

This discovery did not much disturb the religious feelings of our hero, for he was not so great a stickler for the Alcoran as to contend for all its precepts and dictates. He took another view of it. Ally and his friend were in the greatest repute for good Musalmáns, and always boasted of being scrupulous followers of the Prophet. Hussain very prudently concluded that rather than be exposed all over Calcutta and Lucknow, as having dined on pork for two whole months, they would consent to his marriage with Zara, if he satisfied the father of his wealth and rank. The only thing now remained to proceed about this very delicate work with some degree of adroitness, and a vakíl's son was not of all men most unfit for the task. He proceeded early the following morning to Alli's house, and sent word that Hussain the son of Golám Alli, vakíl of the king of Lucknow, wished to speak to him and his *dost*. He was straight ushered to their presence. On seeing him the old man was outrageous, exclaiming, "What, impostor! you here again, the vakíl's son, are you?"

"I'll satisfy you on that head as soon as I have opened the very serious business which brings me here, and wherein I am sorry to say both of you are deeply concerned."

"You scamp, you'll not impose," roared Alli. "Let him proceed, hear him out," interrupted Mirzá, which had the effect of making him defer his vengeance awhile.

"I only come here," continued Hussain, with a cool indifference; "I only come here to ask how you who are reputed to be good Musalmáns, and the very patterns of

Islámism, should prove such renegades to your faith as to eat—yes eat—Mahammad Rasul! the thought makes me tremble—eat swine's flesh?"

"Swine's flesh!" exclaimed Ally, his eyes glistening with rage, while Mirzá turned up the whites of his eyes with amazement, looked up, then down, muttered a short prayer, as he gave a vacant stare at his beard.

"Aye, Sir, swine's flesh," resumed Hussain, "for your servant Mashid has supplied you with no other for the last two months; and if you doubt what I say, accompany me one day to the market, and you shall have the testimony of your own senses."

"Your life's the forfeit if you fail to prove it."

"And you two forfeit reputation, religion, and every thing that can be dear to a man—pray follow me and you shall see."

They proceeded to the fatal place, and sure enough, there was Mashid tripping along with proud looks. In a trice he struck up a bargain—counted the money, and in full possession of the disastrous meat, he danced out of the market. A little inquiry sufficed to convince the ill-fated gentlemen in what a labyrinth the mistake of their domestic had involved them. All three went home in solemn sadness. Mashid was soon apprised of his mistake, as he stood trembling in the presence of his infuriated master.

"Accursed dog," cried both, as if about to tear him to pieces. "Accursed dog, and is it thus you feed the disciples of the Prophet?" "Pardon me, Sirs," said Mashid, with tears in his eyes, and falling prostrate at the feet of the Musalmáns. "Pardon! Holy Mahammad, you talk of pardon!

in a pretty state you have put a Musalmán to go to paradise—rife with the essence of swine," observed Alli, as he stood quivering with rage like an aspen leaf.

" Bismillah ! and full two months too," rejoined Mirzá, " the harám has crept into every nerve and limb by this time."

" And in these graceful beads too, alas," whimpered Alli, as he turned towards the culprit threatening. " But die you shall, harámzádá—die you shall as soon as we return to Lucknow."

" Aye," said Mirzá, " in Lucknow, for there's no killing a slave with impunity in this country of káffirs."

In retiring from the tribunal to which he was cited, Mashid gave Hussain a most spiteful look, as he was in a great measure the cause of his present distress. A new light broke on him. He could now account for Hussain's compliments, and the stranger's recommending wine with a titter. " And what an ass," cried he to himself, " was I, not to have seen my mistake through all this !" Hussain, who stood a mute spectator of this outrageous scene, at length broke silence. " You may do what you please, gentlemen, at your leisure, but I must straight, like a faithful believer, disclose the whole to the cázis, mullahs, and muftis of Lucknow, and leave them to say whether you and your family should not after this be considered outcasts. My conscience dictates this as the only course, and if they do not notice your doings as they should, I shall myself publish the whole throughout the country with beat of drum, and establish the fact beyond a doubt. Besides, Sirs, it is not a day—a week, or a month, but two months—only think

of that—full two months you have indulged in this abomination.” The two gentlemen were so softened down, that they would part with their last pice to secure the silence of the youth. “What, young man,” said Alli, “will nothing keep you from dashing me to ruin, and consigning my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?” “To avoid that ruin is in your own power;” replied Hussain, “my father is the chief vakil, and as to fortune it is not so inconsiderable as you may think, only make up your mind to——.”

“To what?” cried Mirzá, like a drowning man eager to seize any straw to save himself. “To what, sweet, sweet youth? If a believer’s arm can compass it, command me.”

“The gentleman understands my meaning,” replied Hussain. “There’s no objection on my part,” said Alli, looking at Mirzá, “if that gentleman only consents.”

“I consent,” roared our bridegroom, “yes, even to the half of my estate.”

“’Tis not so much, Mirzá,” answered Alli, “he only wishes to marry my daughter.”

“Allah Kebia! by all means. I consent with my whole heart—so that we consider our unpleasant business settled. It is you, *dost* Alli, I must thank for the evils heaped on my head. Ah! it ill became my age to quit my country, running after a girl, and then to have my faith almost shipwrecked but for this excellent youth. I must thank you, *dost*, for all this.”

“Me?”

“Yes, you! perhaps you have forgotten the story about the cock. ‘Allah does not much care for a blind cock! a silly girl!! or a fat zemindár!!!’ you said with some glee, and now see what your witticism has cost us.”

Peace, however, was soon restored—the marriage was fixed within a week, and each congratulated himself on his good fortune. Something more than self-gratulation was the feeling of Hussain; he could now encircle in his arms all that was worth living for, and in the delirium of his blissful prospects he blessed the accident that brought Mashid in his way. One thought only was painful. He knew not how to inform Zara that he was the happy person, blest with the consent of her father; and as his endeavours to this end proved ineffectual, he deferred the explanation to the meeting after the solemnization of the intended marriage.

But what was the state of Zara's mind all this while? The spell of love which fondly dwelt on her heart soothed it with its enchanting power; and when a victim of the "dark hours of sadness" peculiar to love, she turned her mind's eye to those dreams of bliss, and all those sweet visions, the progeny of a wild and impassioned imagination. She could not forget the glow that oft mantled her face, the ardent glance, or the beating pulse raised in her intercourse with Hussain; and now that he was considered absent, she could only dwell on those happy moments still in memory's page drest in the brightest colours. These musings were swept away by Aili's communicating that he had engaged to marry her to a youth, with qualities much more desirable than what Mirzá possessed, adding his resolution, that the union should be consummated within a week.

She now found herself in a sea of storms, without one star to cheer or guide her to a haven of peace. It was neither in woman's nature nor in Zara's power to check the vital source of thought, and every feeling of her bosom rolled towards Hussain. as she sat sad and lone, holding converse

with herself. Day after day, and night after night found her sleepless, and alone in her chamber, recalling the thoughts and scenes of other days. Her eyes began to lose their lustre, and her cheeks their carnation; the sylph-like agility of her movements, and the usual buoyancy of her spirits gave place to a consuming languor. The day at length came. Zara, who was more dead than alive, underwent the ceremony of the marriage rites in a veil that concealed her from head to foot. Alive in every fibre to the touch of rapture, Hussain, as soon as they were left in seclusion, removed the veil. Zara gave an exclamation of surprise, and fell upon his neck almost lifeless, from the instantaneous and sudden rush of feelings that crowded on her heart. It was but for a moment. The clouds that gathered over her soul dispersed like nightly damps before the morning ray. Her eyes regained their lustre—bloom lighted up her cheeks, and tears of joy started unbidden, as she lay in her husband's arms. Every thing was banished from their minds save the reality and fruition of all their ardent aspirations, their romantic dreams, and magic visions.

Whilst this scene was enacting in the interior, Alli and his *dost* were cheering their old hearts with music, and giving directions to the servants for the marriage feast. "Aye, father," said Zara's little brother, "let us have a good feast, but don't forget Mashid's kababs and kaliāns—for the last week we had none worth eating. Oh! how my mouth waters only to think of them." "Hold your tongue, you babbling rascal," replied Alli. "Ah! all this comes from our sinful disregard of mullahs' dictates—for instance, your raillery of the blind cock, *dost* Alli," observed Mirza, tipping his *dost* the wink to refresh his memory.

THE NATIVE LOVER'S SONG.

BY RA'BU KA'SIPRASA'D GHOSH.

How can I fail to love thee?—
 The sun that saw us wed,
 Still from his throne above me,
 His warming beams doth shed.
 The stars that wove the chain,
 That hath together bound us,
 Still in the skies remain,
 And pour their light around us.

How can I fail to love thee,
 Sweet flower of beauty bright?
 O! may the sun above me
 Appear without his light,
 And stars may lose their beams,
 When love for thee will part,
 (How drear th' idea seems!)
 From this devoted heart.

How can I fail to love thee?
 Beneath the stars and sun,
 Can I a treacher prove me,
 And where for refuge run?
 No,—like their light whose flow
 Ceases or slackens never,
 My love for thee shall glow
 Thus in my heart for ever.

TO CHRISTIANA.

BY CHARLES DFARIE, ESQ.

Belov'd one ! does memory sometimes turn
 To him who was thy plymate many a day,
 And does thy heart with warm affection burn,
 For him who dedicates this simple lay ?
 To thee, Oh ! dearest far than words can say !
 Dost thou still think him something more than friend,
 And is he not forgot though far away,
 And does thy prayer for him each day ascend,
 That he may soon come back, and separation end ?

If this be true, then he is not alone.
 For thou art with him, ever at his side !
 His spirit hears thy voice, and every tone,
 Comes on his soul, soft as the evening tide.
 Where the clear waters pellucidly do glide !
 He thinks not of the world—he thinks of thee,
 Who wert, and art, his joy, and trust, and pride !
 And he is glad from haunts of men to flee,
 To muse on all thy charms with wild intensity ! }

O hope and faith ! mighty indeed ye are !
 And what would be this life without your power ?
 Hope darting forward singles out a star,
 And keeps it still in view though clouds may lour,

For many a long and solitary hour !
And faith says, Fear not, for the day will come,
When this shall be thy great and happy dower ,
Thou, thou shalt be restored no more to roam,
From her thou lov'st so true, from country, or from home !

But love is mightier far than hope, or faith,
It changeth not, but ever is the same !
Stronger than aught in life—stronger than death,
Or else beside we think of or can name !
And so it should be, for from heaven it came !
Oh ! how it purifies the human mind,
Bringing fresh ardour to the mental frame,
And making all things like itself refined,
Until the soul is god-like ! 'twas for this designed !

Yet love is never perfected on earth,
Because its home is in the glorious sky !
And as it came from heaven, and had its birth
From the eternal fount of love on high,
It is itself eternal ! cannot die !
This is our stronghold, dearest ! This to know—
And God is faithful, and he cannot lie !
Yes ! if we never meet on earth below,
We meet in realms of love far from this world of woe !

KOOJOBEDEE AND THE ZUMEENDARS.

BY C. W. STUART, ESQ.

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours.—*Cymbeline*.

ON a cold, clear, star-light night, in the month of November, 1823, a Pathán corn-carrier briskly drove his unladen bullock across the fine level plain that lies in front of the sipáhlí lines at Bareilly. Leaving the collector's kacheree on his left, he entered the almost interminable street which forms the bazar. At this moment the sentinel over the line-ghurree struck twelve o'clock, and afterwards rung a peal on the brazen orb, with his wooden mallet, until town and station re-echoed the prolonged sound. The shops and houses were shut, and their inmates slept in tranquillity. In the day-time, few interesting objects arrest the attention of any one passing through this bazar; our carrier, therefore, in the uncertain light of the subordinate heavenly bodies, felt his route sufficiently monotonous. As, however, he was no stranger to the road he travelled, the occasional chunam-polished dome of a mosque, or the lofty residence of some Nuwab—for Nuwabs are as numerous in Rohilkund as barons are in Germany,—acted as friendly beacons on his way. Having traversed the town and suburbs, and safely forded the Dojora nullah, he and his bovine companion quietly proceeded a kos farther to the small village of Laluchpoor.

Here he stopped at the entrance of a square mud inclosure, and pushing aside a moveable jhamp that served for a door, he entered, and silently set about picketing his ox in the yard. While thus engaged, a shrill female voice, as that of an old woman, called out from the interior of the only place resembling a human dwelling—"Eh! Koojobedee, what has come over you to-night? Where have you been till this late hour?"

"Mother," said Koojobedee, "I went with a load of grain to the cavalry lines, where I tarried to see a grand match given by the Toork-suwaras. But, tell me, have you pulled in the goat? I miss her at the stake."

"I tried my best to do it, before I went to rest," answered his mother; "but though I tugged at her grazing-line with all my strength, the obstinate jade resisted my efforts. So you may even put your own hand to the rope—and a lucky hand you used to have on most occasions."

Koojobedee made no reply, but seized the goat's tether, which, in order to afford the animal a fair choice of pasture, and at the same time to save the old woman the trouble of hunting after her about the village, was of the unusual length of thirty fathoms. To his great surprise, he felt a dead weight at the end of it, very different from the stubborn resistance of a living quadruped. With every possible exertion, he could only bring it home by inches, like a ship's watch hauling upon the weather main-brace in a stiff breeze. As he shortened the rope, however, the drag lightened; and, at length, with infinite labour, he drew his dubious charge into the inclosure. Unable to distinguish exactly the nature of the dark ponderous mass before him, he entreated

his mother to come out quickly with the light. She did so, when, bending over the object of their solicitude, judge of their astonishment and indignation, when they discovered it to be the hide of their poor milch goat, doubled up round some heavy substance, and securely bound with twigs. Before giving free vent to their rage, however, they untied the fastenings, when lo ! a parcel of old bricks dropped from the skin. At sight of these, the old woman could retain her anger no longer, and raised her voice to the screaming pitch, preparatory to pouring out the bitter invectives, she meant to bestow on the authors of the outrage. But Koojobedde checked the untimely design. "What will you gain by alarming the village?" said he. "Be quiet, while I endeavour to find out the perpetrators of this wicked deed. I shall not sleep till I have done so, and, if possible, revenge myself and you on the cowardly rascals who have injured us." The hope of vengeance, which is dear to the human heart as the breast of the mother is to the tender babe, induced the dame to forego the verbal expression of her resentment. Koojobedde, shortly after, with his faithful iron-shod bludgeon in his hand, sallied out in quest of the slayers and devourers of his favorite goat.

He first reconnoitred the citadel-looking upper-roomed mansion of the joint-hereditary zumeendars of the village, who were four brothers, all residing with their several families in the same house. He knew they bore no good-will towards him, and would not scruple to commit any act of violence. But no one was astir on their premises, nor indeed throughout the village, which did not consist of more than a dozen huts besides. The contents

of the hide now recurred to Koojobedee's mind, and afforded him, he thought, a ready clue to discovery. Being aware that loose bricks were to be found no where in the vicinity, excepting at the broken steps of an old tank about five hundred yards off, he advanced cautiously in that direction. On approaching close to the reservoir, he obtained a distinct view of seven men seated by a fire, on the lowest edge of the broad sloping bank left by the receding water. The party evidently courted secrecy. Koojobedee had good cause to do the same. He therefore prostrated himself, and crept softly towards them on his belly. Reaching the crest of the embankment in safety, he thence leisurely surveyed the unconscious group. To his infinite vexation, he perceived the four quarters of what he doubted not had once been his own goat, transfixed on as many wooden spits, cleverly made for the occasion, and put down to roast, in dukuet fashion, over the bright embers. Meanwhile, the expectants of the feast amused themselves with professional small-talk, and frequent draughts from an earthen pitcher, that seemed, by the satisfaction expressed in the looks of each thirsty soul who embraced it, to contain something more potent than water.

"Well," said one of their number, "if we have nothing to divide to-night under the haunted tree, luck is so far on our side, that we shall not go hungry to sleep."

"No, nor thirsty either," said another, taking the pitcher from his mouth.

"Let all that pass," interrupted a third. "Say, comrades, where shall we make the next attack? If my words were to be heard, we should lay under contribution the rich Nuwab who lives near the gaol."

"Steer clear of the gael while you can," responded the first speaker; "we may come to that soon enough. Besides, the Nuwab you have your eye on has four or five strapping sons, and a crowd of domestics. But what think ye, brethren, of paying a visit to a solitary old begum I know of, whose house is in a convenient situation to the south of the sipáhis' exercising ground? She has a chest crammed full of kul-dar rupces; and we have only to tie herself and her women, and quietly take away as much as we can carry."

"Ay, to the begum's! To the begum's! let us take tribute of the begum!" shouted several voices together. At this moment, Koojobeddee, who had for some time with difficulty resisted an inclination to sneeze, thought the present a fit season to let the sternutative vapour escape him. But though the assembly gave their individual suffrages with all the force of their lungs, their acute ears were nevertheless sensible of the half-stifled emission of pent air from Koojobeddee's proboscis. While they questioned each other on the subject, the prudent grain-porter crawled backwards from the scene of danger; and as soon as he judged his footsteps to be beyond their hearing, he stoutly took to his heels.

Having regained his own habitation, and recounted to his mother his success in tracing the spoilers, which, by the bye, gave the old woman but little satisfaction, he betook himself to his humble charpacc, where he ruminated schemes of reprisal against the dukuts, until sleep overpowered him.

Next morning he took the skin of the goat, the *memento mori* of his poor favorite, and stretching it upon a fowl

tappa, put it out to dry in the sun. This siccative process he continued two days, at the end of which time it became, to borrow a vulgar but luminous phrase from the Emerald Isle, "as dry as a lime-burner's brogue;" and, on the slightest percussion, it rattled like an unbraced drum. He then sewed up the belly, preserving as much as possible the figure of the animal whose hide he operated upon. Our readers may, perhaps, take it into their heads to imagine he proposed presenting it to the Asiatic Museum. No such thing; he reserved it for a more important service, as will be seen in the sequel.

After night-fall, Koojobedee tied the end of a long cord round the neck of his preserved goat, slung the iron-bound club before mentioned to his own, and, wrapping himself up in a quilt, departed on a secret enterprise, with the hollow pelt on his shoulder. He shaped his course for the haunted tree, alluded to by the robbers in the conversation before recorded, which grew by itself on an unfrequented common about a mile from his habitation, and was celebrated in the fabulous chronicles of the neighbouring peasantry, as being a place of resort for evil spirits. Koojobedee, from what he had overheard at the tank, doubted not it was more frequently a rendezvous of another sort; and as it appeared the dukuets congregated there with impunity, he concluded that an honest man, as he classed himself, had no reason to fear demoniac influence. As soon, therefore, as he reached it, he climbed up, with his light burden, into one of the middle branches, where he fixed himself in such a position as would enable him to observe whatever might occur underneath. Long and patiently did he sit, in expectation of a visit from his acquaintances the thieves. But

his hopes were frustrated, and his cares proved all in vain. The night passed over in peace and tranquillity; neither hare, fox, jackal nor duku^{et}, approached the dreaded spot where he kept watch.

The morning star had mounted high in the welkin, and the village cocks of Laluchpoor had repeatedly sounded the reveille, when our hero, the corn-carrier, descended from the tree, and slowly proceeded homewards. As he threw himself on his humble pallet, and pulled the quilt closely round him, he felt convinced that he might have passed his time more profitably in repose, than in madly attempting to punish the robbers.

But a good sound sleep often works a wonderful change upon the mind and constitution. A patient has sometimes cheated death and the doctor by its interposition; and many have gone to bed at night, declaring war against one or other of their friends, who arose in the morning as peaceably disposed as quakers. In the case of our friend Koojobedee, an inverse change took place; for he awoke in the evening, ravenous for food, and with sentiments so far altered as to make him vow enmity afresh to the gluttonous dukuets. The recollection of the savoury roasts they had made a supper of, at his expense, sharpened his appetite, and augmented his desire of revenge. No sooner, therefore, was his hunger appeased, and the sun well below the horizon, than he set off, armed and provided as before, to perform another vigil at the fiend-frequented tree.

It would be too tedious to relate the manifold watchings and disappointments of the pertinacious thief-seeker. Night after night, did he remain perched in his leafy cover,

without once obtaining a glimpse of his long-expected visitors. Indeed, he was almost inclined to abandon the further prosecution of his plan for surprising the predaceous society, when late one night he was gratified by the imperfect view of several figures seemingly advancing towards his place of retirement. They came straight on to the tree, where planting four short spears in the ground, and stretching a rope from one iron spike to another round the whole, they hung their kummuls methodically over the line on all sides. An inclosure of six feet square was thus formed, in as brief a period as the description of it has occupied. Immediately on its completion, a lamp was lit, and the robbers seated themselves inside, where though effectually concealed from all around them, Koojobeddee securely noted their actions from above. He thought, too, that he recognized the party he had overlooked at the tank, inasmuch as their numerical strength exactly tallied. However that might be, the villains below him had made a successful expedition, as appeared from the large quantity of silver coin they respectively deposited on a chuddur spread out in the centre. To divide this booty was now the purpose that occupied their attention. The whole of the money had been separated into seven heaps, corresponding with the number of sharers, and each waited for the concerted signal to take possession of that allotted to him. At this crisis, Koojobeddee was on the point of hurling down his dried hide among them, when his intention was diverted by the exclamation of a káná dukuet, who imagined he had been wronged in the partition of the general spoil.

"You know, brothers," said he, "that I am unfortunately blind of an eye, and cannot so readily as yourselves detect imposition; but a fellow with half an eye could see, that the smallest pile has been set apart for me."

"Honour among thieves," is a saying as trite as it is untrue. Those who rob all the world besides, will have little hesitation in robbing their comrades, should opportunity but offer. It was, therefore, highly probable that roguery had been attempted in the present instance, maugre all the protestations and oaths which those obnoxious to the charge thought proper to make to the contrary. Nothing, however, would pacify the individual who considered himself injured, but a fresh distribution of the rupees; and so great was the outcry he made in claiming that privilege, that his partners reluctantly consented to the measure.

Whilst those intrusted with that duty apportioned the specie a-new, the *kúná* robber conjured them to deal justly by him, and implored curses on their heads if they failed to do so. "Should you again endeavour to wrong me," he vehemently cried, "I here pray, that Jhunjhuneeabaz, the king of *bhoots*, (devils) and hobgoblins, may dart down from the gloomy clouds of night, and with one fell swoop snitch away spoil and spoilers in his unredeemable clutches!"

Koojobedee could not have desired a more auspicious moment for introducing his dumb actor upon the stage. The instant, therefore, the cyclope concluded his invocation, he dashed down the goat's effigy with all his force among the busy duknets. By a dexterous management of the cord attached to it, he contrived to make it extinguish the light, and to bounce about within the kummul-formed square, like a veritable

imp of darkness, to the inexpressible terror of the now trembling robbers. But the hollow rattling sounds it emitted, as it came in collision with solid substances, whether it were a spear-head, or an equally hard thief's head, increased their horror and dismay to a degree beyond further passive sufferance. Impressed with a belief that the solemn imprecation of their one-eyed coadjutor was about to be realized, one and all of them simultaneously fled. The state of their minds admitted but of a single idea, a fearful and dubitable hope of escaping with their lives from the dreadful fangs of the terrific Jhunjhunreahaz. Rupees, blankets, and spears, were both forgotten and abandoned; and remained at the sole disposal of the ingenious Koojobedde.

Too wise to allow the duknets sufficient leisure to recover from their sudden consternation, he lost no time in descending from his place of ambush. The personal property of the retreating party he prudently took no account of, as it might henceforth have led to discovery. But having collected all the money into the friendly goat's skin, he was delighted to find it nearly filled, though its great weight almost alarmed him. Being however young and lusty, and withal accustomed to carry heavy burdens, he fastened the neck of the bag with the cord attached to it, and after one or two essays raised it on his shoulders. Though laden like a jack-ass, the grass scarcely bent under his footsteps as he joyfully returned to the village.

Having reached his clay-built domicile, and related to his delighted mother the stratagem whereby he had acquired the to her inexhaustible wealth contained in the leathern sack, the old dame broke out into exulting exclamations of

joy and thanksgiving. But her son interrupted the expression of her satisfaction, desiring her to bring a pair of scales to weigh the silver. Habit is second nature; and our corn-carrier, who had always been used to weigh grain on delivery to banyas and their customers, never imagined that, the money being his own, he might stow it away without that precaution. As for counting the sum he was now master of, that was out of the question, seeing his knowledge of numbers did not enable him to reckon higher than twenty.

The mother of our hero, being inclined to oblige a son who had just brought home an enormous load of rupees, went out to borrow weights and scales, albeit the hour was rather unsuitable. As she went on her errand, to her great comfort the zumeendars' door stood so invitingly open, that she was induced to enter. Her wants being supplied by one of the vastrons of the conjoined family she nimbly returned to Koojobeddee, who, being an adept in the business, in less than half an hour had the whole laid out before him into six separate heaps, consisting of twenty seers each, and a broken seventh of four or five seers more. This rough calculation of their wealth being made, to the vast satisfaction of both mother and son, the next arrangement was its safe and secret disposal. As generally prevails on such emergencies, they buried it in the ground, until they should have leisure to determine on a cautious method of bringing it into use; and, after restoring the weighing implements to the owners, they lay down to sleep, the happiest pair in existence.

Early next morning, the village zumeendars sent for Koojobeddee, who immediately obeyed the summons. On

being introduced to the *murdana*, he found the four brothers seated there, expecting his arrival. "You are a precious sly *muzoor*," said one of them. "You sham poverty, but you weigh your rupees in scales. Tell us how you became possessed of such great treasure, otherwise we shall take your life first, and your money after."

Koojobeddee protested in the most solemn manner, that so far from weighing his cash, he was truly sorry he had none either to count or to weigh. "Come, come," returned they, "don't think to impose on us so easily. When your mother brought back the *sera furazoo* she borrowed from our house last night, one of our wives found a rupee jammed betwixt the slackened ratan lacing, and the bottom of one of the scales. How did it come there, if you had not been weighing and shovelling rupees with it."

Koojobeddee was vexed and confounded at the discovery his enemies had made. It was in vain any longer to deny the fact of having riches in his house. He, therefore, offered to impart to them the secret, by which they had been obtained, on condition of the brothers binding themselves to conceal from all others the knowledge of it. To this they readily assented, and swore secrecy accordingly.

"I confess to you," thus began Koojobeddee, "that I have been guilty of a heinous transgression to procure this wealth. I am a Moosulman, and have performed an idolatrous Hindoo rite to that end. Pity, and forgive a poor man who has yielded to the temptation of the evil one."

"A truce to your whining and compunction," cried the zumeendars together. "Only tell us how you managed the matter, that we may share in your good luck."

"It is a sinful concern," continued Koojobedee; "and I pray you not to think of it."

"But we will think of it," answered the impatient zameendars; "and if you longer delay informing us of the means by which you got your wealth, we will break every bone in your skin, and afterwards take every rupee you have, as we warned you of before."

Pretending great reluctance to the task, Koojobedee fed, while he deceived, the greedy avarice of his landlords, by the following counterfeit detail. "You know," said he, "the shrine of the Hindoo *thakoor* Koobér, which is within a short distance of the village. Two nights ago I repaired thither with my goat, and, having sacrificed it, left the carcass lying at the door of the temple. I returned to the same place last night, exactly at the second *pahur*; and found the skin of the animal stuffed with silver coin. Such is the wicked and heathenish ceremony I practised to acquire the riches you so anxiously covet."

The simple zameendars implicitly believed the feigned prodigy. They thanked Koojobedee for disclosing his secret, though they themselves had wrung it from him by force, and then dismissed him. "Where shall we get a goat?" asked one. "What need?" answered another. "Let us sacrifice one of our cows. If Koojobedee obtained so much for a goat, how much more will we not receive for a cow?" This logic was approved *nemine contradicente*, and that very night they carried the method into effect, by slaying one of their best milch cows before the indicated *sunat*, &c. Next night they failed not to return at the prescribed hour, when they found the animal half de-

voured by wolves and jackals, but not a single rupee to console them for their loss and trouble. The night after, and the two following ones, they repeated their visits, but all in vain. By this time the hide, the flesh, and the intestines of the cow had disappeared, and the bare skeleton alone gave token of "*fuit Ilium, et ingens gloria Teuciorum.*" Still, no notice of their offering was taken by Koobér.

In their perplexity they were said to apply to Koojobeddee, who advised them to kill another cow. This they did, yet without propitiating the churlish *Pashá*. Like losing gamblers, as their hopes of winning waxed fainter, their desire to continue the play increased. Accordingly, one after another, they at length sacrificed all the cattle they possessed; still, not a rupee did the miserly god of wealth bestow on them for their persevering zeal.

When the king of the zumbendars, the most valuable portion of their worldly estate, were all gone, without the prospect of any equivalent in return, their sentiments underwent a violent revolution. They now became of opinion that Koojobeddee had to a certainty duped them. This idea no sooner took hold of their imagination, than they unanimously resolved to revenge themselves on the cunning carrier. In the dead of the night, therefore, they cowardly set fire to the straw *chopper* of his hut, with the cruel design that himself and his aged mother should perish in the flames. But Koojobeddee was not to be so easily overcome by surprise. He was too watchful to be taken at unawares by the dull-pated, though vindictive zumbendars. The first glaze of light had scarcely ascended from the roof of his devoted dwelling, and a concomitant volume of smoke

had not greatly expanded within his only chamber, when our ever-wary hero sprung from his lowly couch. Hastily wakening his mother, they both had leisure to escape the fiery fate that had been cruelly planned for them. The little furniture and bedding they could boast of, together with the chupper of the cottage, were quickly consumed; but the walls, being of mud, sustained no injury, and the bullock, mad through fright, had broken his tether, and saved himself by rushing outside.

Koojobedee was at no loss to guess the source of his mishap. Had the authors of it been less powerful than they were, he would probably have taken summary satisfaction at his own hands on their goods or persons; as the idea of applying to the judicial authorities, for the redress of any grievance he may suffer, seldom enters the head of a Rohilla. Our grain-porter, for the present, quietly reconciled his mind to the past injury, trusting to his natural wit for the gratification of his resentment on a future occasion. In the meantime, having money at command, he brought ghuramees and materials from Bareilly on the ensuing day, and before night his late desolate habitation was refitted with a new roof. During the two subsequent days, he employed himself very busily in reducing to powder all the old poles and rafters that had been charred in the conflagration. That work being accomplished, he filled the produce of his labour into a couple of new sacks, as the old ones had been burned, and loading them on his bullock, he took a hurried leave of his mother, and departed in the direction of Moradabad.

Travelling slowly onwards, he forded the Tooah, a small nullah, about noon. He met with no accident, and very rarely a village, or a way-farer, in the course of the day, and about sunset crossed the Sunkah, a dull diminutive stream of a greenish hue, by a pukah bridge of six arches. An hour later, he arrived at an encampment of Birinjarees, on the near side of Futteh-gunj, an insignificant market village, remarkable as having been the scene of a stoutly-contested battle between the British forces and those of the Rohillas, in the month of October, 1794.

The Birinjaree party, consisting of five men and fifty bullocks, bound with rice from Peelebheet to Agra, were posted in their usually compact order on the skirts of a gentle acclivity, where two monuments preserve the memory of the brave who fell on both sides in the above-mentioned action. The loads of grain were arranged into a circular breast-work four bags in height, inside of which the oxen were disposed next to the circumvallation, while their drivers occupied the centre. The latter were cooking their principal meal when Koojobedee came up. Introducing himself to their notice, he informed them he was a brother grain-carrier,—although his trips, in comparison with their's, were rather limited,—and wound up his discourse by asking permission to pass the night in their sack-fortified camp. This claim of fellowship the Birinjarees kindly acknowledged, and admitted the applicant, his bullock, and his cargo of charcoal dust, into the circle of their society.

It has already been seen that our hero inherited from nature a very plausible address. He had, therefore, no difficulty in returning suitable answers to the various ques-

lions regarding his affairs, which the curiosity of his present associates prompted them to put to him. Amongst other particulars, he gave them to understand, that his bags contained a valuable assortment of sugar-candy, dried fruits, and hot spices, which he was conveying to a bunya at Meer-gunj. Some time had passed in such conversation, when one of the Birinjarees, in handing a lotah to him who officiated as their cook, happened to stumble, and spill the water it held over the fire-place. "The curse of barrenness light upon this uneven ground!" grumbled out the clown, whose awkwardness alone had caused the accident.

"May the evil wish revert to thyself!" cried an elderly carrier. "Knowest thou not, graceless boy, that this soil is blessed, since the illustrious in war have made it their field of glory, and their place of rest. There, in my front, you may partly discern the superb tomb of Nujib Khan, the Rampoor Nuwab; and close beside it rises the stately obelisk, now conspicuous between us and the sky, commemorative of fourteen officers of the English army. They, and hundreds more of inferior rank, among whom I myself have to lament a near relation, bravely fell upon this sacred spot. I beg, therefore, that all of you will respect it, and tread lightly over the graves of the gallant dead."

This solemn address impressed an awe upon the minds of the hearers, and principally upon him whose rash words had merited reproof, that sealed their lips in silence. After a long pause, Koojobeddee ventured to ask the old man whether he could oblige him with an account of the battle.

"As far as I know," replied the senior, "I shall gladly relate to you the circumstances of it. About thirty years

ago, the Rohillas, being at war with the English, assembled to the number of twenty-five thousand men under Nujib Khan. General Craig advanced with his army, and engaged the Nuwab on this very plain. The Rohillas had the advantage in the earlier part of the engagement, seeing the Company's sipáhís had received the most positive orders, but for what reason I cannot tell, to retain their fire until further orders, whatever might be the consequence. Nujib Khan's forces, therefore, being under no restriction as to firing, mowed down whole ranks of the English, and captured several guns, while not a shot was returned from their side."

"A most novel system of warfare," remarked Koojobeddee. "I might with equal prudence tie a bandage over my eyes, when I take the road for Meer-gunj to-morrow morning."

"You say well," returned the Birinjaree. "But ere the battle was irretrievably lost, a soobahdar in the Company's infantry named Chand, a man of daring courage and lofty stature, who was a maternal uncle of my own, impatient to witness the unresisting carnage, addressed himself to the particular company he commanded, in these words: 'You see, comrades, we must die; let us not die unrevenged. Ready—present—fire.' His company fired accordingly; and the bold but insubordinate proceeding was imitated by the rest of the army. The consequence was, that the English troops ultimately, but with much difficulty and bloodshed, obtained the victory.'

"And did your brave relation survive the triumph of English arms, which his noble daring had been the cause of?" inquired Koojobeddee.

"No, alas!" answered the aged carrier. "Fate, envious of his renown, decreed that he should not live to wear his laurels."

By this time the evening meal, consisting of wheaten cakes and stewed vegetables, was ready for dishing in the respective thales of the party. Koojobedee, being a Moosulman, could not expect an invitation to join their mess; he, therefore, withdrew to a large shuleetu spread down for repose, where, rolling himself in his thick quilted razace, he composed himself to rest.

In the morning, the travellers were all astir before the first cock in the bazar of Futteh-gunj proclaimed the approach of day. Two of the Birinjarees, with an ostentatious shew of friendship, brought Koojobedee a pair of sacks as his own, and desired him to catch his bullock, that they might load it. By the light of a fire which had been made of rejected fodder, he was able to see that his officious friends, with a view to their own interest, had substituted other bags for those he owned. He, however, feigned to be deceived, well knowing they could not palm a commodity of less value upon him, than the one he had brought among them, and accordingly went to fetch his bullock. In doing so, he took care to select one of the finest oxen of the herd, in room of his own feeble worn-out creature; but his gratuitous assistants were too much absorbed in the contemplation of their own roguery,—the exchanging a load of rice for one they supposed to consist of fruits and spices,—to notice the roguery of their guest. Having parted company with mutually hollow expressions of kindness, our dishonest hero, (truth compels us to style him so,) proceed-

ed a short way towards Meer-gunj; but as soon as daylight and distance enabled him safely to vary his course, he turned off the road, and took a circuitous route, whereby he reached his own habitation about mid-day, without again falling in with the doubly-gulled Birinjarees.

Agreeably to his wonted habit, the hopeful son repeated to the fond mother the half-fortuitous, half-fraudulent incidents, that had procured him a young beast of burden for an old one, and a freight of fine rice for one of pounded charcoal. He then despatched her to the zumeendars, to beg a loan of their sera-turazoo. On this occasion, before complying with the request, the inquisitive females of the family, whose curiosity had been constantly on the alert since their discovery of the rupee, as previously detailed, daubed a little fluent gum on the bottom of one scale, taken from a bubool tree that conveniently grew in the yard. This contrivance was instantly detected by Koojobeddee, who indeed expected something of the kind. Having weighed the rice, according to his invariable practice, he stored it up in the household granary, a dry smoothly-plastered excavation in one corner of the apartment. Then rubbing off some grains of rice that adhered to the gum, he stuck a gold mohur on the spot, and sent his mother back with the borrowed articles.

The women joyfully carried the news and the ushrufee to their husbands, and those latter failed not soon after to pay their tenant a visit. "Urreh,-Koojobeddee," began the elder brother, who generally acted as spokesman, being considered by the others, from the circumstance of his primogeniture, to have monopolized the greater share of the

sense that pertained to the family,—“Urreh,” said he, “your luck increases daily, Koojobedee. Heretofore silver sufficed for you; now nothing but gold will do.”

“Yes, indeed,” cheerfully exclaimed he that was addressed, “If fortune smileth upon me, shall I turn away my face?”

“That’s just as you like,” rejoined the other. “But you will confer an everlasting favour upon us, if you disclose the means by which you enjoy the light of the lady fortune’s countenance. Yet take care you do not again impose on us. If you do, your life will be the forfeit, that’s all.”

“I thank you for the timely warning,” said Koojobedee; “though I have no fears, since nothing but truth ever passes my lips. In accordance with the wishes of my gracious landlords, I, their humble rueyut, have to acquaint them, that after the accident of my house being burned, a good angel inspired me with the idea of collecting all the charcoal from among the ashes, pulverizing it, and carrying it to Bareilly. There, as it was not a saleable merchandize, I began to throw a handful of it over every respectable well-dressed person I met. Moosulman and Hindoo indiscriminately. Surely the blessing of God accompanied me, for every one who received a sprinkling took money from his purse, and generously bestowed it upon me; and by the time the sable powder was expended, I found myself possessed of gold and silver in great abundance. In the name of the Prophet, then, see whether you cannot redeem your by-gone losses by following my example: and may Allah grant you the same happy consummation.”

Not a word of this ridiculous story was lost upon the zumeendars. It was exactly calculated for the meridian of their wisdom, and credited accordingly. They incontinently returned home, where they delayed not a single moment in setting fire to the cow-shed, which was now useless, since the cattle were all slain. In this first essay, they proved unfortunate; for the spiral flames from the roof of the cow-house ignited the thatch of the upper apartments, and speedily destroyed the whole. But that misfortune, instead of preventing, or at least postponing, the execution of their golden scheme, hastened their preparations for it, while it rendered their necessities the more pressing. Every individual of the four combined families went to work pounding charcoal, at which the crafty Koojobedee could overhear them loudly and diligently employed during half the night. Next morning saw the toil renewed; for the sacks that were to hold the precious dust were still unprovided. As nothing combustible had escaped the flames, save the family apparel in wear at the time of the fire, the luckless magnates of Laluchpoor were reduced to the necessity of making a bag for themselves out of their wives' chuddars. With these on their heads, they departed for Bareilly, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

On arriving at the town, our adventurers found the streets and bazars almost deserted. The few people they descried were all hurrying away in the same direction, as if fleeing from the approach of an invading enemy. At length, a straggler happening to pass them, they asked what had become of the inhabitants. Without lessening his pace, he told them, in answer to their question, that he

doubted not they had gone to witness a grand review on the sipáhlí lines, whither he himself was bound. The brothers rightly judging that all the Nuwabs of the province would be assembled there, resolved to join the crowd, for which purpose they followed in the wake of him who had given them information of the gathering. They soon came to the extensive exercising ground, where military operations had already commenced. A regiment of infantry was performing its manœuvres in a masterly style, under the personal inspection of the then commander-in-chief of India. Not to be idle where all were so well engaged, our zumeendars opened their bags, and scattered each a handful of their contents among a group of respectable equestrians, spectators of the show; but instead of the rich reward they contemplated, they were driven away with blows and abuse by the sneeses and hookah-burdars of the riders.

They had tried the virtue of their charcoal on the clothes and tempers of divers persons among the lookers-on, and had continued to experience the same ungracious usage, and consequent disappointment, when a Turkish point of war, executed by the nugarchees of Colonel Gardner's Hindoostanee Cavalry, diverted their attention from the prosecution of their own immediate concerns. Presently the gallant horsemen began a series of movements and mimic warfare, in brigade, in small parties, and sometimes singly, that rivetted upon them the eyes of all present, as well as those of our four bumpkins. Their attack and defence with the spear was manly and graceful in the highest degree, and might well have recalled to the mind of the European bystander the tales he had read descriptive of the jousts and tournaments

of former ages. The practice of single suwars, with the same weapon, at a wooden peg driven in the ground, which each man in his turn almost invariably transfixed at full speed, was likewise deserving of admiration. Some of them, also, exhibited very clever feats of horsemanship. One trooper would throw himself off the charjamu into the near stirrup, where he would remain in a sitting posture, facing to the rear, and parry the thrusts of a spear, made at him by another who pursued, both in full gallop. Others fired pistols and matchlocks mounted on their pads in a squatting position, their horses at the same time exerting their utmost speed.

This interesting display being over, and the troops in motion towards their lines, the infatuated zumeendars determined to make yet-another attempt to repair their mischances, a kind of forlorn hope to storm fortune by the breach. In the course of the review, they had curiously observed the commander-in-chief, as he sat by the saluting flag, surrounded by his aids-de-camp. They now perceived him riding off, with all his staff. Not a moment was to be lost. Advancing, therefore, to his horse's head, they severally saluted him with a shower of their black powder full in the face. His Excellency was completely blinded ; and had it been otherwise, he would have been puzzled to resent the insult offered by our blundering rustics, inasmuch as his right arm remained a pledge of prowess on some Spanish field of battle, and his bridle-hand was busied quite enough in managing the reins. His aids-de-camp however took up the cause. They knocked down the audacious villagers with their swords, and gave them in charge

as prisoners to the orderly suwars who were in attendance. The Lord Sahib wiped his eyes, and retired to his marquee. The ill-advised zumeendars were temporarily lodged in the gaol, and next day escorted to the judge's kacherree, where, their crime being clearly proven, they were sentenced to hard labour on the roads for a period of six calendar months.

The astucious Koojobedde, who was the secondary cause of their misfortunes, though incited thereto by sufficient provocation, took pity nevertheless on the helpless condition of their poor wives in their absence. They had been left without a roof over their heads, food for their support, or covering for the night. He cheerfully supplied them with all these necessities, and even enabled them to solace their husbands with the little luxuries of paun and tobacco during their penal detention. But all these acts of benevolence availed him nought. So far from allaying, they fanned into a flame the burning desire of revenge that had arisen in the Zumeendars' hearts. No sooner therefore were they released from irons and duress, than they prepared to take his life, in conformity with a plan they had matured in prison. About midnight, they rushed into his house, seized him without speaking a word, and equally disregarding his own struggles, and the supplications of his weeping mother, rudely thrust him into a large sack. They tied the mouth of it securely, and set off on the instant with their unresisting victim for the Ramgunga, in which they meant to consign him to a watery grave.

Though Koojobedde, as our readers will most probably allow, was a fellow of admirable wit, he found himself, in his present dilemma, for the first time in his life, entirely at

his wit's end. In verity, he gave himself up for lost, and expected every minute nothing less than the infliction of a cruel death. His bearers were however silent on the subject. They carried him on their shoulders, two by two alternately, and having at least four kos to walk before getting to the river, they were heartily tired of their burden long ere they reached their destination. Moreover, they travelled so slowly, that it was the grey of morning when they obtained a view of the Ram-gunga. Here they were on the point of launching the sack and its contents into the stream, when they noticed some fishermen close at hand drawing their nets. Dreading a discovery, they sat down on the bank, not daring to effect the purpose which had brought them hither, while the fishermen remained within sight. In the mean time, they espied a village at no great distance, where it was agreed they should go and solace themselves with a refreshing smoke, until the coast were clear. Considering that their enemy could not elude them while confined in the sack, they left him as he was on the margin of the river.

They were scarcely gone, when the mother of Koojobedee, who had followed the footsteps of the zumeendars, not without a huge suspicion of their intention, came up to the spot, untied the bag, and set her son free. Neither mother nor son were of a sentimental turn; ergo, not a moment was devoted to tears, thanksgivings, blessings, or congratulations. In lieu of all that, Koojobedee took a dead dog that lay convenient for the nonce, and stuffed it into the bottom of his late narrow prison. His mother meanwhile had plucked up by the roots three or four bushes of urhur dal from a neighbour-

ing field, which served to fill up the vacancy at top. That done, the ever-fortunate couple took a fresh departure for Laluchpoor.

Two hours afterwards, the errant zumeendars returned from the village, to fulfil the destiny to which they had vainly doomed their captive. The fishermen were by this time gone, and no other living object appeared, on land or water, to cause them the slightest alarm. The favourable juncture was not to be neglected; so, laying violent hands on the sack, they threw it, and its inanimate contents, into the rapid river, at this season swoln by the periodical rains. Their eagerness hindered them from detecting the fraud that had been practised in their absence; and, pleased with the fancied accomplishment of their sanguinary plot, they felicitated each other, in their progress homeward, on the happy event. "We shall now," they unanimously declared, "suffer no more from the deceitful wiles of that arch traitor." "And such being the case," added the elder and more sapient brother, "let us go straightways and hunt after the rascal's hidden treasures." A word to the wise ——— and to fools sometimes. The covetous landholders therefore, without unnecessary parley, doubled their pace, in tacit accordance with the highly-relished proposition of the last interlocutor.

About the same period of time, Koojobedee's mother, who with her son had started two hours ahead of the zumeendars, astonished the villagers by alighting at her own door from a buelee, or bullock-coach; while Koojobedee himself followed close after, urging forward a herd of six buffaloes, a formidable rear guard, worthy of the equipage

which preceded it. The vehicle was merely hired ; but the cattle had been purchased, to replace the milch goat whose lamented death had given rise to the subsequent good fortune of her owners.

The carriage, such as it was, still occupied the front of the house, and Koojobeddee, assisted by the gwala who had sold him the kine, was making arrangements in the yard for the accommodation of his live stock. It was therefore with mingled feelings of amazement, horror, and disappointment, that the avaricious zumeendars, on reaching the premises of him they believed dead, witnessed the seeming apparition of the murdered man, busily engaged as above described. Instead of instituting the projected search for concealed wealth, the terrified brethren all took to their heels ; nor would they, for several days afterwards, go beyond the precincts of their own habitation, for fear of encountering their supposed all-powerful and immortal tenant.

By degrees, this dread so far lessened, that they ventured at length to pay him a visit, with a view to propitiate the inexplicable being, whom neither force nor stratagem could overcome. With many expressions of regret, they pretended to unburthen their consciences by confessing their crimes, and deprecated his displeasure by the most humble supplications. Koojobeddee saw through their shallow pretences, and answered them with equal duplicity.

“ My friends and brethren,” said he, “ think no more of what is past. Ye were destined to play the part ye have done, as I was to escape uninjured.”

“ Ah ! that is too true !” responded the pleased listeners ~~and~~ voice. “ Who can contravene his appointed nuseeb ?”

" Exactly so," continued their artful entertainer ; I myself am an evident instance of the unerring decrees of fate, as you would confess, were I to relate to you the very surprising adventure I met with in the Ram-gunga."

" Ah, kind Koojobeddee," cried the zumeendars all together, " do tell us what happened to you, and how you effected your escape."

" Most willingly," replied that arch deceiver. " Why should there be any secrets between us ? Are you not my best friends, as affairs have turned out ? You must know then, that after you plunged me in the water, I felt myself continue to sink, and sink, until I dropped into a trance. On awakening out of it, I found myself on a fine verdant meadow, with flocks and herds grazing around me. Presently I observed a female of transcendent beauty, who sat on a golden throne, the precious stones in which, together with those she herself wore, quite dazzled my eyes to behold. The benevolent fairy, or spirit of the stream, or whoever else she was, addressed me in the mildest accents. ' Adam-jat,' said she, ' is it thy wish to return to the world above ?' I prostrated myself before her, and signified, that such was the favour I begged at her hands. ' Then cast thy eyes on every side,' replied the lady, ' and choose what thou desirest should accompany thee thither. No mortal leaves our dominion, without partaking of our bounty.' I did as directed, and made bold to select a small herd of buffaloes that quietly fed near me. Thereupon the beautiful fairy told me to shut my eyes, which when I had done, she touched me with a wand, and my senses were once more steeped in forgetfulness. When I regained my perception, I

was pursuing my way to the village, master of these valuable animals you see stalled before you."

Marvellous as Koojobedee's story was, his auditors considered him so truly wonderful a fellow, and had experienced so many disasters in attempting to oppose him, that they implicitly believed every word he had uttered. After indulging in some desultory talk, and draining about a dozen chillums, the now conciliating zumeendars put an end to their friendly visitation.

"As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly." Thus it happened in the case of the zumeendars. From constantly meditating on Koojobedee's profitable interview with the fairy, they insensibly imbibed a desire to replenish, by the same means, their empty roofless cow-shed. The wish being thus formed, active measures soon succeeded. Small preparation was needful in the undertaking now contemplated; accordingly, one dull cloudy night, at a late hour, the four indomitable hunters after wealth assembled on the lonely banks of the turgid Ram-gunga. They had been careful to provide themselves with a good large sack, as being the passport to admit one of their number into the good fairy's presence; and the question now agitated was, which of the brothers should enjoy the privilege of making a voyage under water to the fair land of promise. The precedence being at length conceded to the elder brother, he joyfully crept into the bag, and the others, having secured its mouth with two round turns and a triple hitch, precipitated him with right good will, but no sinister intentions, into the watery abyss.

They had waited long and anxiously for the return of the fool-hardy adventurer, when the drifting of a cloud permitted the hitherto obscured moon to show her pale face. The light she imparted to the scene encouraged the watchers to enlarge the sphere of their vision. Casting their eyes all over the surface of the river, they rested on some dark objects that floated down the middle of the stream. After a short observation, one of the wisecrackers exclaimed, "Allah kustum! those are the very buffaloes Ghulut Khan went to fetch!" "Very likely," said a second. "I am sure of it," affirmed the third. "Let us swim in, and guide the cattle ashore." This was immediately agreed on, and the three simpletons stripping to their paejamus, leaped in accordingly. It being now the rainy season of the year, the Ram-gunga rose high on the permanent bank of either side, here four hundred yards across, and rushed past with a fearful sweep. But all this was incapable of deterring them from their mad enterprise. They lustily struck off to the rescue of the imaginary buffaloes, which were in reality nothing more than detached branches of trees, and spumous wreck. Although good swimmers, the rapidity of the current carried them far to leeward before they could reach the centre, and when at last they got there, to their infinite chagrin not a buffalo was to be found. Relinquishing their fruitless search, they then turned their faces towards the land. But their strength was by this time greatly spent; and they had not advanced far on their way back, when one of the brothers, just about to sink, caught hold of another nearly as much exhausted as himself, and in struggling together they both

went to the bottom. The remaining brother with the utmost difficulty regained the shore. That accomplished, he was just able to waddle to the spot where the clothes of the trio were deposited. Here he threw himself on the heap, without dressing, and soon after fell into a sound sleep, occasioned by a total prostration of his physical powers.

The sun was thirty degrees above the horizon, when the last of the zumeendars awoke to a consciousness of his wretched condition. Having resumed his own garments, and tied up those of his brethren, in the best way he could, he placed the bundle on his head. Feeble in body, rigid in limb, and withal depressed in spirit, he slowly and mournfully shaped his course for Laluchpoor. From time to time, he thought of his brethren, and their untimely fate, and would burst into tears.

About half-way to his native village, he came to a well by the road side, under the shade of a lofty tamarind tree. Here a masculine-looking old woman, who wore a petticoat of vast dimensions, and was attended by a boy, sat with a basket of coarse sweetmeats before her for sale. The situation appeared so inviting to our faint and weary traveller, that he set down his bulky though not weighty load, and took a seat on the green sward hard by the ancient dame, begging her at the same time for some water to quench his thirst. This she instantly complied with; but while he was in the act of drinking, the murderous hag of a phusiyarun, with a sure aim, threw a running noose over his head, and pulled it with all her might, while the infernal imp of a boy pushed the devoted zumeendar over the parapet of the well. Here the female assassin held him suspended, and her

young assistant beat down his hands, when he attempted to grasp the twisted kumurbund that served for a halter. By their united efforts, the unfortunate victim of their cruelty, who had been half-drowned overnight, was soon effectually strangled. His murderers then gave each a loud whistle, and hauled him out of the well. The signal was quickly answered by two men of savage demeanour, who issued from an adjoining field of tall bajra. But at this juncture, a horseman heaving in sight, he was no sooner espied by the lynx-eyed crew, than the men betook themselves to their place of concealment, and the phusiyarun, resuming her sitting posture, covered the dead body and the wallet with her capacious petticoat.

The cavalier, who was a muhajun of Bareilly, now came up to the well. The treacherous dame dressed her countenance in forced smiles, which had the effect of rendering her rugged features still more forbidding, and successively invited him to repose awhile in the shade, to partake of the contents of her basket, and to refresh himself with an abkhora of cold water from the well. But all her insinuating address was thrown away. The cautious muhajun eyed her with a scrutinizing gaze, that seemed to argue some suspicion of her bloody profession, and declining her favours, rode on.

The mounted traveller, who knew not to a certainty the danger with which he had been threatened, having gained a sufficient distance in the one direction, and the phusiyarun having ascertained that no one approached in the other, the signal of the whistle was repeated. The same two ruffians, who had before shewn themselves, promptly re-obeyed

the call. On opening and examining the bundle of half-worn apparel, which had excited the cupidity of the demon in female shape, and had occasioned the violent death of the unhappy owner, disappointment was strongly marked on the scowling visages of the captors. Nevertheless, they failed not to hypothecate the whole to their own use, at the same time bearing away the corpse of the zumeendar for interment, according to the established custom of these wretches.

A methodical West-India planter had a fashion, when any of his slaves were in fault, first to reprove them, next to mete out their punishment, and finally to dismiss them with an admonition. One day, a culprit interrupted the opening rebuke in these words :—" Oh, massa, when you preachee, preachee ; when you floggee, floggee ;—but no preachee and floggee too." We take the hint from the poor negro. Having, in all likelihood, tired the patience of our readers with a long-winded story, we shall not hazard their serious displeasure by adding to it a tedious train of moral reflections.

Early on the morning posterior to the eventful night and day which had decided the miserable, but not altogether unmerited, fate of the avaricious and thrice-luckless zumeendars, their four sorrowing relicts sent for Koojobeddee's mother, whom they intreated to use her maternal influence to induce her son to go in quest of their husbands. Koojobeddee was at bottom a kind-hearted fellow, and was easily persuaded to undertake a mission, to which his philanthropy inclined him. But all his researches proved ineffectual. He returned from the inquiry, without obtaining the

faintest intelligence of those he sought. Satisfied in his own mind, from the knowledge of the expedition on which they had embarked, as imparted to his mother by their wives, that one and all of them had been drowned in the river, he despatched the old woman to communicate the result of his cogitations to the doleful widows. She was deputed, at the same time, as the only consolation in his power to offer, to propose himself as a husband to them, in room of the four spouses they had lost through his instrumentality. This somewhat premature tender of affection, though not conveyed in the most delicate terms, nevertheless received the consideration it merited. According to a Hindoostanee proverb, "It is better to have even a one-eyed uncle, than to have no uncle at all." The zumeendar-nees, thus hastily wooed, were aware, besides, that their suitor was possessed of wealth, wherewithal to maintain them like so many umeer-zadees; and they knew, from stolen observations through the purdu, when he used to wait on their former lords, and, perhaps, from other opportunities of judging, which the proximity of residence afforded, that he was over and above a very proper personable young man. Like prudent dames, therefore, as they proved themselves to be, they dried up their tears, and accepted the offer.

O glorious Muhummut! sage and admirable are thy institutions, and happy must be the lot of thy true believers! Agreeably to that law of marriage which has emanated from thy wisdom, we have here an instance of one man being able to repair the losses, and dissipate the sorrows, of four disconsolate widows: When would it have entered into the con-

temptation of the jealous legislators of Europe, to delegate such a latitude of power to their subjects or followers?

In due time the kazee was put in requisition, and nikah was performed with all becoming ceremony. Afterwards, our friend Koojobedee, like "bonny king Jamie who from Scotland came," removed, with his mother and all his riches, into the more commodious mansion of his deceased landlords, and became the sole zumeendar of the village of Laluchpoor.

LINES

To ——— at parting.

BY G. C. S.

FORGET me not, lady, when far on the wave,
It is all I shall ask or implore;
Forget me not, lady, is all I shall crave,
For perhaps I shall meet you no more.

Though the ocean like death may divide us for ever,
Our hearts, lady fair, it cannot;
Then as I shall forget thee, fair lady, oh never,
Let me hope I shall ne'er be forgot.

Yet, tell me, fair lady, before I depart,
And my soul will with ecstasy beat,
That I shall be sure of a place in your heart,
If ever again we should meet.

SCENE ON THE BANK OF THE GANGES, THE
RETREAT OF AN OLD BENGAL OFFICER,
NOW DEAD.

BY COL. ARCH. WATSON.

Thou,
Who nobly durst, in *rhyme—unfetter'd* verse,
With British freedom, sing.

Nor distant far from Gangá's sacred stream,
Where border'd round with dark, projecting cliffs,
That, bending o'er the ever toiling flood,
Had frown'd, through ages, on her passing scenes ;
A lonely cottage stood, withdrawn beneath
The sylvan shelter of a sweet retreat,
Where all the beauties of Bengálá's soil
Combin'd, in rich variety, around,
To charm the hours of solitary life.

'Mid pebbly paths, and bowers, in covert hid,
Of thickest shade, from noon-day's fiery beam,
The silver founts, and brooks that whisp'ring, stray'd,
Or, crisping, join'd their bright, pellucid streams,
And murmurs warbled in their amber beds ;
Thence, onward flowing, form'd a mirrored lake,
Whose waters pure, forth issuing, found their way,
Through cavern'd rocks, with hollow, cataract sound,
Borne, on the distance, to the pensive ear,
And lull'd the wandering fancy to repose.

On every side the eye, delighted, met
 Some glowing treasure of the orient climes,
 Or drawn from happier lands, o'er which, more pleas'd,
 The ling'ring sun a gentler influence sheds,
 In fruit, or flower delicious. Downy smil'd
 The peach, or glossy rival nectarine,
 The velvet apricot, or silken plum—
 The vine, of Nature's softest, chosen hue,
 Luxuriant, wove her foliage, train'd to climb
 In flourish'd arcades, sinuous, or festoon'd,
 Dropping her pendent clusters, filmy grape,
 Purple, or green, inwreath'd with ringlet curls—
 Emblem of Him whose branches are the blest.
 The bloomy almond, or those apples fam'd,
 Rough-coated pine, and custard, plantain, fig,
 Or fragrant orange, with her painted groups,
 Border'd the walk, and balmy odours breath'd.
 On either hand, by each adorn'd recess,
 Or where the fairy lawns their carpets spread,
 All aromatics blew; and, social there,
 The anár* sweet, in lowly beauty dress'd,
 Put forth her ruby buds, or dusky rind,
 Of russet, mossy tints, with downward blush,
 As conscious of the favour'd place she gain'd
 In that sweet song the Rose of Sharon tun'd.
 Whate'er could please the sense—sight, smell, or taste,
 The choice of either Ind, or happy Isles,
 That ope their spicy treasures to the gale,
 In rich profusion spread, was gather'd here,

* Pomegranate.

Mingling ambrosial fragrance through the scene—
As if some Peri, in her mystic rounds,
Arrested, in her airy, tripping flight,
By sudden view of some unearthly spot,
Had lighted there, and bid each tree and bower,
Start up, till she had bodied forth a scene,
Drawn from some elfin region in the moon,
Or pictur'd in her gay, fantastic thought.
In beauty heavenly touch'd, where moss imbrown'd,
Or trelliss'd walls, conceal'd Pomona's haunts,
Flora, within, her liveliest colours mix'd,
While cull'd the bees their balmy spoils, and birds.
On every bough, their joyful carols tun'd.

Beyond, high shadowing mangoes, pensive, hung
Their mellow stores, and various—Tow'ring palms,
In naked beauty, wav'd their mantling tops,
With clust'ring fruitage crown'd, or fringing leaves
Of various forms grotesque, or wondrous growth ;
Like feathers, some, of that prodigious bird,
Oft seen, as shipmen tell, with outstretch'd wings,
Like black clouds, hov'ring over seas and lands ;
Remote from human track—others appear
Like drooping plumes of ostrich—nor least known
Those radiate fans, from Nature's curious hand,
By art inimitable. Of torrid lands,
For beauty picturesque, and sov'reign worth
To Indian's sable sons, these are the kings—
But man's perverted brain, in every clime,
From gracious heaven's best gifts, contrives to draw
Some curse to scourge, or plague him ; so, from these,

A potent sap, exuding, is distill'd
The hot, inflaming spirit, that consumes
The vital balm, and quickly lays in dust
Each caitiff thing that courts it's treacherous joys.

Nigh, on the bank, majestic, though in youth,
A queen of Indian vegetation rose,
The wondrous banyan, 'neath whose errant maze
Great caravans repose, and armies might—
The semblant roots, that, from the branches round,
Hang drooping, pierce, with fibrous twist, the ground,
And, gathering strength gigantic, rival soon
The parent trunk, each sending forth, as she,
Successive families, in endless dance,
A forest in themselves, or labyrinth
Of lofty shades, and grotts ; and, numberless,
The haunt obtrusive, of the chattering ape,
Or screaming pea-fowl, princely bird, that roves
In graceful beauty, with his emerald crest,
And train of streaming gold, bedropt with gems,
Which, oft, in sultry hour, when every wind
Is hush'd, he rears around him, in his pride,
Wooing the breeze, while every plume displays
The mimic glories of th' ethereal bow.

At distance round, some wavy hills were seen,
With forest cloth'd ; the intermediate view,
An undulating vale, where flowery rills
Soft murmur'd, as they sought the mighty stream,
Now gently rippling underneath the rocks ;
Or, when the sun, with Leo, bath'd his steeds,
Her waves impetuous, onward hurling, drove

Their mass of waters, in continuous roar,
 Through many a league; still sweeping in their course
 Imbower'd villages, and holy fanes,
 And gorgeous cities, glistening in the blaze
 Intense, of noon-day sun; whose swarming youth,
 In guise like Jacob, and the shepherd maid,
 When to the fount she tended Laban's flock,
 Pour forth each morn, and rushing to the stream,
 Meet and commingle, innocent as they—
 Each wond'ring stranger seems transported back,
 As in a dream, to patriarchal times.

In this sweet solitude there liv'd a man,
 A way-worn pilgrim he,—————

 if, more to know,
 Fair ladies, ye desire, and emulate,
 The paragon of her daughters, *listening* Eve,
 " As, in a shady nook, she stood behind,
 " *Just then* return'd, at shut of evening flowers*,"
 Then, in soft whispers, deign your gentle praise
 To this the poem of a changeful song,
 And more I'll tell you of that wondrous man !

* *Paradise Lost*, book 9th, line 277. On recurring to the latter part of book 8th, it will be found that grandmamma had been *listening* to what she had no business to hear. We will not, however, notice, in this place, that her very first object, on awaking into life, (book 4th, line 149,) was to go in search of a looking-glass,—for we would not be thought severe on

“ the last, and best, of all God's works ! ”

THE EVENING DRESS.

BY CAPTAIN MCNAGHTEN.

 To Ianthe.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 But not express'd in fancy* :—rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the woman.

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

AND thou would'st have me tell thee how to deck
 That form of beauty for the gay saloon :
 That brow of eloquence, that lily'd neck ;
 And how to wreath that plenteous hair,
 And what bright jewel'ry to wear,
 And art with nature's harmony attune?—
 Well! listen as we stroll beneath this infant moon†.

* “ Not *express'd in fancy* ”—here means not capriciously, or fantastically, chosen or arranged.

† I may remark, at the outset, that as it were impracticable, with reference to the retention of any poetic grace, to embody in these stanzas such minute directions as should suit not only every case, but every shade of case; those fair readers (may they be many!) who approve, generally, of my theories, can easily modify them, in practice, so as to adapt their leading principles to each complexional or figural deviation from the standards I have assumed. There is many a lady who would appear to greater outward advantage than she often does, amid the “ gay and glittering throng,” if she

II.

Still o'er the mysteries of each toilet rite,
 Let goddess-born Simplicity preside ;
 Else wilt thou forth in rainbow coloring dight ;
 And tittering dames shall mock thy toil,
 And use thee as their own taste's foil ;
 While beaux, aloof, will (aping *them*) deride :—
 Better were humblest garb than such prismatic pride !

III.

No thrice-worn raiment be it *thine* to don,
 No time-ting'd lace be round *thy* bosom fair,
 No faded ribbon be *thy* small waist's zone,
 Nor twining 'mid *thy* fragrant curls,
 Be crumpled flowers, or pearlless pearls ;
 And leave *thy* cheek unaided nature's care,
 Be mantling pink or but the paly snowdrop there.

IV.

The choicest be thy vesture which the loom
 Can yield, to wrap thy symmetry withal.
 Rare silk or ærial gauze, of delicate bloom,
 Or Genoa's garb of richest sheen,
 Or Brussels' faultless work, I ween,
 For thee is meetest in the festal hall ;
 But let no mean apparel on that fair model fall.

could or would but guard against the vanity of thinking that she must look well in whatever she has seen any other look well in ; and thereby deviating from much that is becoming to her own particular height, contour, and hue, into much that is only suited to a different tout ensemble.

V.

Encourage much the boasts of British art,
 Its snowy lace and muslin's splendid dyes,
 Rivalling the wonders of the alien mart,
 And worthy to bedeck (can more
 Of laud be given ?) the matchless store
 Of various loveliness our isle supplies :—
 On Britain's skill-fraught robes, approving, turn thine eyes.

VI.

And in the mode of thy attire regard—
 But yet not slavishly, nor in th' extreme—
 The form and pressure of the time (th'-award
 Of restless fancy) thus, not all
 To hide the shoulder's graceful fall.
 Nor yet expose it wantonly, nor deem
 The ankle-nearing dress more low than should bescem.

VII.

Sable eschew !—fair featur'd, and fair-form'd,
 Thou must enchant us in whatever sheen ;
 But even thy perfect beauty would be harm'd
 In woful black ;—shape-killing black !
 Which veriest bulk alone can lack ;
 And which, well chosen for affliction's scene,
 Funereal, ne'er should wend where gladness reigns serene.

VIII.

Enforce not overmuch that mystic cord,
 Which (wisely kept from injuring nature's mould)
 Enhances still those beauties so ador'd :
 Else to unseemliness compress'd
 No manly eye can pleas'dly rest

It's wanderings, that marr'd region to behold,—
Gone the soft, rounding swell, or painfully controll'd !

IX.

Heed not too far Queen Fashion's high command,
Nor yet transgress it rudely, in the form .
In which those peerless tresses should be plann'd.
Let braid and ringlet, mingling, shine,
Or choose the loftier bow's design,
But hide not that white forehead's every charm,
Nor let the vagrant curls those rapturous eyes disarm.

X.

Contrasting flowers thy tasteful hands shall wreaths,
In circling coronal, or devious trace,
Or singly venturing forth ; and some may breathe
The garden's scent, in dewy hour
While some show art's triumphant pow'r,
And rival those in perfume and in grace :—
Or gently-drooping plumes may take that garland's place.

XI.

Round thy swan throat no carcanet be hung,
Nor on those fairly moulded arms be gold :—
What gaud can grace the lovely and the young ?—
Nor on thy finger e'er be plac'd
A ring, save that ~~quaint~~ holy, chaste—
Which yields a charm alike to young and old :
Nor adds deforming ~~to the~~ ^{the} matron-marking fold.

XII.

But if thou wilt not, beauteous as thou art,
Forego the jewell'd wealth, then be it thine
New lustre to the diamond to impart,

New whiteness to the pearl ; but shun
 The emerald's dark-green blase, and none
 Of meaner stamp—too various to define—
 Upon that form be plac'd, where all love's spells combine.

XIII.

With fair, soft, gloves those lady-hands attire,
 (Gloves just *less* fair than what they thus conceal,
 Drawn to the round arm's wristward slope—scarce high'r—
 And Paris-wrought. Anon, thou may'st
 Expose (some flower to be replac'd !)
 One hand which, all divested, shall reveal,
 To wondering eyes, a charm which many a heart shall feel.

XIV.

Cramp not those exquisite feet in niggard shoes ;
 But grant such verge as neatness may ordain,
 Lest outrag'd nature counteract thy views,
 And, by the vein-bulg'd instep, show
 What pangs thou'rt doom'd to undergo,
 If thou her faultless work should'st so profane :—
 Nor near Terpsichore bring a once-worn pair again.

XV.

If e'er the taste of others thou direct,
 (Some sister fair, or soul-commingling friend,)
 Urge them to be with self-accommodate deck'd :—
 Thus, for the Juno-form and height,
 Majestic velvet ; on the slight,
 Be lighter robes, where gayer colorings blend ;
 And the bright-eyed brunette from sombre tints defend.

XVI.

And whoso hath the elongated face,
 Her's be it to avoid the towering hair,
 And eke the exalted plume : but skill may trace,
 The ringlet's length-subduing twine, -
 Down to the cheek, in wavy line ;
 And *then* some sparkling gem the neck should wear,
 That so the scanning glance may happily linger there.

XVII.

The lineamental character observe,
 Nor dress the haught, Elizabethan, brow
 Like Mary's gentler charms, for they who swerve,
 In modal zeal, beyond the range
 And scope of nature, rue the change ;—
 Th' expression sweet transform'd to bold, I trow,
 Or Rome's proud features brought 'neath China's style to bow !

XVIII.

Let facial breadth, and amplitude of frame,
 (With height beyond the medial standard join'd,)
 That stately plume—the princely triad—claim.
 But let no bright or mark'd array,
 Lure observation's eye to stay
 On form and garb incongruously combin'd,
 Lest from wit's ready gibe small shelter they should find.

XIX.

For brief and fairy moulds the simplest style
 Alone is meet :—could the vale lily bear
 The tulip's gorgeousness, nor lose, the while,
 It's chaste attraction ?—Could the form
 Of Psyche don *thy* halmed charm,

August Minerva ! and adopt *thy* air,
Nor hurt its native grace by such preposterous care ?

XX.

Of all, light seeming be the whole costume,
Who join, bewitching, in the mazy dance.
No velvet *there* be seen, nor robe of gloom.

For like an animated flow'r,
Should woman look in that glad hour,
All light, and life ; all spirit, and romance ;
With thrill-begetting touch, and soul-bewild'ring glance.—

XXI.

But come, Ianthe, we are loitering here,
While thou should'st be thy mirror plac'd before,
Decking thee 'mid the festal throng t' appear,
On this long-looked-for night ; to shine
In maiden loveliness divine ;
And list to words with flattery honied o'er,
Which artful lips are prone in beauty's ears to pour !

PARAPHRASE.

BY JAMES HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

IN vain we ride before the blast,
Or trace the long and weary way,
Without a star whose cheering ray,
May point us to some haven at last.
The restless mind without an aim,
Is scorched at last by passion's flame,
And we will vainly seek for rest,
In sunny lands and cloudless skies,—
Still memory pursues nor dies—
A hell and heaven within the breast.

APOLOGY FOR A MERRY FELLOW.

BY JOHN LACKERSTEEN, ESQ.

“ He does nothing but laugh,” said an acquaintance of mine to another. “ Yes,” replied that other, “ he is incessantly joking, in season and out of season.” This, good reader, is the general character I bear among those who profess to know me—a character which certainly has not served to exalt me in their estimation, but, on the contrary, has tended in no small degree to make me an object of their decided contempt.

And why should I not laugh when the fit comes upon me? Surely, gentle reader, there are crosses and vexations enough in this sorry world to forbid our adding to them by grave looks and inflexible muscles. Why should a man be looking eternally solemn, as if it were a crime to smile; and wherefore should he be invariably talking of trifles in the most serious manner imaginable? It is a piece of unmeaning hypocrisy to be thus double-dealing, shuffling, and equivocating with one’s-self. It answers no other purpose than to make candid and sensible people sick of human nature, and ready to quarrel with it on every occasion.

Look around you, ye sage, grave, oracular anchorites; look around you, and say, if almost every thing in the world does not conduce to your merriment, or rather, I should say, if every thing in the world *ought* not to conduce to your merriment? For ye are grown starched and unnatural from

the influence of a false principle, ingrafted in your earliest years; and I verily believe that not all the wit of Falstaff, accompanied with a recital of his inimitable adventures, would occasion any change in your features indicative of the least enjoyment.

Therefore, open wide your eyes, and look steadily around you, ye calculating men of gravity—and if not swayed by prejudice, you will find that there is nothing in the world, not the most important and serious of our institutions, that will not afford legitimate matter for the most extravagant mirth.

I once received the death-card of an acquaintance. At the appointed hour I attended the house of mourning, where a large party of friends, looking most woe-begone, had assembled to perform the last rites of humanity. Among the guests I observed a young friend of mine, who betrayed symptoms of pitiable impatience by frequently glancing at his watch. On my inquiring into the cause of his indecorous behaviour, he told me that it was half an hour past the time, and that he had a particular engagement to a dinner precisely at six, which, he energetically declared, he would not lose for the world. "Is it possible," said I, "you can permit yourself to think of dinners and gaieties at so solemn a moment, when the cold and stiffened corpse of a friend is lying before you?" "Poor fellow!" replied my young acquaintance, "I am sincerely sorry for his loss, but as I don't think that my losing the dinner will do him any good, I might as well enjoy it, you know?" "Why then have you come at all?" "Oh!" said

he, "how could I avoid it, having been so intimate with the deceased?" I could not help smiling, and had nearly laughed out at this strange compromise between feeling and appearance—one of the many instances of the admirable ease with which men, hackneyed in the ways of the world, can compose their features to every suitable degree of solemn hypocrisy.

My young acquaintance Z—, on the death of his wife, expressed a decent sorrow, and as the phrase is, *went into mourning* for, what he was pleased to call, his unhappy bereavement. A month had scarcely elapsed when he re-commenced the pleasurable pursuits of life, and it was my fortune to meet him at a ball-room, dressed in all the customary trappings of wo. He seemed quite cheerful, and was very significantly attentive to a group of pretty young automata, whose mechanical properties for laughter were set in motion in an unusual degree by our exquisite gallant. Determining to punish this "merry mourner," I hastily went up to him with mischief in my heart, and soberness in my looks, and gravely offered my condolence on the great and very recent loss he had sustained. It was almost pitiable to witness the strange embarrassment which my mischievous sympathy produced in him. He endeavoured to look most devoutly serious, bewailed his heart-rending misfortune in losing so amiable a partner of his joys and sorrows, but trusted to find consolation in the knowledge of her happiness in a better state. He then looked becomingly resigned, heaved up a piteous sigh from the bottom of his heart, and stating that he felt himself hot and

feverish, left the saloon to enjoy fresher air in a more exposed part of the house. I laughed (for how could I help it?) at the glaring inconsistency between his dress and his actions, between his practice and his profession. It is any thing but decorous to use the habiliments sacred to sorrow, in the gay and splendid banqueting room—it is absolutely absurd to parade in pompous magnificence of mourning, when the face, radiant in smiles, and the heart, throbbing with delight, but too plainly indicate the absence of all inward grief. And yet the votaries of fashion tenaciously conform to this system of hollow-heartedness, till the very term *mourning* is become a term of laughter and contempt.

I was one evening introduced to a religious debating club, where members of various Christian persuasions assembled periodically to discuss several controverted points of faith. I shall never forget the deep and serious impression made on my mind by the disreputable manner in which these youthful theologians treated of the awful and sublime text of holy writ. Their arguments were clamorous and insulting, and they frequently made rude and angry efforts to make particular texts conform to the commentaries which they were taught to believe infallible. There was no evidence of an attentive humble spirit, searching into the sacred truths of religion, but, on the contrary, a desire to confound and to triumph appeared paramount—ridicule and wit, coarseness and invective, abhorrence and contempt were frequently resorted to, either to terrify a resolute, or entangle a candid, adversary. Loud uncontrolled bursts

of merriment would announce the partial success of the triumphant party; boisterous and disorderly expressions of assumed contempt would betray the momentary vexation of the defeated combatants. Alas! the pure refreshing stream of Christianity, which should always afford to man, peace, comfort, and healing, is by his perverseness frequently made to appear a poisoned and polluted fountain, whose waters are death and destruction. I laughed in very bitterness of heart.

The instinct of self-preservation is the most powerful principle in the animal world. I have seen men in the last stage of decaying humanity, cling to life with ferocious vehemence. I have beheld shipwrecked and fainting mariners, with convulsive energy, guide their frail raft across the buffeting waters. I have known the victims of hunger made delirious even to madness; and have witnessed their desperate attachment to life by the savage ferocity with which they have glutted on flesh torn from the yet warm and quivering limbs of a sacrificed companion. Nay farther, when pestilence and contagion were abroad, I have seen this powerful instinct tearing asunder the chords of social and domestic affection, commanding the idolatrous worshippers of life to quit the sick bed of friendship and kindred, and suffer rude unfeeling hands to administer the cordials which affection alone should present. But it will scarcely be believed, that the creatures who have suffered claims so powerful to perish, and whose instinct of preservation has taught them the most servile endurance of intense sufferings, have notwithstanding ven-

tured to engage in the awful practice of duelling. Dastards, who in consideration of their own worthless lives have sacrificed the dearest interests of relationship, and have disregarded the noblest sentiments of benevolence, audaciously stand forward as self-convicted murderers and suicides—wantonly staking the precious boon of life, the very object of their selfish idolatry, in the culpable hope of securing “honorab!e satisfaction” for some undesigned or fancied injuries, by means which might probably send one or both, unprepared, to their great account. Man, man! creature of impulse and instinct, tossed in the whirlwind of contending passions! thy gravest resolves are but the offspring of credulity, and the glimmering light of thy boasted reason serves but to lead thee into danger and darkness!

I know of talented demagogues, who teach that the characteristic of a great mind is sturdy independence and uncompromising principles. I have been enraptured by the burning eloquence with which they have spoken, and convinced by the argumentative subtlety with which they have written on the interesting subject of universal freedom; and yet when feeling has been sobered by judgment, I have laughed, in the gaiety of my heart, to think how powerless are the loftiest talents to enrich their possessors with even a slender share of those comforts which their exertions are intended to create. The ardent lover of liberty, while he triumphs in the splendid display of his talents, and revels in the applauses of admiring thousands, is wholly unconscious of the extent of his own bondage, fettered as he is by the chains of popular

opinion. It is this idol at whose shrine I have seen him sacrifice all his domestic comforts, bowing to its dictates with the most abject servility. Love and friendship, brotherhood and parental affection, are continually offered up as victims to this insatiate demon. Sons in the prime of life are disinherited for marrying the maidens of their choice, who have virtues unattended by wealth, and charms unacknowledged by fashion. Daughters, in the bloom of youthful innocence, are compelled to link themselves to age and deformity, because their unworthy suitors are supported by the aristocratic influence of birth and title. Splendid and ample inheritances, in all the pride of ancestral dignity, are mortgaged to satisfy the craving avarice of this rapacious idol, to whom no worship is perfectly acceptable, but what is founded on the total ruin of its deluded worshippers. The captive chained in a dungeon is not more enthralled than the slave of public opinion, however great or talented.

But wherefore should I particularize the subjects of mirth, when a little reflection will convince the unbiassed mind, that this much respected world of ours, with its grave pretension to business and importance, abounds in laughter-provoking examples, and that light and merry-hearted souls may meet at every turn with incentives to harmless ridicule? Shall I not laugh when I see pride, though derided and impoverished, struggling to assume an appearance of expensive dignity? Shall I not laugh to see the wily hypocrite paying insidious homage to the charms of ingenuousness, and the courtly champion of loyalty kneeling at the shrine of guilt, because arrayed in power? Shall I not laugh at the humbug of fashionable as well as of humble

life—the welcome smile, the hearty greeting, the fulsome flattery, the inviting looks and friendly language daily proffered to men for whom we entertain the most unqualified indifference, if not the most sovereign contempt? Shall I not laugh at the established usage of society, that requires expressions of condolence or gratulation from creatures who are scarcely alive to the slightest influence of sympathy? Shall I not laugh when I see the motives of human actions developed, and the secrets of human conduct revealed, by the skilful anatomist of mind, who exposes ambition in the garb of patriotism, and cunning under the mask of sincerity? Shall I not laugh when I think that the scholar, who consumes the midnight oil in the unceasing pursuit of philosophical speculations; that the naturalist, who is unweariedly bent on the discovery of some important principle in nature; that the man of science, who is firmly resolved to add to the innumerable inventions of genius; that the traveller, who with enterprising courage accomplishes the most hazardous and fatiguing journeys for the purpose of geographical or historical inquiries;—that all these men, if the motives of their actions and conduct were but skilfully analysed, would be found to be completely influenced by pride, curiosity, the love of fame, or the desire of personal aggrandizement; and that some one of these feelings is continually operating towards the production of those splendid results for which the world but too hastily esteems the animated instruments of those results as benefactors of the human species? Shall I not laugh at the hollowness of their claims to so ennobling a distinction?

But deem me not unprincipled, gentle reader, because of my unceasing gaiety, nor yet brand me as heartless, because of my perpetual mirth. I have had my portion of the bitterness inseparable from humanity, and have quaffed the unpalatable draught with a firmness that might teach a useful lesson to men of sterner and more rigid morality. Cheerful and gay as I naturally am, there are times and circumstances that materially affect the temperament of my mind, and compel me to feel unaffectedly sad and mournfully sober. I cannot laugh when I see the undaunted votary of Truth calmly struggling with neglect or poverty, and in defiance of the prospect of a gloomy future, spurning to increase his resources of wealth or comfort, by immoral or dishonorable means. I cannot laugh when I behold the rigid anchorite, in the utter loneliness of his awful solitude, employing the long hours in fervid prayers, and forsaking the smiles and pleasures of an alluring world, in strict compliance with the dictates of his conscience. I cannot laugh when I witness the efforts of maternal or wedded love, in the various struggles and changes of life ; the quick unaltered eye, beaming with anxious tenderness, the never-failing smile of welcome, the sincere sigh of sympathy, the hourly sacrifices of tranquillity and rest cheerfully made to promote the comforts of some beloved object, in all the holy, sublime, angelic disinterestedness of woman's affection. These indeed are scenes before which the spirit of mirth has stood rebuked, and the genius of levity shrunk abashed ; at which Vice, in her mad career, hath blushed in conscious disgrace, and Pride, in his stubborn fierceness, bowed with involuntary humility. But though scenes like

these might occasionally cross our paths, wherefore should they effectually stop the cheerful current of our lives? Must we turn our eyes from the smiling objects of nature, to gaze on the gloomy pictures of life? Must we trample on the fresh and blooming flowers that spring up spontaneously in our way, and proceed to the deserts to gather the rank grass and prickly thistle? Must we tame down the exuberant vigour of youth, to the pitiful gravity of age, and reduce the energies of a sanguine nature, to the dull temperature of cold-hearted indifference? Must we—"Stop," methinks I hear the reader exclaim—"this is mere sophistry, for we know that the business of life is not mirth and laughter, and that rational creatures are not required to dance away their existence."

I pray you, gentle reader, do not ruffle the sweet serenity of my temper by injudicious and teasing interruptions. Have I not produced the most stubborn facts to convince you of the truth of my position, and yet, as if reckless of your duty as a rational creature, you still persevere in error, and confound truth with sophistry? However, in order to enforce my argument, I will suppose you to be a man advanced in the vale of years, whose reasoning faculties have arrived at sufficient maturity to entitle you to the character of a thinking being. I will now ask you, if the experience of your life has not afforded ample proofs, that however men may disguise the motives of their actions in a thousand fantastic garbs, it is impossible to crush the belief, in unsophisticated minds, that PLEASURE is the great idol of universal homage, and that industry and invention are exhausting their resources, in order to increase the splen-

dour of her worship? In confirmation of this peculiar view of things, do we not find that the most curious products of human mechanism are collected at incalculable expense; that those "gems of art," the immortal works of painters and sculptors, are secured at the prices of thrones; that the very bowels of the earth and the depths of the sea are compelled to give up their hidden and glittering treasures to the light of day; that huge untrodden forests are penetrated, and their fierce inhabitants enslaved and brought in triumph to the great marts of commercial prosperity;—and must we shut our eyes and mock our senses, and pretend childish ignorance of the fact—that the greatest perils are hazarded, the severest toils endured, for the sole purpose of administering to the universal appetite for PLEASURE?

Now, gentle and astonished reader, I trust I have in some measure illustrated the principle I laid down in the commencement, although I will candidly confess, that the present attempt is but a mere sketch—the shadowy outlines, as it were, of a stupendous picture, to be filled up and coloured at a future opportunity. These outlines, however, will give a sufficient idea of the absurd importance with which the generality of mankind invest the most insignificant trifles. To the calm and philosophical observer, this world is but a magnificent storehouse of gilded toys, manufactured to please the capricious fancy of "the children of a larger growth." Perhaps it might be objected to me, that all which I have enumerated are defects and weaknesses inherent in our nature, and that instead of being made the subjects of ridicule they ought to be regarded with grief and pity. Mistake me not, gentle and kind-hearted

reader! I do not presume to laugh at weaknesses and natural infirmities—but at the hollow pretensions to seriousness, at the ridiculous affectation of gravity, which infects the characters of the generality of mankind. It is esteemed rational to look solemn on every occasion, when, as I hope I have proved, on most occasions in life, the honest and light-hearted fellow may always find proper food for his mirth. But I will even admit that what I have termed a pretension to gravity, is a weakness, and as such, not a proper object for ridicule; have I then no cause for self-complacency in viewing the progress of what are emphatically called the *serious* institutions of society? Is not the supreme legislature of Britain, comprising the powerful, the talented and patriotic of the land, busy to provide for my personal as well as mental comforts? Do they not regulate the means by which an immense standing army and a formidable navy, are provided to fight by sea and land, that I may enjoy the privileges of a peaceful citizen? Are not the members of that respected assembly continually employed in discussing the important subjects of corn, sugar, silk, linen, tea, wines, and every thing else that is likely to promote my immediate happiness? For it is evident that to live happily, I must be well fed and clothed; and to do this effectually, they must encourage the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the world. Is not the Press, that glorious engine of liberty, left unshackled by law, that I may enjoy the free exercise of my opinions on public men who are entrusted with the charge of my political welfare? Is not the night-watch established, that I may sleep in peace, protected alike against thieves and

assassins? Are not the courts of conscience and of law open to redress me for whatever wrongs and grievances I may suffer? Nay, let us proceed to view the measures of the great mass of mankind unconnected with the legislature; and even there shall I not find matter for self-gratulation? Is not the whole mercantile body anxiously and unweariedly engaged in providing me with the various luxuries of every civilised country in the world? Do not the members of the several societies for facilitating the progress of horticultural, agricultural and botanical improvements, contribute to overload my table with the choicest fruits and vegetables of the season? Is not my health the subject of the deepest consideration in all medical and physical societies? Are not the combined and multifarious products of all the manufactories in the world placed at my sovereign disposal? Are not painters, sculptors and musicians, continually labouring to increase the sum of the more refined of my sensual enjoyments? Are not poets, philosophers and moralists devoting the fruits of their severest midnight exertions to furnish me with a splendid intellectual repast? Are not, in fact, all classes and orders of mankind, anxious to promote my happiness, and earnestly solicitous to prove to me the excellencies and perfections of their respective arts?

Tell me, then, gentle and impartial reader, if it be possible to restrain the exuberance of honest mirth, in defiance of so many incentives to lawful gratifications. I am by no means a vain or conceited character; yet when I see myself flattered and caressed, as if simultaneously, by millions of my fellow-creatures; when I am conscious that

there is scarcely a sense, feeling, or habit of mine that is not made an object of attention to some particular body of men ; when I know that the stupendous machinery of human labour is set in motion, merely to provide for me the most exquisitely refined pleasures—I cannot but view myself with some degree of complacency, nor can I help attaching a due degree of importance to one who is apparently so universal a favourite.

The most wearisome task will have an end, the longest narrative will come to a close, the best and dearest friends must part. But before I conclude, honest reader, I will tell you that I am no hypocrite, and cannot feign seriousness in the midst of mirth ; that living as I do in a world where the *business* of mankind is to accumulate the luxuries and comforts which make existence valuable, I am content to glide down the stream of life without bustle or excitement, unambitious of any distinction but what is conferred by the expressive epithet of—A MERRY FELLOW.

STANZAS.

BY C. J. MULLER, ESQ.

O GIVE me flowers, give me flowers,
The beautiful and bright,
Culled in quiet summer bowers,
By sunset's golden light ;
And wreath them all,—the rich and rare,—
For her who is divinely fair.

*
O give me flowers, fragile flowers,
All dank with heaven's dew,
And plucked ere sunny noon-day hours
Have dimmed their native hue,
And be they signs of sinless youth,
When all is tenderness and truth.

O give me flowers, fading flowers,
Whose infant leaves have been,
By wintry winds and stormy showers,
Spoilt in their bowers green ;
And let them be as signs of those
Whose hopes are gone in early woes.

And bring me flowers, budding flowers,
Yet sere and brown with blight,
Nursed in unpropitious bowers,
Amid ungentle light,
Of good minds ruined, signs be they—
Of Beauty wrecked in Hope's bright day.

Now twine them all, O twine them all
Around the poet's brow :
Let sunny inspiration fall
Upon his musings now,
And he shall sing the heart's sweet stories,
Its joys, its hopes, its griefs and glories.

ENIGMA.

BY CAPTAIN W. B. HENDERSON.

THERE is a part of every prayer,
 Whene'er we think of heaven above ;
 Or if we turn to earth—'tis there—
 In all we ask its aid we prove.

O'er nature's garb 'tis e'er unfurl'd,
 And blooms in every chaplet's wreath ;
 And yet 'tis not within the world,
 Though in the very air we breathe."

Though known in our Creator's care,
 And as the first of angels all,
 Of Satan 'tis a double share,
 And centres in his fate and fall.

In every babe its power we learn,
 And in the hearse its form they bear ;
 'Tis seen on every hand we turn,
 And yet is found—nor here nor there !

THE SALTATORY SKELETON.

A Legend of the Loll-Bazar.

BY A MARHATTA-DITCHER.

LET the reader pass over these pages, in which I record a tradition of the early periods of Calcutta, if he feel no delight in hearing or reading ghost stories. But if he have still a love for the marvellous, and have been accustomed with trembling joy to hear the traditional narratives of the sayings and doings of the tenants of the charnel-house and the ruined mansion, let him accompany me to where some half dozen young wives, and boys, and girls, are listening with credulous ears to the narrations of the venerable and veracious Senora Rita, while the earthen cherag in a corner casts a dim light from the burnished pilos on which it stands. It was my wont, under such circumstances, to hear tales of another world, about which the grey-headed chronicler seemed as well acquainted as she was with the localities in which she had lived, or the manners and habits of the people with whom she had associated, from her earliest days. Some of these legends, so circumstantial and precise as to bear the semblance of fact and hush the misgivings of incredulity, have infixd themselves too deeply in my mind ever to be forgotten. My task therefore is limited to the making a faithful transcript from the book and volume of my memory.

At the period which the legend embraces, the aspect of Calcutta was far different from that which it now pre-

sents. The principal and most fashionable parts of the town were Loll-Bazar, Cossitollah, and Council House Street. The site of the present Government House was occupied by several marshy villages, whose inhabitants, as erst those of Auburn, were driven out of their homes to make room for the progress of improvement. And generally all the parts that were a furlong beyond the quarters I have mentioned, were then what Intállí and Bágbazár now are, and formed storehouses of the commodities from which several modern streets still derive their names. Murgihatta, Suarhatta, and Cháulhatta then devoted to the good people of Calcutta where fowl, pork, and rice, might respectively be purchased, and entirely superseded the necessity of Daily Advertisers.

It was at the gate of one of the largest houses in Loll-Bazar, that two young merchants from Lisbon were seen one afternoon superintending the stowage of the cargo they had just landed. The circumstance was noticed by the neighbours on both sides of the street as something remarkable, considering that the house which the young men had selected for their temporary abode was in bad odour all over the town. Several old áyas and gossips were of opinion that the matter required their interference.

"Madre de Dios, Senors," exclaimed Bibí Gracia, whose years and experience made her spokeswoman, "what imprudence is this? Know you not that the house is haunted by a spirit, and that no one who passes a single night in it lives to relate the horrors he has witnessed?"

"Indeed, Senora, is that a fact?" said the elder of the brothers. "You communicate dreadful intelligence; and

I do hope that you are but working on the ignorance of strangers like us."

"Ah, Senor, is it possible you can think I am trifling with you on so grave a subject? Do not my grey hairs certify to you that I am only speaking the literal truth?"

The whole company of áyas and dáis who had thronged to the place in wonder and amazement, testified with one voice that the respectable Bibí Gracia had said nothing but the truth; and they were no less zealous in endeavouring to persuade the brothers not to pass the night in that horrible tenement.

Alarming as the announcement was, there was no alternative. To leave their property exposed to the rapacity of midnight plunderers was as bad as to put life itself at hazard. The young merchants resolved to secure their goods, and, fortified with all the armour of holy books and blessed candles, to pass the night in devout vigil, that the fiend who haunted the house might not take them at unawares. Late in the evening they prepared accordingly for the perilous encounter with the expected visitant from the other world. They sat opposite to each other, with candles burning before them, and their eyes intently fixed on the formularies of piety which holy church has supplied for the benefit of her children, firmly resolved, whatever sights or sounds might attract their notice, never to permit their minds to be diverted from those holy volumes.

As "the witching hour of night" drew near, the anxiety of the brothers became more intense. At length a mighty load suddenly fell on the roof of the house, making the walls totter from their foundations; then was heard a noise

as of the rattling of many chains, which lasted for some moments without intermission. The sound descended lower, till the bones of human legs and feet dropped on the floor, and commenced dancing to the same catenary music. This was followed by the descent of the thigh bones, which joined themselves with a leap to the dancing legs; anon the rest of the body appeared and formed a headless trunk, and it was not long before the skeleton was completed by the junction of the skull, from the sockets and apertures of which living coals darted their fires, and on the crown of which was a mass of the same element, shedding intolerable heat and a lurid light through the place. The skeleton, thus completed, displayed still greater activity, than its several members had done, in its fearful dance; and the scene was such as to appal the stoutest heart. The young merchants who were constrained to witness this terrific exhibition, confident in the power of the holy books in their hands to guard them against the fiercest assaults of the enemy, though horror-struck, retained their presence of mind. They perceived that the energy of the skeleton in its dance gradually diminished, and in time its saltations ceased altogether.

The skeleton addressed them in a hollow sepulchral voice: "Listen, mortals, to the revelations I make. My sins have condemned me to the torments I endure in the prison-house of unblest souls. Such is the enormity of my guilt that, but for your fortunate appearance here and your courage this night, long ages must have elapsed ere I could have hoped to pass through the furnace of purification, so as to be fit to join the perfect in their state of beatitude.

When I dwelt in flesh, my sole care was to accumulate wealth. Money, that root of all evil, was my god, and I worshipped it, till my heart became transformed into stone, and my soul was destitute of pity for the wretched. I trampled on the rights of the poor, and the sight of their miseries awoke in me none of the hallowed feelings of humanity. The fruits of my avarice are concealed in the eastern vault of this house, in which, far from the presence and sympathies of human beings, and destitute of the last consolations of the church, I perished miserably. I give you the half of the wealth ye will find, and I enjoin you by your duty as pious sons of the church, by your hopes of everlasting blessedness, and by the pains of the damned, that ye remove my bones to consecrated ground, and that ye devote the other moiety to the relief of the poor and the performance of masses for the repose of my unquiet soul. If ye neglect this charge, beware! for ye will find no rest in the world, no peace in the grave!"

The skeleton vanished, the morning dawned. All the matrons who had so loudly warned the brothers of the fatality that attended those who lodged in the house, were assembled at the gate, headed by Bibi Gracia, even as Darius and his court assembled round the dens of lions into which Daniel had been thrown, anxious to know if the inmates were alive to relate the adventures of the night. The news spread like wildfire. The reverend Augustine friars came with a coffin and a coffer, to convey simultaneously the bones and the *dust*. A procession; reaching from the house to the farthest end of Tiretta's bazar, marching with lighted flambeaux and solemn dirges, accom-

plished both objects. The pobres thronged to the matted chapel (for the church built by Mrs. Margarita Tench to Our Lady of the Rosary did not then exist), and received their dole; the mass was sung by priests, choristers, sacristans, and acolytes in full chorus; and moreover Bibí Gracia declared that she saw the soul for whose quietude they prayed, take its flight for the celestial regions in the form of a dove.

The house, in which these scenes occurred, yet stands in the Loll-Bazar, to attest the truth of this narration.

SONNET ON FIRST SEEING JAGANNA'TH
FROM THE BAY OF BENGAL.

BY E. V. IRVIN, ESQ.

WHERE through yon leeward foam the sandhills peer,
Darkly relieved upon the evening sky,
Thou greet'st the ocean-wearied pilgrim's eye,
And though thy first-seen fragment, Ind, be dear
To adventurer bounding on his vague career,
Cold were my heart, thy pagod-shrine to spy,
Nor shuddering heave a pity-stricken sigh.
Temple of cruelty, and lust, and fear,
Methinks I see thy wan fanatics wreak
On their scathed limbs the hell-conceived pain.
Methinks I hear thy victims' gurgling shriek,
Churned 'neath the mountain of thy idol-wain,
While thy dark tarret, touched by fancy's hand,
Into a dread, vast, shapeless monster doth expand.

LINES TO A MILITARY FRIEND, SUFFERING
UNDER DEEP DISTRESS OF MIND, THE
CAUSE THEN UNKNOWN.

A Fragment.

BY COLONEL ARCH. WATSON.

CAN it, then, be, my C—,
That any change should thus unhinge a mind
With such resources bless'd? *Ideal* ill,
And good, make up the sum of life's swift dream.
'Tis useful, oft, to cast the eye around
'Mong our coevals, and consider well,
Less in the aggregate than mixed detail,
Their several state; and, truly, we shall find
Wherewith, in each, extrinsic, or at home,
To even well the odds in others' lot,
And gather thence content, whate'er our own*.

* "If there be any truth in Rochefoucault's remark, that 'there is something in the misfortunes even of our best friends that is not altogether displeasing to us,' surely a legitimate source of fortitude under the calamities of life may be derived from a view of those of the world in general. There seems something shocking in Rochefoucault's idea; but perhaps, he might mean that the misfortunes of our friends afford us the least equivocal opportunity of manifesting the warmth and sincerity of our attachment; and, in this view, I think every one must concur in the sentiment. Many of us, for example, if I mistake not, have, at one time or other, wished that the life

O ! if we had the wit to grasp their force,
 There's wisdom in old tales. Recall to mind
 Young Ammon, and his *rival* of Sinope ;
 The meteor army, or but sky, earth, air,
 With beauteous nature, scorning all beyond.
 Keep both in view, the cynic*, and the king,
 Some happier medium always in thy power,
 And wealthiest he that hath the fewest wants.
 A cottage, garden, angle†, gun, and books !

of our friend, or of the woman we loved, or, in short, of any person for whom we entertained a particular veneration and esteem, were threatened, or put in danger in our presence, that we might hazard our own in their defence. Here is a positive *wish*, and a fervent one too, of evil (danger) to those we love ; so, of other matters."

*—————Like Diogenes,

"Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is."—*Byron*.

"They fetch their precepts from the cynick tub."—*Milton*.

† Some people despise this amusement, and others condemn it, as less humane, I presume, than hunting, shooting, &c. ! We acquire a fondness, which, in some instances, continues through life, for the chance sports of our youth, whatever they were ; among these fishing is one of the principal ; and, when the subject is introduced, the question should be, "Were you fond of fishing when a boy ?" If the answer is "No," further argument is worse than useless. Most men born north of the Tweed, wonder what rational amusement can be discovered in the game of *cricket*, which appears to them the most childish that can well be imagined. Englishmen, on the other hand, for the most part, view that of *golf*, much in the same light. Who shall decide between them ?—I own that fishing has always been

A kingly fortune were to me no more—
 All these are in thy power, go when thou wilt.
 Yet hope not much from scenes of early joys ;
 Alas ! alas ! bid those who once have tried, .
 After long exile in far eastern climes,
 Tell of the *pleasures* of their natal fields !
 The blooming boy—returns a way-worn man,
 Finds all he meets in winter's withering grasp,
 While mouldering grave-stones faintly trace the names
 Of some once fondly lov'd ! Sad, waking dream,

to me the most fascinating and delightful amusement in nature, and we often see men even in the last stage of life, pursue it with undiminished ardour ; which is more, I believe, than can be said of any other field amusement. I, however, allude to fly-fishing only, which requires some skill, and depends on many little points of knowledge essential to it. That with bait, to say the least of it, is dull, tedious, often disgusting, and even cruel ; and Lord Byron, on the last account (*following* the opinion of others in regard to fishing in general) abuses Isaac Walton, with some shew of justice ; but, in the main, he is fully answered. As to the alleged inhumanity, "*Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook**," said He who "gathers the lambs in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young," and who "took up the little children in his arms, and blessed them."—If it be said this was a case of emergency, I must deny it—the same divine person had a thousand other ways of obtaining a piece of money, without having recourse to a fish *hook*, or killing a fish. See "*SALMONIA, or the days of fly fishing*," (by Sir Humphry Davy, I believe) where the question is discussed at large.

* Matthew xvii. 27.

Of mixtures inexpressible combin'd—
 Like those poor captives, in the sacred song,
 Who long had pined by hostile streams, and "hang'd
 Their harps on willows*," tuneless, while they mourn'd
 Their home, far distant; when, at last, their hopes,
 So long deferr'd, were crown'd to utmost wish,
 The voice of joy, and grief, was equal heard†!

'Twas wisely sung "the mind is it's own place."
 How strongly seen in A——, our mutual friend,
 Whose stoic turn, and constancy of soul,
 Whate'er befel, thou often hast admir'd,
 And who, like him, the thrall of sad mischance—
 Sole end of all his toils and dangers past!
 Yet, happier who than he? We see him, still,
 With am'let richer than the Arabian gem‡,
 Whose touch disclos'd the treasures of the earth,

* Psalm cxxxvii. 2. † Ezra iii. 13.

‡ In one of the Arabian commentators on the Koran, mention is made of a precious stone which possessed, in a superior degree, the properties of all the rest, in colours, brilliancy, and hardness; of which the last was such that it could by no power whatever, be broken, or otherwise injured. The colours were iridescent, like those of the opal, but vastly more resplendent. When the possessor handled it, all the grosser parts of the earth immediately disappeared to him, and nothing was seen but an infinite assemblage of precious stones, of every variety, in vast clusters, or otherwise more widely scattered through the interior of the globe, like the stars in the firmament; the precious metals alone intervening, like different coloured

In all things self-subdued, hold on his way,
Constant, with equal eye for good, or ill.

Then, say, my C—, it is some searching stroke,
Sent thee from Him who knows the reins to try,
Some "sorrow unto death," thy burning heart
Wrapt in a whirlwind of tumultuous woe,
Or compass'd round with dark misfortune's web,
And "all the daughters of music brought low"—
Take courage, still, and thus thy spirit try.
Concentrate not thy thoughts, but send them forth
Into the mingling world, and note them down,
In frequent view, contrasted, as they rise,
Like the sweet Psalmist; for, pent up within,
Thy boiling breast no ease shall ever find,
Revolving endless. Oft, mid History's stores,
Through ages past, of ever changing life,
Trace thou the various fate of fellow men,
Of some invincible to earthly shocks,
Though hid to them the "spoils" at thy command,
And gather strength, and courage from the view.*
No violent extreme may long endure—
The gentlest airs follow the hurricane,
Alike in moral, as in natural things,
Far as the wise have scann'd the universe;
And, what, if, in the heart, th' ethereal flame

clouds in a brilliant sunset. This "stone of fire" also possessed every imaginable talismanic virtue, and was said to have been given to the prophet by the angel Gabriel.

* Psalm cxix. 162.

Of heaven itself, was ever marshall'd thus,
 To break the "rock," and burn the "thorns" away !
 As, once, in Israel's wane, "a still small voice"
 Was heard in Oreb, with *precursors dread**,
 When rapt Elijah fled the fell queen's rage.
 So, never, but by some dark pain forerun,
 All else, in semblance, were but fond conceit.
 The happiest they who hear it's whisper soft,
 Oft most in rapture when in deepest woe—
 Ask, if, on earth, such heaven they ever knew,
 As when the whirlwind *in* that voice was hush'd :

As, in the sacred page, Jehovah's lamp,
 In rays dividual of love divine,
 On one peculiar race refulgent shone ;
 So trace we, now, his ways through all the earth,
 Forever, and immutably, the same.
 Search Him in both, my C—, and thou wilt find
 Sharp sorrows ever to his best belov'd†,
 Sent them express—to punish, or to try,
 And, rightly harbour'd, chief of heavenly gifts,
 Bless'd harbingers to purest earthly joys.
 Were such thy panoply of proof divine,
 Nought from without, be sure, could e'er have power
 To touch thy soul serene. Thy life "a wind‡,"
 To all, but youth, how swift a passing dream !
 The "arrow's path" that leaves no trace behind.

* 1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

† Hebrews xii. 5, 6, 11.

‡ Job vii. 7.—and James iv. 14.

Imagination is the *sum* of life—

Look back on what is run, of thy brief course,
 On all thy *passions, pleasures, joys, or griefs,*
 And say—one thought, of all thy mind recalls,
 Had object but in fancy's fitful rove !

Pursuing thus, a heaven thou here, shalt find,
 And sense of peace unearthly, may be thine,
 No more the wretched sport of chance, or change*.
 Withal, consider well how short the time
 That now remains for thee, and thy compeers,
How many gone before thee—and how few
 Attain the Psalmist's day† ! Say, fifteen years—
 The monarch's respite‡—yet were left to *thee,*
 Ere thou could'st reach it ; one-third passed in sleep,
 The rest in—nothing ! And can'st thou, my C—,
 Set thy fond heart on this small jump of time,
 How, or where, pass'd, or aught of good, or ill,
 It may bring forth ? O weakness past belief !
 How rather should we school our wandering thoughts
 Towards happier scenes, and long, with outstretch'd neck§,
 To pull aside the dim, mysterious veil
 That hides, from earthly ken, the things beyond
 This land of dreams ; that intermediate state
 'Twixt us, and heaven—the true Elysian fields,
 Though happier far—where, in bright vision, walk
 The spirits of the blest—would I were there !

* Psalm cxii. 7, and cxix. 165. Prov. i. 23.—Isaiah xxvi. 3.

† Psalm xc. 10.

‡ 2 Kings xx. 5, 6.

§ Ecclus. or Wisdom of the Son of Sirach, xii. 1, 2, 3, 4.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

BY J. DUNBAR, ESQ.

OH Thou ! the gracious source of every good,
 Who giv'st to countless millions daily food !
 Who, thron'd in majesty divine, didst plan
 This beauteous earth, the heritage of man ;
 Who didst create a world, where spirits bless
 The power which gives eternal happiness,
 And praise, in endless songs of love, the God,
 Whose presence lights with joy their blest abode !
 Almighty and eternal Lord ! from whom
 Alone all mercies and all blessings come,
 How guilty are we, if, in serving *thee*,
 We deem, we are not, in that service, free ?
 In what sad mental darkness are we drown'd,
 If in this sinful world our hearts are bound ?
 Whence is it that we do not learn to see,
 That happiness dwells not apart from *thee*,
 And that no peace our guilty souls can fill,
 Unless we bend to thine, our stubborn will ?
 Oh ! dissipate the mists which cloud our sight,
 And when we err, Oh ! guide us, Thou ! aright !

THE CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF SCULPTURE.

BY WALE BYRN, ESQ.

Nerv'd by her* power, the statuary's arts
To the rough marble every grace imparts.

LINN.

WHEN we consider the astonishing progress, which has been made, in our times, in the arts and sciences; and reflect how vastly the effects of the labours and researches of moderns have surpassed those of past ages, the inquisitive mind must often pause to account for the fact why, in some other pursuits, the moderns have not merely remained stationary, but appear, on a comparison of their efforts with the monuments of genius and excellence left to them by their elder brethren, to have retrograded. The progressive improvement of the mind is an undisputed axiom: the truth of it appears continually; we see in the daily business of life, that the fruit of man's labour is improvement. In the arts, how rapid have been the advances towards perfection! How important and useful the discoveries which have been made for the service of mankind! How many the avenues which have been opened to gratify the taste and curiosity of mortals! But when we consider how closely sculpture is allied to the arts, the deteriorated state of modern, as compared with ancient sculpture, at once strikes us as an anomaly. The consideration of the causes

* Enthusiasm.

to which this declension may be ascribed will, therefore, form an interesting subject for investigation.

Ancient sculpture will admit of three divisions, viz. Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman sculpture. It is not meant to take a review of each kind, or to give a particular account of the rise and progress of the art in these several countries. The object to be aimed at, is to trace the causes which produced such excellence in sculpture amongst the ancients ; and the three kinds mentioned above may be adverted to with the view of enforcing an objection, or of illustrating a position.

Very little can be said of Egyptian sculpture. The history of Egypt is now a fiction, so that it can hardly be depended on as an authentic source for forming an opinion as to the reason which led its inhabitants to cultivate the art of sculpture ; except, indeed, it be *that* idolatrous mode of worship to which the inhabitants of that country were prone. Before, however, proceeding to such a consideration of the subject, it will be more in order to notice some of the causes to which the excellence of Grecian sculpture has been ascribed.

It has been stated of Grecian sculpture, that one cause of its excellence may be found in the influences of climate. If this be the case, it may be asked how it happened that the art did not flourish, or was not even encouraged, in every state of Greece alike. Did the climate vary to so great a degree in the several states of Greece, as to have produced so different an effect, as it relates to sculpture, in Athens, where it flourished, and in Sparta, where it was neglected ? To whatever cause this difference of feeling may

be ascribed, one thing is evident, that climate was not influential in furthering the art to such a perfection in Greece. Besides which, how are we to account for the circumstance of the art having flourished in countries, the climates of which were essentially different from that which prevailed in Greece? For instance, Egypt certainly had not a climate like that of Greece; it was essentially different; yet sculpture attained to great perfection in Egypt. Its pyramids, catacombs, and obelisks are existing memorials of what the Egyptians have accomplished in their days of glory and renown. Speaking also philosophically, it may well be doubted, whether climate can ever have any such effect, as it is described to have had on the mind of the Greek, in reference to his cultivation of the art. It must be admitted, that the productions of the Grecian sculptors, as they are known to us, must have required considerable exertions; and such exertions would not have been made without the existence of a powerful motive. Can the influences of climate suggest to us such a motive, or give us even an indistinct idea of the motive, that led the Greeks to chisel out from blocks of marble resemblances of the human body so exquisitely and beautifully formed, and to shadow out mortality so perfectly as to be deficient in nothing but animation? Climate may, indeed, have an effect on the physical constitution. In the frozen regions of the north, we find the inhabitants hardy, and accustomed to severe bodily exercise, forming a perfect contrast to those living in the torrid regions of the east, who are remarkable for inactivity and want of bodily strength. The occidental sons of earth may be presumed to be fitter for enduring the fatigues of a cam-

paign or for adventuring on the perils of the ocean, than their oriental brethren. Such are the visible effects of climate, and there can be no conjecture or doubt on this point ; but it cannot be so easily admitted, that climate can have such an effect on the mind, as to bar the attainment of excellence in the fine or mechanical arts. If its influence is such as has been supposed, we must admit that genius is but a word, or, what is worse, that it is local. The conclusion in the one case is, that genius is non-existent ; in the other, that it is nothing more than the operation of a certain kind of climate on the mind, by the instrumentality of which excellence in a particular art is attained. Experience, however, will not justify such an assumption ; and, guided by the wisdom which experience affords, we shall come to a very different conclusion.

The facility with which the naked figure was studied, is supposed to have been another cause inducing excellence in the art ; a cause than which nothing could be more feeble in its effect in producing so great a result. Was it only at Sicyon that the bare human form could be brought publicly before the vision ? If not, then what is there to account for the little encouragement afforded to the art in Crete ? Observe the Asiatic nations ; in what loose vestments they are apparelled ; what facilities to the eye of the sculptor are afforded by a constant view of the person of the Asiatic. Their children, up to a pretty advanced age, go perfectly naked ; and if the superior excellence of ancient sculpture is to be attributed to the study of the naked figure, the moderns appear in this respect, at least, to possess equal advantages ; and yet, even if the chisel of a Canova were to be employed

in forming the statue of a child from the model of a naked Indian boy, it may reasonably create a doubt, how far he could be expected to rival the work of a Praxitiles on the same scale. The same reasoning may, with very little, if any, qualification, be applied to animal figures. The temples of the Egyptians were frequently crowded with images of cows, asses, &c. which exhibited equally finished specimens of sculpture among that singular nation, and it may be questioned whether modern sculpture can produce specimens of like excellence. The common observer will, no doubt, from his own experience in this country, be enabled to say, that the beautiful form and correct symmetry, in the features and body of the Hindu, are remarkable. No gorgeous drapery of vestment folds their limbs from the observer's eye; and yet here, where this costume has prevailed for centuries, the art of sculpture has never attained to eminence. These considerations would appear to debar the supposition that Grecian sculpture could have reached that eminence to which it did arrive, because of the facility with which the human figure was studied.

Neither can political liberty, as it has been urged, have been in any way instrumental in furthering the art to perfection. It is true, that a greater share of liberty existed in Greece where the art was most cultivated, than in any other country at that period; but Egypt was never blessed with a popular form of government; on the contrary, the iron hand of despotism ever ruled its destinies. Yet sculpture was carried to a great height of perfection. The appliances of the art of sculpture to any great extent, although not inducing a prostration of the mind, would still appear to

be more compatible with a despotic than a free government.

Let the productions of the artist be ever so magnificent, ever so multiplied,—no danger thence results to the power of the despot. On the contrary, it has been the object of all despotisms to encourage the erection of public edifices, with their attendant emblematical devices—to promote vain pageantry: these are the adventitious aids by which despotism secretly and silently keeps up its power; these are the means by which it retains an ascendancy over the minds of men; these are the things by which it reconciles men to the fetters which it has forged for them. In this way the loathsome reptile is covered with flowers; and in this way the power of the despot is increased. The ambition and vanity of man are likewise gratified by such adornments: a stately building, or a costly edifice is of far greater value than the happiness of the subject; and their splendour and number are looked upon as adding to the grandeur of the despot's rule. The state of society in a despotic country, further, is fitted for such things. The mind is under a worse than Egyptian bondage; it has no proper tone, no elasticity; it grovels in the dust; it can have no idea of public objects or public rights; it is in the fit mood to be taken up with gewgaws and vanities, to aid and abet the ruler in all those great and magnificent (but in reality, unstable) views which govern his actions.

A free state, that is to say, one that has a popular form of government, has a tendency to keep up more rigid notions, severer manners, and sturdier habits, than a despotic government. The reason is obvious. Opinion, with its

thousand tongues, is at work ; and censures or praises, condemns or approves, as it thinks proper. The result, from such a state of things, is that which has been just described. That sort of notions, and manners, and habits, which are supposed to exist in a free state, does not appear calculated to encourage the arts : however well they may fit a citizen for the duties of the state, they do not lead to actions of extravagant splendour, or superfluous ornament. A country enjoying freedom has in full circulation an independent tone of manners and of conduct, which is led to undervalue the ornamental for the useful. In a free state the citizen has entailed upon him the performance of many civil duties, which engage much of his time and attention. Every man is in one way or another brought within the vortex of public business, or is made to feel an interest in public affairs. The constructive principles of such a society are not peculiarly fitted to afford encouragement to the arts, but in particular to sculpture ; inasmuch as the statuary, whose employment is most severe, must obtain marked encouragement to induce him to persevere in his line of business. In a state, where the people are so constituted as to bestow the greatest part of their time and attention to public business—to enacting laws—to scrutinizing, and commenting on the acts of public servants, it is obvious, that the statuary or sculptor can have but a secondary share of notice. Such notice cannot be considered to be any thing like encouragement ; and how greatly soever sculpture may be cultivated, that cultivation can be of little avail in carrying it to a high pitch of excellence, like the plant located in an ungenial soil, the growth of which cannot be assisted by

ever so much culture. It is not, however, meant to be inferred, that a country possessing liberty, is, from that very circumstance altogether incapable of rising to any eminence in the arts; the position to be established is merely this, that such a country is not peculiarly adapted for the furtherance of the arts to perfection—not more, perhaps less so, than a despotic country.

The recompenses which are said to have attended the successful exertions of artists in former times, are dwelt upon in proof, that this circumstance greatly encouraged the efforts of genius in this way. No doubt the public honours that were paid to the heroes of antiquity, might form a circumstance that would be calculated to afford encouragement to the artist; and no doubt it would give to the art of sculpture the stamp and impress of public countenance. But to suppose, that this cause could be instrumental in producing such wonderful effects, appears altogether contradictory to the received notions of things. Every commodity for which there is a great demand, must be a source of profit to the traffickers in it; and, in the same way, when any of the arts obtain the popular favour, it must thrive by reason of the greater employment which it affords to the artist, and by the impulse which it gives to his exertions. But unfortunately, sculpture could not have been so saleable a commodity. The works of the sculptor are adapted and have chiefly been designed, for a temple, or a public edifice, or to answer some public purpose. They are not calculated to be of any use for the common purposes of life; and consequently cannot be expected to obtain popular encouragement, in the extensive sense of the word.

With regard to encouragement from public authority, by which we are to understand the distinctions showered upon the successful sculptor, it is to be observed, that this argument involves in it a great fallacy, and is opposed to general experience. The presumption once allowed, it thence follows, that it needs public distinctions and flattering encouragement, to produce not only good artists, but pre-eminence in every branch of science or literature. Have indeed the favoured sons of earth been most remarkable for adding to the common stock of knowledge and of virtue? Facts speak the reverse; and it may be observed in the history of all ages, that mankind, under prosperous circumstances, do not give indications of talent or of exertion. It is not that the rich man cannot be talented; this often is the case; but the possession of talents does not imply the use of them. Such a one can, without labour, obtain all that his wishes and desires can prompt him to seek after; no exertion of body or of mind is needed to bring such gratifications within his reach; necessity does not press upon him, so as to influence him to bring those talents of which he is the possessor into use. The soil is rich: but being unattended to, and uncultivated, we must not expect fertility but barrenness.

The man who basks in the sunshine of popular favour, or under the smiles of the great, runs an equal risk of bringing his talents to no good account. The heart of man is deceitful above measure; a fantasy he persuades himself to believe a reality; delusively he persuades himself that the sunshine under which he sits will have no end; and, under this delusion, he makes no provision for the evil day.

The smiles and approbation to which he has been accustomed, he thinks will always cheer his labours. When they cease, (and what in this sublunary state will not cease ?) he receives a check, like the voice of the songster, whose vocal powers cannot be exerted without a musical accompaniment ; his energies are deadened when clouds appear on the horizon, or frowns on the countenances of patrons. He has hitherto enjoyed life in ease and repose, and he is, hence, unfitted to obtain a livelihood by habits of industry and application. Having been accustomed to the voice of praise and approbation, he feels, with the keenest sensibility, the altered sounds of cold civility or indifference. It may hence be clearly seen, that men, placed under such circumstances, are wholly unfitted to exercise their talents for any useful purpose. It is neither ease nor repose, it is neither flattering encouragement nor courtly applause that will lead the mind to exertion. On the contrary it may be observed from the experience which the past affords, that abject want, squalid poverty, extreme distress are circumstances which have been most instrumental in bringing forth, to proper action, the energies of the human mind, of lighting up dormant genius into a flame, and of quickening the seed, sown by Providence in the human waste, into a plant answering the purpose of usefulness or ornament. It is not a principle of human nature to make any great exertions, when these exertions are not needed, with the view of obtaining a livelihood, or of securing means for adding to the comforts of life, or of acquiring wealth. If these motives (generally speaking) for exertion do not exist, no exertion for the advancement of any object of literary or scientific

research will be made. Hence, it may safely be concluded that sculpture did not arrive to that state of perfection to which it was brought by the ancients, by reason of the recompenses which were made to sculptors.

If, then, neither the influence of climate, nor of political liberty ; nor the facility with which the naked figure was studied ; nor the recompenses with which the artists were distinguished, are causes sufficient to account for the astonishing excellence which sculpture attained :—what, it may be asked, are the causes which have tended to produce such effects ?

Erroneous belief, leading to a false worship of the Creator, is assuredly the most cogent reason that can be assigned for the high excellence to which sculpture attained in former days. The mind of man, unassisted by revelation, has been led into strong delusions, as it respects the service of that God, who should be worshipped in spirit and in truth. These delusions have been manifested in various ways, and one of these has been the raising in stone visible symbols of the Invisible. Unsatisfied with the indistinct notions formed by them of the First Cause, they have raised up their altars, like the men of Athens, in honour of the Unknown God. They have put forth the utmost power of their genius and understanding to pay proper honour to the object of their adoration. That Being, of whose nature they can form no conception, they have endeavoured to bring before their view by visible forms ; and thus they have wished to remove the veil of mystery with which God is pleased to clothe himself. That knowledge which we, as Christians, possess of the attributes and cha-

rafter of the Almighty, through divine revelation, they hoped to obtain by human reason—by the work of their own hands. It was to be expected, that, under the influence of such religious feelings, every effort of art and of ingenuity should be made, to render their temples and figures worthy of the divinities, of whom they were intended to be typical or representative. It is also reasonable to suppose, that the sculptor who had to make a model of a human being, would not be under the horrible and excited feelings of him who worked for the purpose of producing the form of a divinity. There would be a degree of enthusiasm, in the latter case, connected with his labours, which would induce a devotion of himself to his work ; and which would lead to the greatest exertion to make his work worthy of the object which it was intended to represent. There is a higher idea attached to a divinity than to a mere human being; and such a feeling would tend to produce a stronger manifestation of the genius and talents of the workman in the one case than in the other. Nor can it be at all wondered at, that sculpture did attain to such eminence, when it is considered, that there is no obstacle that can be insurmountable, no privation too great, no danger too imminent, before the eye of the religious enthusiast. Such things are to him but beacons of the shoals and quicksands that beset him in the way ; but they lead to corresponding exertions to reach the haven where he would be. The name of Peter the Hermit will suggest a train of ideas bringing before us in full view the gigantic work which was undertaken by him, with no other guide, no other aid than religious enthusiasm ; an enthusiasm which like a spark

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of fire amid straw, set up a like flame in the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands ; which, by communicating one common sentiment, one universal feeling, hushed the quarrels of contending nations, disarmed them of their jealousies and strifes, and thus led them to the plains of Palestine. These were the mighty effects produced by a cause which one would think too impotent for such a purpose ; yet they were the work of one man. But for that feeling of religious enthusiasm with which he was imbued, the name of Peter the Hermit, in all human probability, would have perished with his existence !

It may thence be easily inferred, that religion was a cause potent enough in carrying sculpture to such a height of excellence as it did reach. There is hardly a nation, how rude soever, which has not some kind of belief or other as to a presiding agent over the affairs of nature and of men ; and which does not give some demonstration of its belief in the mode of its worship. An uncivilised race of people, under the tutelage of nature, and sitting in moral darkness, with no other than that dim light which nature affords, will assuredly fall into idolatry. It will proceed at first to construct mis-shapen forms of wood, or stone, in representation of the deity : and as it becomes more humanised or refined, as it makes progress in the arts and civilities of life, these symbols are constructed with greater care and nicety. In this way, we may reasonably conclude that the art of sculpture was cultivated, and perfected to that degree of excellence which the monuments of ancient art so forcibly indicate.

Sculpture must have been nearly coeval with the creation of man. It is from no record that this opinion is drawn, but it is a supposition founded on that proneness of mankind, in its first stages of existence, to resort to idolatry. The Scriptures have recorded, in one of its earliest pages, that Rachel, on leaving the house of her father Laban to accompany Jacob, her husband, to the land of his fathers, had stolen away the gods of her father's house ; and so highly prized were they by Laban, that he pursued Jacob with the view of recovering the stolen articles. Here is a proof that idolatry existed at a very early period of the world ; and if we refer to the relics of antiquity, and to the records of profane history, strong proofs will be seen of the existence of idolatry. To give one instance. Herodotus, speaking of the Hercules of ancient Tyrian art, says, " I sailed to Tyre in Phœnicia, because I heard there was a temple dedicated to Hercules. That temple I saw, enriched with many magnificent donations, and among others with two pillars, one of fine gold, the other of a smaragdus, which shines by night in a surprising manner."

Egypt is the country in which sculpture was first carried to a high pitch of improvement. The reason of this appears to be, the great attention which religion and religious ceremonies claimed from the people. Nothing so much engaged their time and attention as religion ; every thing else was made subservient to it. Their religion was based on gross idolatry. There was hardly an animal existing in Egypt that was not deified ; hardly a plant that had not divine honours paid to it. Juvenal has justly ridiculed the objects of their superstition.

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Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens,
Ægyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc : illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin,
Effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopithæci.
Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Mæmnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe ecutum jacet obruta portis,
Illic caruleos, hic pisces fluminis, illic
Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam,
Porrum et cepe nefas violare, ac frangere morsu.
O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina !

Who knows not that there's nothing vile or odd,
Which brainsick Egypt turns not to a god?
Some of her fools the crocodile adore,
The ibis cram'd with snakes, as many more;
A long tail'd ape the suppliants most admire.
Where a half Memmon tunes his magic lyre;
Where Thebes, once for her hundred gates renown'd,
An awful heap of ruins strews the ground,
Whole towns in one place river fish revere,
To sea fish some as plously adhere;
In some a dog's high deity is seen,
But none mind Dian, though of dogs the queen.
Nay, vegetables here take rank divine;
On leeks and onions 'tis profane to dine:
O holy nation! where the gardens bear
A crop of gods through all the livelong year.

Look at Egypt now; and though its former effulgence
has departed; though the meridian splendour, which
crowned it formerly, does not now exist; though the sun

of its glory has long set; yet in its ruins, let us view the monuments of art and wonder which are extant in that country; and, on reflection, we shall be convinced, that these were raised for no other than sacred purposes, and to answer as temples of religion. The same may be said of all Asiatic nations; and although few of their monuments of art are now extant, yet the few that *are*, impress us with the conviction, that the art and genius of the sculptor were chiefly exercised on subjects sacred to religion.

The art of sculpture, it has been said, was introduced into Greece from Egypt. No doubt this is true. The form and shape of Grecian sculpture, in its incipient state, partook much of Egyptian art; and hence it has been concluded, that the art was derived from Egypt. The object of inquiry, however, is, to what cause we are to ascribe the high state of Grecian sculpture; and to that we must revert. The cause, in this case also, is to be traced to the religion which prevailed in Greece. "The highest regard was paid to it; the influence it exercised over the Greek was most enthralling; the effect which it produced on the mind of the Greek was most captivating. The simple fact, that a nation so learned, and so naturally acute as the Greek, should have been given to superstitions so gross and debasing, as are stated to have existed in Greece, is corroborative of the assertion, that religion had a most potent influence, a spell-like charm over the Grecian mind. The religion of the Greeks was not merely supposed to affect human actions through secondary causes; it was also the primary principle to which they referred for the course and direction of their affairs. Ere putting their hands to any momentous affairs, or on

the eve of battle, their oracles were consulted with the view of ascertaining the probability of success or defeat; or the divinities were propitiated in favour of an undertaking by sacrifice and offerings. Religion was the texture of their moral constitution; it was interwoven with the whole of their habits and feelings. Considering the temperament of their natural constitution, which was most lively, active, and excitable, it may easily be imagined, that their religion was strongly allied with enthusiasm; and that this enthusiastic feeling was carried into all their occupations and undertakings. The supposition, therefore, that this feeling was in full force, when they designed a structure, or a statue, in honour of the divinities, is very natural; and the conclusion from the above consideration is irresistible, that improvement in sculpture must have been both rapid and extensive.

Of Roman sculpture it cannot be said, that religion was instrumental in producing excellence in it. In one sense, the term *excellence* is inapplicable to Roman sculpture; that is, when we speak of it with reference to sculpture, as it existed before the Roman period; for it never excelled, but on the contrary fell short of past efforts. But speaking of the excellence which its later attempts may reasonably be supposed to have produced over its first efforts, it may well be doubted, whether any credit is to be ascribed to Roman genius or art for any such result. The fact is, sculpture in Rome was not indigenous; it was purely an exotic, transplanted from Greece. It is true, that even Greece was indebted to another country for her first knowledge of sculpture; but the genius and capacity of the Greek did, in

course of time, make the art his own ;—did so far improve on the first idea communicated from Egypt, as in time to leave Egyptian art far behind, in point of excellence. In fine, in Grecian sculpture there was originality of conception ;—conception not borrowed from any model, but formed out of the elements of its own native genius. Not so was it with Roman sculpture. The artists of Rome were Greeks ; the models which the Romans imitated were the Grecian temples, and buildings, and statues. Sculpture (and this may be said of almost every thing Roman) was adopted from a principle of imitation and rivalry. The Greeks were famed for the perfection to which the art attained under them ! Of the Romans it had been declared :

His ego non metus rerum, nec tempora pono ;

Imperium sine fine dedi :—

why, therefore, should the lords of the earth, why should they be ignorant of the art of sculpture ? Why should not imperial Rome have temples and buildings, as magnificent and costly as those which graced and ornamented the principal cities of Greece ! The first library in Rome was established with the books that were brought away from Macedonia, after that country had been conquered by the Roman arms ; and there was no branch of art or science that was projected, or perfected by the Romans, except the art of war. The religion of the Romans was founded on the Grecian mythology ; but the people were neither so devout, nor so strict in the performance of their religious duties as the Greeks. Under these circumstances, it could not with any probability be expected that Roman art should shadow forth the unapproachable beauty of Grecian sculpture, much less surpass

its hitherto unsurpassable excellence. In the Roman days there was no harvest ground for such a purpose ; *that* had been occupied by other reapers ; and the Greek had made so plentiful a gathering as to have rendered unnecessary the labours of other labourers in this field. These considerations combined, will, no doubt, satisfactorily account for the art not having made much progress under the Romans.

Sculpture was in its decadency at this period ; and when imperial Rome was overwhelmed with destruction by the hordes of the north, sculpture was buried in its ruins, never again to rise clothed with its former beauty and excellence ! Christianity soon after appeared in the world, and made its progress without any adventitious aid. Its primitive simplicity was opposed to all alliances with ornament or splendour. It required the worship of the heart, not the vain appearances of form. A holy aspiration was of more value than prostrations and offerings ; and, above all, it recognised no semblance or likeness of the Creator. Sculpture, under such circumstances, must have been neglected ; and consequently, must have declined. Thus was it on the wane, till the art revived in Italy, by the influence of the Roman Catholic religion, from the lethargy into which it had fallen, and we shall find that from this time the art obtained some encouragement in Roman Catholic countries. The influence of religion has no doubt produced this effect. In the early ages, the church of Rome felt the advantages to be derived from the erection of splendid buildings, sacred to religion, with appropriate sculptural adornments. More than any other religion, it has been

accustomed to appeal to the senses and feelings of its followers. Magnificent cathedrals, which were adorned with emblematic sculptural devices, cloisters of costly structure, together with other descriptions of buildings dedicated to the service of religion, were just the instruments for ensuring success to their efforts; and we accordingly find that, in every Roman Catholic country, but particularly in Italy, there are extant many remains of sacred edifices, in which abundant evidences are given of sculptural art of the most costly and superb kind. The production of such works must have excited the greatest energies, and brought into action the most latent talents. As illustrative of the argument, it may be observed, that in Italy, where this mode of Christian worship has most generally prevailed, both painting and music have been carried to the highest state of perfection. Now it must be admitted, that the subjects which first employed the pencil of the artist were scriptural, or religious, being drawn either from the history of Christianity, or from the legends of the saints, or the sufferings of martyrs. The earliest artists of whom we have any knowledge, existed between the years 1115 and 1140, and in connection with this period, the names of Guido, Ventura, and Orson, have been handed down to us as painters, who were employed in several churches at Bologna. It has also been recorded that, in the year 1240, Cimabue painted a picture of the Virgin, for the church at Florence. There can be little doubt, that these practices prevailed in other places.

Sacred music also led the way to that perfection, to which the art has been carried in Italy. Music was culti-

vated with great assiduity by the religious orders in Italy ; and Guido, a monk of the order of St. Benedict, who flourished in the 11th century, distinguished himself by forming a new method of teaching boys to sing, and laying the foundation of the present system of music. Devotional feeling is doubtless greatly raised by musical strains ; and an auxiliary so powerful as music was made available for riveting the affections of the people to the Roman Catholic persuasion. No doubt it had that effect ; and with that effect also resulted the perfection to which music attained.

The conclusion, therefore, to be drawn, is, that religious feelings, especially under the influence of superstition or error, have a tendency to produce most astonishing results, whether in reference to sculpture, or painting, or music. The motive for exertion here is as strong as can find a place in the natural heart of man, the proper and due honour to be rendered unto God ; a motive which, under other circumstances of much higher consideration, has supplied to weak human nature strength to endure with joy the fiery flames of persecution ; and which has converted persecution strong as death into afflictions but of a moment.

If, then, it be admitted, that a false religion was the active principle in imparting to ancient sculpture the power of improvement, it may safely be concluded, that the art is not likely hereafter to attain to its former pre-eminence. Superstition and error have been the propelling motives, which have influenced mankind in making the exertions that have led to excellence in sculpture. As the sunflower will only show forth its beauties to the welcome and resplendent rays of the sun ; so will sculpture only flourish by

the intervention of superstition and error ; and in proportion as these evil principles decay, so will sculpture wane. There is now in active operation an antagonist principle to both these heresies ; levelling their hellish witcheries and abominations to the dust, and controlling or enervating, by its wholesome agency, the baneful influence which these twin sisters of evil have exercised. That antagonist principle is knowledge, which is now in its progress to the remotest parts of the earth, and is anxiously busied in its vocation in teaching man, that his lot has not been cast by a wise Providence that it should be misprized ; that his time has not been given to him that it should be wasted in vain and unmeaning ceremonies, in idolatrous and superstitious observances ; and that the intellect, with which he has been endued, is not to be abused and debased by actions revolting alike to reason and to humanity. Knowledge will lead man to a proper conception of the duties that are expected of him ; it will teach him, that, to be useful is to be wise, to be idle is a reproach ; that ignorance is worse than folly—that it is a curse ; that wisdom is true riches. Knowledge will unfold the sealed pages of literature, science, and the arts ; by means of which, instruction, such as will dissipate the strongest errors, will be afforded, and delight, such as will make man love information for its own sake, will be communicated. The broad shadows of ignorance, which have hitherto beset the paths of mankind, will be followed by the bright rays of intellectual wisdom. In a word, knowledge will teach man to distinguish good from evil. It will naturally have a tendency to produce, in the heart of man, the desire of benefiting his condition ;

and this desire will as assuredly lead to exertions which in the end will elevate him in the moral scale. Thus will the votary of superstition and error become the disciple of wisdom.

But a higher and holier principle is at work. Christianity, diffusive in its nature, is traversing the farthest corners of the world, in the work of man's melioration. The Christian missionary, like a herald of mercy, is on his visit to every region and every clime, disseminating far and wide the pure and divine religion of his Master. Can we doubt the consequences that will follow? On the contrary, does not past experience encourage us to hope "that the false systems and false divinities of former ages shall be consigned, by the disclosure of a holier and sublimer creed, to the custody of oblivion, of neglect, and scorn; to the moles of their consecrated grottoes and the bats of their dark and deserted temples." Religion, like a light amid darkness, cheers the pilgrim on his weary way; and promises, for the troubles he has here endured, rest hereafter, and for the wilderness of this world, a paradise in heaven.

BABYLON.

BY C. J. MULLER, ESQ.

THE Persians sweep onward in battle array,
 Bedecked with the spoils they have won on their way :
 Gems and gold of Sardis, and Araby fair,
 On their bright brass corslets and helmets they bear.

And the eagle of conquest, with outspread wings,
 On the banner of purple, its radiance flings :
 It has gleamed in the east, and gleamed in the west,
 And gleamed o'er the fallen,—the bravest and best.

And now it leads forth to Assyria's clime,
 A war-brooded host in the pride of their prime ;
 There's wrath in their eyes, and revenge in their hearts,
 And death on the wings of their glittering darts.

And Khosru, the hero, is there in his pride :
 His hands, with the blood of the bravest, are dyed ;
 Yet his banner of battle still floats in the sky,
 And conquest and ruin beam fierce in his eye.

In Babylon, there's festal mirth :
 And they have wrung from sea and earth,
 The rich, the beautiful and rare,—
 To swell the orient grandeur there.
 In Babylon,—that city vast,
 (Bright glory of the peerless past :

Sad record of an age sublime,
Deep in the far blue depths of time !)
Are crowded halls and lighted bowers,
And rapture on the winged hours ;
There's music with its scrapp swell,—
The Lydian flute and antique shell ;
And women's voices, loud in song,
Stirring the much impassioned throng :
And Bacchic shouts, and revel loud,
Are rife among the joyous crowd ;
They're drunk with the untold delight
Of that ill-fated festal night.

Lo ! Belshazzar, the pompous king,
Is enthroned in his banquet hall,
While countless lamps of Naphtha fling
Their radiance o'er the marble wall.
The pillars of porphyry gleam
With the fairy lustre of a dream,
And the Chaldec sits on his throne,
Like a bright star beaming alone.
The riches of earth are around—
The wonders the young world has found—
Araby's spice and India's gold—
And the big, bright, diamonds of old,
And the pure pearls, brought from afar,
Out of the depths of the sea Manaar,—
And the jewels and silks of Inde and Cheen ;—
Baubles fit for an orient queen.
The Circassian beauty is there,
With her dark eye and golden hair ;

And the Persian maiden, whose glance
Has the witchery deep to entrance,
As she glides through the wanton dance,
And warbles her sorrowful air.
And the queens, in their regal dress,
In the warmth of their loveliness,
Are there with their beautiful eyes,
Half shaming their own starry skies.
(And sooth to say, the Chaldee turned
To other stars than those that burned
In the cerulean sphere above ;—
Leaving heaven,—for earthly love.)
The satraps too, the wise and great,
Are there in their splendour and state :
But the wine goes fast to the heart ;
And well the Georgian plays her part,
And the lute and the plaintive song
Melt the hearts of the careless throng.

Behold ! at the call of the king,
The slaves of the revellers bring
Jehovah's golden cups divine,
Filled to the brim with heathen wine :
Lo ! the monarch, with glistening eye,
Hath lifted the goblet on high,
Bidding a health be drunk to Baal.—
They drink ;—but the monarch turns pale,
And the cups are dashed to the earth,
And there's fear in the place of mirth,
And the music has hushed its tone,
And song into silence is grown :—

For, on that wall of spotless white,
A spectral hand is seen to write
Strange, glowing, words, whose dazzling glare
In darkness throws the Naphthi there.
Now the star-wise seers are come,
But the oldest and best are dumb,—
A slave has read those words of fear,
But,—to a reckless monarch's ear.

“Ho! on with the mirth and feast,—
What fear we of kings from the east?—
Great Babylon's ramparts will show
We laugh at the work of the foe.
Let the wine still circle around,
And music and pleasure abound ”
The cymbals dash, and the loud strain
Of the trumpet is heard again
Again, the Georgian breathes her lay,
Seeming to warble her soul away
Again, the voice of girls is heard,
In the laugh and the lightsome word,
And loudly the revellings ring
In the halls of Babylon's king.

Hark! there's a clash of arms and a cry of woe,
And a rush, like the rush of a coming foe
The dance and song have ceased,—and the trembling king
Hath bid his page, his sabre and buckler bring.
And the women are shrieking in wild dismay,
While near and more near comes the sound of the fray.

In silence and terror, those wassailers stand,
Their senses unnerved and their bosoms unmanned.

"They come ! they come !" the doorways of brass are burst.
Belshazzar is foremost, - has fallen the first,
The strife is brief—the guests have perished or flown,
The Persian plume nods upon Babylon's throne.
And the garlands of pleasure in hot blood are dyed ;
The hand of the spoiler mars Babylon's pride :
And there, where the glory of Belus hath been,
The foe, in the flash of his triumph, is seen.

TRANSLATION OF A SONNET OF SALANDRI TO
A YOUNG BRIDE.

BY E. V. IRVIN, ESQ.

LOVELIEST of brides, in rapture's primal glow
Folding thy chosen to thy beauteous arms,
For him be jealous of those peerless charms,
And guard the heaving of thy bosom's snow.
Oh, let no soft, insidious breath respire,
From the allurements of the tempter's art,
Aught that may quench the chastely, amorous fire,
Which now thou nursest in thy happy heart.
The rill, that gushes from a limpid source,
Nor seeks to wander from its channel'd way,
The sun doth gladden with his constant ray ;
But if, like spendthrift, deviate from its course,
Each scented herb and gaudy flower it woos,
A gradual end the exhausted streamlet rues.

THE THREE LASSES OF DEHLI.

BY C. A. FENWICK.

THE city of Dehli, with its environs, is the scene, and three sweet lasses are the heroines, of my tale. One of these maids was the daughter of an orthodox Kanauji bráhmaṇ; the next, the daughter of a valiant Khyetri; and the last, the daughter of a learned Káet, all residing in the same hamlet, not above three or four furlongs removed from the walls of the city. The houses of the parents of our heroines were so situated as to admit of their seeing and meeting each other often in the course of the day. While beating out the husks from the jawari, bájrí, shámí, kodo, &c. (grains peculiar to the Upper Provinces,) in the ukli (wooden mortar,) placed under the Nim trees (*Melia Azadirachta*), standing within the enclosure before their respective houses; they would occasionally cry out to each other, "E bua, (O sister,) how goes the world with you to-day?" to which and other unmeaning salutations of a similar tenor suitable replies would be returned. Or they would alternately chant a ditty, which whatever might have been the merits of the muse that had brought them into existence, were certainly very interesting when carolled forth from the mellifluous lips of the lasses. These ditties were such as native modest maids might amuse themselves with, without being suspected of knowing more than they ought at their age,

none of them having been denizens of this lower world above fourteen years. Every thing is pleasant and seems to smile around at that stage of life ; every path is strewn with pleasures, amid which the youthful heart passes on dancing playfully, as if determined to taste fully the only portion of unalloyed happiness within the reach of mortals. A pang and succeeding soft palpitation would at times visit their feelings when the thoughts of being torn away from "sweet home," fond parents, and beloved juvenile friends, to be placed under the jealous custody of a husband, would flash across their mind. They would be held as it were in confinement, probably encounter the cold formal regard of a husband not chosen by themselves but by their parents, one whom they had never seen till, on the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, they were suddenly borne away, to be committed to the arms of a stranger, who might be hideous in feature, rough in manner, or obscene in converse, probably passionate and implacable in his resentments, nig-gardly in his disposition, or one that hoped his wife would be a pretty girl, but finds the reverse when he lifts up the garment that hides her face, and exhibits instantly his disappointment, shuns her company, and at the same time bestows all his affections on a mistress. These are thoughts which naturally arise in the minds of Hindu and Mussalman young ladies, as the period of their being settled in life draws nigh. Nevertheless present freedom from only probable occurrences at a future period, keeps the mind buoyed up with hopes of the best. But our heroines had nothing to apprehend, if the accomplishments of their persons were to be the test of their happiness as wives, as my fair

readers, who are the best judges of these abstruse matters, will be able to decide.

Misri, the bráhmán's daughter, was one of those creatures who seem to have been formed for no other purpose than to distract the other sex, and to rob them of their best property, their hearts, in spite of every effort of the mind, in opposition to precept and principle, however it might be gifted with self-possession, or fortified by previous meditation on the folly of throwing away one's peace after a woman who might not choose to return smile for smile, and sigh for sigh. But what a poor watchman is resolution found to be, when fair woman stands and knocks at the door of the heart for admission ! The sight of a Misri instantly squares every account, and one beam of her eyes is more than sufficient to upset the stoutest resolves. You see she has undone you, yet you cannot turn your eyes away from her face ; you feel arrow after arrow cowering in the deepest folds of your heart, but you love the hand that makes you bleed ; you force yourself away from her presence at length with a herculean effort, but where shall the body fly after leaving the heart behind in the custody of the beloved object ? He is like the compass of a ship traversing the polar sea, where the needle of his affections intersects in all directions till it reaches the point of attraction, and remains stationary there ! Misri was not gifted with that fairy complexion which challenges a comparison with the tints of the voluptuous rose, nor did she vie with the lily that blooms in the Kashmerian vale, or adorns the summits of the Circassian mountains ; but had borrowed the colour of gold, burnished by the fervour of youth, exhibiting a bright beam in every fea-

ture of her well formed face. Her broad arched brows served to add to the brilliancy of a pair of eyes which swam in lustre, to gaze on which were to be dazzled into giddiness. But unconscious of her powers of captivation, she involuntarily cast her eyes down the moment they encountered the bewitched scrutiny of the other sex, but they fell in such a languishing manner that they seemed to betray an intoxicated mind, inviting to repose, and promising the most cordial resignation of self into the arms of love. They indeed expressed more than she ever intended should be understood; they encouraged, without their possessor's meaning to encourage, the passion of the individual that had been cheated into fondness, but who, if he were capable of examining the difference between modesty and pleased bashfulness, could not remain long unconvinced that he had no place in the heart of the fair destroyer, no portion in a bosom that was steeled against those recreant bees that wander about seeking honey, but establishing themselves no where. Her lips seldom expanded into a laugh, as if nature had already bestowed upon an irresistible face every thing by furnishing it with a mouth shooting forth innumerable darts every time it extended itself into a smile. It was dangerous to catch her smiling; to see her little ruby lips gradually approaching into a smile, drew the beholder's attention to a face that seemed to acquire a fresh glow, while pure satisfaction took its station between her dark brows, and her eyes brightened up into ten-fold lustre. None but a heart of stone could fail to be ready to part with its peace and lay itself prostrate at her feet, vanquished, softened, and undone! But her intimate friends and relatives alone,

especially of the female sex, were privileged to witness some of those exquisite charms that were her peculiar property, brought forth into play in the course of familiar intercourse. Her native reserve abroad saved many the wretchedness of living under the pains of a broken heart, whose wound it were hopeless to expect to heal !

Rudiá, the daughter of the Khyetri, was a being of a very different stamp ; playfulness was depicted in every movement, every turn displayed some gesture of person or some feature of her lively countenance expressive of uninterrupted vivacity. If ever she appeared to be serious it was the infallible precursor of some sudden burst of humour gladdening every heart present ; insomuch that on occasions of dulness every body felt the want of the sweet Rudiá, whose appearance instantaneously dispelled the prevailing insufferable gloom, and dissipated the clouds of ennui. Prolific too in inventions, she would give such a droll turn to the most stupid or trite anecdotes, that though the relation of them by any other person would unavoidably set the whole company gaping, under her management, they never failed to elicit roars of merriment. She would at times stand up and act the part of the individual she was endeavouring to expose to ridicule, or to describe in a ludicrous point of view. When gazing on the face of Misri you felt inclined to sleep, and when you heard her speak in a tender faltering voice, you felt your heart melt away unaccountably. You sought retirement from company, you thought of the secluded arbour and a bed of roses. Rudiá, on the contrary, inspired the soul with liveliness, lightened it of all its burdens ; you felt inclined to dance ! When she

happened to encounter a man gazing at her sprightly gait and seeming to view her with sentiments of satisfaction, she would burst out in a bantering laugh, turn her back upon him with an indifferent swing of her head, and leave him to eschew the greeting with what composure he could. At other times she would look him full in the face, playfully ask him what he wanted, receive his answer, stare him out of countenance, then suddenly exclaiming "*Mar, terá bhalá ho !*" run off laughing to his utter confusion !

Rudíá's complexion was dark, and had that gloss overspread on her face which was indicative of health. Her eyes were large and piercing, which opening pleased, closing distressed. They seemed to tell you that they knew your inmost thoughts, and detected your most secret wishes ; and then she would roll them over on one side with a smile, as if to tell you that she was not displeased with the feelings they had discovered ; you felt hope dawning on your soul, and stimulated you to commence your impassioned tale, but she would not wait to suffer you to do so—once more her eyes would return to a full stare, while her mouth expanded into a laugh, disclosing two rows of beautifully white pearls studded in a bed of coral ; she had done her worst, and it only remained for her to leave you in the lurch with a roar of laughter ! Her form was slender, but exquisitely proportioned—no sculptor could produce a more perfect symmetry of form with the utmost exercise of his skill. But her slender waist seemed to be the centre of her attractions, and there Cupid had taken up his mischief-making station with a formidable quiver of arrows. Her whole frame seemed to borrow grace from that point, which waved from side to

side producing a gait which, without seeing her face, you concluded; was but a portion of the collective charms of a pretty girl. As she walked, you felt yourself involuntarily drawn after her—to join her and throw your arms round her waist—and along with such a wish you part with your heart long before you are aware of your loss. The shrewd wench, all this while, knew perfectly well what liberties you were taking with her property, but was determined to allow you to besot and befool yourself, till she perceived that you seemed to be encouraged to draw nearer still and relate your tale of woe—of being poisoned by her smiles—pierced through and through with her merciless eyes—of a breaking heart, maddening brain, intoxicated mind, and ruined peace. This is the time to send you adrift among the breakers of despair, and she knows that you deserved it, (for you had no business to fall in love at first sight with a maid that had been destined for the arms of a husband of her parents' and not her own choosing.) She immediately puts on a frown of disgust, then walks on lightly, and finally flies off almost choked with laughing !

The females of this country, much earlier than those of Europe, become pretty extensive adepts in the knowledge of their own attractions, and possess the art of using them to the best advantage. In her fourteenth year, therefore, this girl was mistress of all those manœuvres the source of which we are so often puzzled to divine; for certainly no books have ever been published professing to teach young, almost shrimp-like little wenches, the art of discovering the tendency of the masculine desires towards them, and the various endless modes by which they are to

be detected—worked upon, ridiculed, spurned at or encouraged. This however, is not to be denied, that girls know more of the characters of men than men of that of girls at the ages of from ten to fifteen.

Rudiá's very repulses served to procure for her (much against her will) more admirers than the retiring, fascinating Misri would dare to think she had bewitched with those sleepy eyes which were exposed but to captivate, and closing completed her conquests. And there was nothing of levity in the conduct of Rudiá. Nature had formed her for playfulness—for the very life of her she could not help mingling sport with every thing about her, although it frequently ran foul of her own parents, who, on their part, could not help regarding her with deep interest, and heavily sighing when they remembered they were one day to be deprived of the presence of the jocund nymph that sweetened all their cares and in whose company it was impossible to be sad! The excessive vivacity of her temper was part and parcel of her nature—more so than any limb of her body; any of them she might be easily deprived of, but the deprivation of sanity or life alone could undo what nature had made her. I have seen many a Rudiá in India placed far from the observation of Europeans, but far more happy than we have the pleasure of meeting young females of her age in any part of the world. But many a Misri too have I seen, like the tender narcissus, blooming in secret, putting forth her beauties just for a short season, as if afraid of observation, and much more so of being roughly touched. At length you find them plucked up violently, and assigned to the custody of some unfaithful bráhmén, who

wedded not her but the gold of her father—obtained her into the bargain, lived with her a few heavily crawling days, and anon left her to bewail a perpetual widowhood at the interesting age of fifteen or sixteen!—an age when feminine charms scarcely arrive at perfection—a bud that just begins to expand, a petal here and another there, apparently reluctant to throw open its latent fascinations at once, and dreading to expose them to the gaze of weak, selfish, heartless mortals, who too often snatch up sweet flowers from their beds, inhale their fragrance, and presently either fling them away into a gutter, or trample them under foot! Formed for communicating the purest connubial enjoyments, and participating in them in their fulness, our *Misris* live a life of trembling, and are too often doomed to realize their prophetic forebodings—are consigned into the hands of mercenary husbands—are transported into a cold uncongenial region—are seized by the chill hand of the spectre indifference—are speedily smothered—the sweet rose withers—the fairest boast of mortals linger under the fatal grasp of neglect—sink irremediably in the dust, the victims of broken hearts! And thus a countless multitude of dear, sweet, hapless and helpless women inevitably perish, starved for want of the only food which could sustain life and render existence sufferable—the love of a faithful husband! O the blasting effects of the reign of superstition, consuming hidden virtue with the firebrands of immorality, which it flings about in every direction, kindling a flame that will not be quenched till that period arrives when India shall start from its long-during sleep of error, look wildly around on the demons

that haunt its sweetest abodes, grasp the weapons of knowledge, manfully face each haggard bugbear, and at length storm the strongholds of the prince of darkness and destruction !

But such characters as the lively Rudiá are born to be happy under every circumstance of humanity. It is not in the nature of things to rob them of the cup of happiness they had, as it were, brought with them into the world. While they live, either as maids, wives, or widows, the village or hamlet in which they reside seems to imbibe cheerfulness from their happy presence. On the other hand, their departure to other places, or the close of their earthly career, becomes the forerunner of universal sadness, damping the spirits of every female circle, and spreading an impervious gloom over the scenes of her inexhaustible liveliness, which nothing but the acquisition of another kindred-souled Rudiá can chase away by her endless sallies of wit and humour.

My third heroine was called Tárá, and as the reader already knows, was the daughter of a Káet, an individual of the writer caste : she was short in stature, a round plump little wench, whom perhaps our fair judges would designate shapeless, forgetting that the shape and beauty of their sweet sex lies in that one word "*woman*," more than in the accomplishments of person or mind. "*The fair sex*" includes the whole race of the daughter of Eve, whether in Europe, in the shape of a fairy-colored rose—in India, like the golden marigold—in America, like the copper-colored passion-flower, or in Africa, as the stellated convolvulus. Beauty is arbitrary, and cannot be brought to submit to

rules ; and he that takes it upon himself to stand judge between two fair claimants for the prize of superior charms, is more fit to be housed comfortably and safely in a lunatic hospital, or transported to the glassy region of Spitzbergen, than to make laws where it is impossible to enforce them, and arbitrate there where arbitration is sheer impertinence. The microscopic eye of a lover will needs magnify the apparently homely features of his sweetheart, and discover the hidden beauties of her face, while her eyes, to others but a twinkling star, will to him appear as a rolling planet of the first magnitude. He is a Herschel who brings the hidden stars of heaven before his eyes, and discovers and proclaims that there is a Uranus therein ! Tell him he is blinded by passion, he will retort that you are worse than blind, for " seeing you see not ;" call him a fool, he will denounce you as a madman. In short, woman is a kaleidoscope, which never presents the self-same forms to any one ; each has something new, something which the other cannot see, but all fascinating !

TÁRÁ seemed to be designed for shining in those accomplishments which have a greater reference to domestic virtues than what is called personal beauties ; yet a smiling dimple played on the tip of her chin, as if to compensate for the homely cast of the rest of the features of her face. He that required a useful beauty would find enough in TÁRÁ to satisfy the utmost desires of his heart. She was formed to be the comfort of an appreciating husband, whose domestic affairs could not but prosper, under the management of so active and prudent, indefatigable and discreet a mistress. Many a sober-minded lover has her " *je ne*

sais quoi" led captive in her train, till, discomfited by uniform repulses, they have given up their pursuit, retiring with vexation; but only *then* beginning to tax themselves for their want of taste in wasting so much time and so many sighs after one that was not a beauty! She, as well as Rudiá, could enjoy a joke, but she could not for the life of her invent one. She would sometimes droll out a story, but could not go through with it under the stunning bursts of Rudiá's laughter, or the sly remarks she every now and then let loose at the awkward attempts of her less-gifted young friend to excite merriment. Hence it became a common source of amusement to send for Rudiá when Tára was about to relate one of her anecdotes. But Tára's nature was to please, though the pleasure sought was purchased at her expense. If any person was pleased, it mattered little to her how that was accomplished.

These three young friends generally met in the evening, for gossiping purposes, under a banyan tree that stood at the back of their houses. Here every secret would be disclosed, each domestic adventure related, each cross sympathised in mutually, and each comfort reciprocally rejoiced over. Every topic of intelligence gleaned from the weather-beaten, worn-out, grandmother-like matrons, whose province it was to scour the bazar or the city in quest of the necessaries of life, and who never missed returning surcharged with all sorts of news of the day, would be discussed and digested, furnishing the facetious Rudiá with ample data for the exercise of her unruly wit, and were ready at hand to be produced when occasions required. They used at times to be seen drawing close to each other, casting a

suspicious look this way and that, and speaking earnestly to each other in a low whisper, insomuch that their mysterious discussions would create rather odd surmises in the minds of the said matrons, probably because they brought to their ready recollection some adventure, some "*faux pas*," in which they had themselves in the days of their youth borne a *conspicuous* part, rather untoward in their nature, and which, if they had been brought to light, might have robbed them of a tolerable portion of their reputation, now matured into honorable grey hairs. They would shake their heads, or put their hand to their mouths, wink at each other with inexpressible expression of eyes, not daring to venture a word to the prejudice of our merry gossips, who, to the further confusion of the old ladies, continued their consultations, and ever and anon exploded into suffocating peals of laughter, which the observant Rudiá, who well knew what the thoughts of the matrons were, the more blew into flame by the relation of anecdotes of old prudes, whom she designated "*dhaddor*," alias "*old fogies*."

There is a deep and inscrutable mystery in the friendship of young ladies of the age of our heroines, the philosophy of which, in spite of the march of intellect, has never been discovered, having been found as difficult and as preposterous as a north-eastern passage through the northern polar sea. What can they be about? or what can they have so much to talk of? has often set many a hoary head a wool-gathering after conjectures, and not seldom the procuring cause to them of many a wholesome piece of good advice, and oftener a no less beneficial piece of objurgation rather of an obstreperous nature; some pungent twist of the ear,

or swinging slap on their sweet chubby cheeks, more fit to be kissed into a flame, than visited by such a thunderbolt ! For my part, I have often caught my weak eyes becoming a sluice of briny drops on seeing the invasion of the prerogative of a group of innocent damsels, to make the most of their juvenile nothings among themselves ; who have thoughts heterogeneous to those which matured experience of the course of things and circumstances furnish riper years with ; who cannot impart their feelings to others without encountering an insipid trite precept, or a chilling repulse ; whose incomprehensible ideas can only be understood by congenial souls. To them what to others appears trifling or ridiculous is the most important of things. Theirs is the age to form durable friendships ; in it are the germs of confidence sown, shooting up into unalterable esteem, and which we often see bearing sweet fruit in after-life. In India, where a few years are all that young women can hope to enjoy in the company of their youthful friends, or taste the pleasures of unrestrained friendship in ; where long before they arrive at the years of discretion, they are torn away from their associates, often never to meet again—the mutual enjoyment of the society of young females is exquisite indeed ! The persuasion of this circumstance induces their parents to abstain from interrupting their playfulness and pastimes during their leisure hours : so long as they conduct themselves discreetly in other matters, they seldom throw impediments in the way of those recreations, which serve to keep them cheerful, and promote their health.

It is unquestionable that young girls are consummate observers of passing events, and no less so of the charac-

ters of the people who pass in review before them in all the various occupations of life in the midst of which they are placed. And no less are they extremely watchful of the deportment of others towards themselves, whether they be relations and friends, or strangers with whom they might have been allowed or might have slyly assumed the liberty of speaking to in a corner. They comprehend extremely well what is meant by a hint hazarded by a passer-by, indicative of admiration of personal charms, and why such a hint was made. They know that they are approaching to the state of womanhood, which conviction, while it apparently makes them shy and bashful, prepares them to catch at every word they hear the other sex drop, in which they share the chief part. As one point of the needle of a compass looks to the north, and the other point as steadfastly to the cardinal point over against it, so, while the youth feels himself unaccountably drawn towards the other sex—the latter no less feel themselves attracted to that quarter where they must ultimately be absorbed in the arms of a husband. Every thing, therefore, that is connected with that for which woman was assigned to the man, works powerfully though secretly and irresistibly in the new-born sympathies of the lass springing up into the woman. Hence nothing is more congenial to them than to be made much of—to be admired and flattered—to be courted and doated upon; the sum of which is, they are eager to win and more ready to be won. Endeavour to meet their eyes—they cannot mistake what you intend by it—endeavour to draw them into conversation, they already understand the drift of it—catch them by the hand, and lead them out to walk,

and they regard it as the commencement of their progress towards the altar—persevere, and they melt away into attachment, flow into love, and cursed is the heart that petrifies them into the icy region of despair !

Our heroines were placed within reach of the vortex of the wide-spread evils of a teeming city. Delhi is the centre of the emanations of moral corruption branching out over all Hindusthán. Here innocence arrives to be contaminated, and virtue to be corrupted. The unclouded conscience enters it only to be darkened by iniquity, and to return with a thousand smarts. But our lasses had not as yet been permitted to come within reach of the contagion : they had never been suffered to enter the city, though they had become pretty well versed in the affairs of it, the character of its inmates, and the affairs that were transacted in it, notices of which daily poured into the suburbs inordinately exaggerated by those who had occasion to visit it on business, and of which a good deal also was learnt from the irruption of the cockneys who prowled about the environs in quest of sport or mischief, to display their wealth in grand equipages and attendants, or to kill time by sanntering about without any purpose whatever. Every thing they saw or heard of added to the zest of the evening confab of Misri, Rudiá, and Tárá, for whom, as well as for all the world besides, novelty had many charms.

At one of these pleasant occasions, their conversation, among other things of mighty import, turned on the relative sweetness of things and objects. Which of the lasses started the question does not appear, but no sooner was it fairly proposed, than Misri cast down her eyes. Tárá

looked at the faces of her friends alternately, as if to challenge them to speak first. Rudiá giggled, and taking Misri's hand, said, "You are a sweet creature, come let us hear what you think to be the sweetest in the world?" Misri hesitated, and ceased to smile. Rudiá laughed, and Tárá grumbled at the *pekhná* (fuss) made by Misri. Taxed thus with unjustifiable reserve, where each knew completely the other's profoundest secrets, half smiling, but still looking down, she declared that *man was the sweetest*. Tárá readily pronounced that nothing in the world she considered to be *sweeter than wine*. "You are both mistaken," said Rudiá, "believe me there is *nothing so sweet as a lie*." What cause the two former had to entertain their respective opinions, it may appear difficult to conjecture, when it is considered that they were maids, the one bearing an unimpeached character, and the other both sound in reputation, and never having so much as tasted a drop of any thing beside the milk of the household cows, and the pure water of the Jumna. Neither does it appear that any prolonged debates ensued upon the diversity of opinions brought to light by a sudden freak, I shrewdly suspect, of the vivacious Rudiá. If one might guess from the characters of the three fair debaters, Rudiá spoke out her own. Misri too, one would be ready to say, could not choose otherwise than allow a man to be the sweetest object in the world, and with much diffidence be it added, it would not be too much to say that nine-tenths of her own sex would vote with her. But Tárá, the poor simple Tárá, always head and ears, hand and foot, in an endless series of domestic labour, which she delighted to engage in, and discharged

with delight to her fond parents, what evil genius could have suggested the idea of the superlative sweetness of the glowing and sparkling, befooling and besotting bowl ! Evidently she spoke not the inclinations of her heart—her opinion was founded on observations—he could not like wine, for she never had tasted it. She might have seen toppers of every calibre, playing the fool in the streets, but that, one would imagine, would rather create disgust than otherwise.

I am inclined to stop here, and solicit the opinions of my readers on the merits of the question at issue between my heroines, and had almost wished to postpone the development of the virtue of the three sweetest *things* in the world, (as ere long practically illustrated by them in support or rather in demonstration of their respective persuasions,) till I was favoured with the result of the deliberations of my readers; but I remember that my business is to entertain and not to perplex them with the travail of defining the principles, adducing the arguments, and drawing the inferences from abstruse doctrines, especially such as of the sweetness, acidity, or bitterness of things, while there are many, who, to get rid of the bother of thinking for themselves, presently adopt the first opinion they hear, or dispose of it in the most convenient manner that ever was discovered, in order to arrive at the pith, branch, and *bearings* of recondite subjects, and that is by looking as grave as a first-rate philosopher, indifferent as a dandy, and out with those never-to-be-too-much-prized words, “Much may be said on both sides of the question !” As for Misri and Tára, they satisfied themselves with merely advancing their *ipse dixit*, little caring whether they made converts to their doctrines or not. Ru-

diá, the wild Rudiá, thought not so ; nothing would satisfy her but the conviction of her hearers of the truth of her proposition, resulting from ocular demoustration. 'In a day or two her project was matured and carried into execution.

At the expiration of three or four days after the opinions of the lasses had been brought to light, a rumour suddenly sprung up that, on a certain day, an image of Mahádeb would start up from the earth under a large banyan tree, that stood at the distance of a mile from the city ; and that at the same place under a Ním tree, an image of the Burrák, the celebrated horse of Ali, would at the same instant proceed out of the bowels of the earth, and both would receive the adorations of Hindus and Musalmáns ; but at the same time, it was added, that they should be visible to those only who had no flaw in their birth, or as the natives express it, "that were the sons of one father," (*ek báp ká beśá.*) And as the people of India are not a jot behind John Bull, when opportunities of being gulled are thrown in their way, when it matters little how improbable the thing may be, but helter skelter they fly to behold the wonder, the bruit went down as smoothly as could have been wished, and more too. The greater the absurdity, the more attractive it is, and the more eagerly sought after. The rumour spread through the suburbs into the city, and ere long, received that respectful attention among all classes of its inhabitants in every quarter, street, and gulli, which a *bazár gap* is entitled to, till at length it prove to be a mere blast, sounded from the clarion of some incorrigible wag's gullet. From the hovel to the gorgeous palace—the huxter's four-feet square shop, to the gilded ministerial cabinet—the stinking,

darkling brothel, to the incensed holy vaults of the mosque—from the thronged active bazár, to the voluptuous seraglio, nothing could be thought of, no topic produced on the tapis, but the ensuing gracious visitation of Mahádeb from Baikunt and that of the Burrák from the deserts of Karbalá, and each version of the prophecy was more exciting than the last. The result of this was, that each individual, according to his rank and fortune, from the emperor down to the sweeper, made preparations suitable to them, to the no small benefit of tradesmen in general. The shops and warehouses endeavoured to surpass each other in exhibiting the freshest and rarest batch of goods peculiar to their respective lines of buying and selling, and every counter groaned beneath the abundance of the returns showered on them. Turbans, mantles, *kamarbands*, *súris*, and *dhotis* waived majestically in front of the *rangrezes'* (dyers') shop, exhibiting every variety of hue, primitive and intermediate, like the signal flags of a man-of-war on a grand gala day. And as people will eat and drink more voraciously on such occasions than in ordinary, the boards of the confectioners displayed huge pyramids of sweetmeats and preserves, the *nánbái's*, (bakers) lofty piles of unleavened cakes, and emitted an irresistibly tempting savour of ready roasting *sik kabábs* dripping with butter. The fruiterers' shops, both stationary and portable, looked gay with whole mountains of the most luscious and inviting fruits of the season and out of season. The celebrated wag too, the vender of that *nondescript* sort of unedible sweetmeat called "*bágr. há-ladda*," (the spherical sweetmeat of vanity,) made of saw-dust and other notable ingredients, equally obnoxious to all palates saving

that of the ancient family of white-ants, sat in a conspicuous part of the grand bazár or *chauk*, vociferating the live-long cry of "*jo kháwe so pastáre, jo nah kháwe so bhi pastáre !*" (he that eats repents, and he that does not eat also repents,) and thereby gathering round his board a goodly bunch of good-for-nothing-looking *hahaks* piping^z hot from the adjacent villages, swallowing down the panegyric, and parting with their hard-earned coin, in order to try the virtues of the most abominable description of stomach-turning edibles that wags or wiseacres ever invented for converting a human being into a donkey. O! for a Wilkie to have been present (if he could have managed to preserve his belly from bursting with the steam of risibility), to pourtray the distortion of faces, the wrinkling of eyelids, the screwing of mouths of every degree of calibre, as if whole treble doses of ipecacuanha had been rammed into them, that seized the gawks as they crammed in large morsels with hobnail-like haste into their throats, and presently experienced the benefits of swallowing down half a dozen ounces of powdered chillies, and as much of pulverised Chunar tobacco at each mouthful. In the *ne plus ultra* of excitement of the pungency on tongue, and in nostril, the greatest difficulty was whether both hands should be applied to the mouth or nose—whether the paroxysm of sternutation or salivation should be most attended to—whether the possessed should fly about like bacchanalians with all the furies hard at their heels; roll on the ground like madmen under the grasp of legions of demons; caper like those who had been bit by the tarantula; or bellow like bated bulls! Others, that had previously had the blessed pleasure of being

experimentally initiated into the virtues of the "*bhur-ká laddu*," had taken care to stand aloof in shoals, to regale themselves without money and price, with the pantomimic tortures of our *ganwárs*, as they approached the bait, laid down the value, and, anon, thrust it into their eager mouths, and were ready to suffer explosion by laughing. You could see them holding their bellies with both hands as tight as mortal strength would permit, without bursting a blood-vessel; and stooping down almost to the ground to the imminent hazard of their noses and teeth, should some fellow under similar exacerbation lucklessly come suddenly athwart their protruding hind-quarters. In the midst of these combined emergencies, nothing appeared more like the soundest piece of wisdom to our eaters of the *laddu*, the moment they had sweated out their fit, and gained some portion of convalescency, after suffering so shamefully from the effects of the fever of idle curiosity, than to begin to make use of their legs, and gallop off at a treble quick rate through the thronging streets, with a thousand frolic-loving, howling, hooting city lads after them in hot pursuit, in which our well-known paria dogs invariably take a conspicuous part, whenever mischief is in the wind, with barking and yelping, and falling pell mell, especially on those who are running away without *taking the trouble* to look back! (for just do that, and a dead stand or turn back yelping, immediately becomes the order of the moment.) Moreover, as our flying squad of greenhorns trotted past a fellow passenger at thirteen knots an hour, the latter was seen suddenly darting forward a leg with perfect *sang froid*, against which the chased, bewildered *ganwárs* came in contact, and flew off

twenty yards, sprawling at full length—but, without waiting to be advised, started up with the agility of a lightning's flash, and plunged forward, but now in a zig-zag course, as they saw a person approaching from the opposite direction, till at length they found themselves safe home with their *jhumps* properly secured against the imps of the now infernal city!

Such were the scenes, with many others, of merry-making, feasting, sky-larking, and spending, that were exhibited in every part of the city till the day appointed for the appearance of Mahādeb and the Burrák, which at length appeared. The whole city was in motion, rolling out of the gates, and flowing towards the banyan and num trees. The *sawāris* of the nobility and *amirs* of different ranks issued out in the usual style, with drums beating both on foot and on the backs of dromedaries, *nakibs* proclaiming the titles and dignities of their respective lords, and banners flying. Each cavalcade was thronged with horsemen bedecked with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments, scores of *chobdārs*, *sonlá-bardārs*, *barchhī-bardārs*, and various other *dārs* and *bardārs* surrounded the *nātkis* or elephants, horses, and *raiks*, (two-wheeled carriages, drawn by either two horses or bullocks,) on which their masters were seated, regaling themselves with whiffs of their hukahs, while the ponderous bells suspended under the necks of the elephants sent forth far and wide their ding-dong music over the plain; and lesser bells and myriads of jingles mingled their tinklings and jinglings with the buz of the multitude. Last of all came the pageant of the imperial cortege, accompanied in the same fashion, but more densely crowded, and with retinue more magnificently dressed.

He was surrounded by his *wazirs* and other ministers of state, each of whom might be mistaken for his majesty himself. A countless multitude of troops, both horse and foot, swelled the imperial *sawári*, over whose heads waved innumerable glittering banners, among which was seen the *mahi murátib*, (fish-head standard,) borne on the back of a splendidly caparisoned elephant.

Beyond the city gates the crowds gradually spread out, and made room for other less favored sons of fortune to display not their pomp but skill. Cavaliers gaily dressed were seen causing their steeds to curvet and plunge in every direction, now giving full rein, as if to run a race, then suddenly stopping and making their horses dance to the tune of the drums beating in the midst of a passing *sawári*. Others were seen pushing their animals at full speed, then suddenly wheeling round and round a circle without diminishing their velocity, but contracting their whorls each time till reduced to a few yards, then prancing off bounding to the right and left amid the reiterated applause of the admiring spectators!

Foot passengers marched forward as well as they could, often ready to be overthrown and rolled in the dust, or to have a limb or two smashed by the horses. Innumerable *pálkis* shuffled along, accompanied by the *hum-hum* of their bearers, who every now and then trotted out of the road as fast as they could contrive it sideways like a crab, at the approach of a neck-or-nothing galloping *sawári*, or a rolling *rath* or *ekká*, (a two-wheeled carriage, drawn by one horse,) rolling on at a rate as if to try which should be upset first, to the great comfort of the creature who just came in the way in time to be buried under the combined weight of

carriage and the pot-bellied, hundred-stone weighing chap that had thrust himself into it like a chuaked *maená* in a *bayá's* nest, puffing and blowing in complete nobleman style.

But long before the inhabitants of the city had sallied out of it, a goodly group of bráhmans and mulláhs had hastened to the spot where Mahadeb and the Burrák were to show themselves to the chips of their own lawful fathers, in order to conduct the ceremony of the presentation of the devotees to their respective objects of adoration. On their arrival, however, they were presently convinced that they must have been brought forth into the world in a very *questionable* manner, but *n'importe!* for who cares about doubtful genealogies when, to compensate for breaks in the links, the heavens seem ready to pour down a shower of gold on the most bastard-looking fellow? Consequently, our Bráhmanic and Mahammadan masters of the ceremonies took every possible care to commence their work by exclaiming the one "*Bam Mahádeb!*" (hail to Mahádeb!) and the other "*Tá Ali!*" (O! Ali!) "*Si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo rem!*" Never was there a more excellent opportunity offered to priestcraft to make the most of their disciples than the present one, maugre the compunctions of conscience that told them that they did not believe a word of what they indoctrinated in others. When mammon is in the way, who cares where or who the divinity is!

The trees were environed by portable shops of tradesmen of every stamp, exhibiting an extensive *melá* or fair, where all manner of eatables and drinkables, toys, and shows were inviting the notice of visitors, and the waggish "*bhur-ka laddu wálá*" too was bellowing abroad the wonderful virtues

of his queer commodity. Of course the members of these corporations, no less than the *bráhmans* and *midjís*, had in vain strained their usual organs to the last pitch to catch if it were only a passing glimpse of the *Lingam* or *Burrák*; but no, that was too good a fortune for those who could not help believing that there must have been some sad incongruities in the mode in which they were begotten, and that the blood that flowed in their veins was any thing but what they had been fools enough to think it was. Yet surely this was not the proper time to "confer with flesh and blood." What if every possible doubt hung on the question of their birth, could there be any sort of reason why they should not consult the good of their purses, now that the very hint of their not having seen the *gods* would be amply sufficient to send every soul a packing fast home, without venturing to draw nigh to the shrines where *Mahádeb* and the *Burrák* were said to be seated in state? No, no, leave tradesmen alone to make the most they could of their spec; and the sooner you part with your money, the better are you in their estimation.

Such a combination of priests and speculators hastened the consummation of universal bastardy. No sooner did the former see a person advancing towards the invisible *Mahádeb* or *Burrák*, than they exclaimed "Jae! (victory!) may heaven reward the chastity of thy mother, and crown thy head with rejoicing!" More was not needful, it was an irresistible appeal to honor and a good name to exclaim almost simultaneously, "Bam *Mahádeb*!" or "Yá *Ali*!" to a devout prostration, and liberal donation to the presiding priests. The slightest hesitation on the part of comers

drew an arch-smile from the holy fathers, that expressed more than a thousand words could do—it penetrated into their sympathies, and produced the desiderated effect, though at the same time they were ready to perish through shame, and the uproar of refractory pride, under the dreadful conviction that, as they could not see Mahādeb or the Burrāk, what could be more plain than that they were the *sons of any body but their own fathers*? Bestow away their gold they must, or encounter (as they apprehended) the cunning smiles of the priests, or meet the scrutinizing looks of standers by, neither of which could be delectable. But here ended not the exercise of their forced liberality, for the sweetmeat *wāls* (*halwa*) were prepared to take every advantage they could of the persuasion that there were few that had seen the deities; and as each spectator passed by their shops they cried out, “Will you not be pleased to treat yourself and friends after the trial of your pure blood?” Of course every body was prepared to do any thing to be regarded as “sound wind and limb,” part and parcel of their fathers, though for aught they could now say they might not have had a father at all; and what would not they give to be able to convince the world that they were mere *androgeuous* productions, like those eggs of hens which are sometimes brought forth no body knows how. But as that could not be done, there could be nothing resorted to better than to appear to be what they were certain they were not. As to eating the sweetmeats, you might as well have tendered the “*bhur-ká laddu*” in preference, as their hearts were more sick at the idea of the spurious blood that flowed in their veins, than any description of loathsome food could make

them—nay if they could contrive it, they would readily swallow down such an emetic as would procure the discharge of the whole purple stream !

Then the sets of dancing girls, who though they cared not a straw about the soundness of their ancestry, found it extremely profitable to maintain the delusion, and as they were privileged to deal out their inuendos at all times, and at all persons, on this occasion, they exercised that right largely, by such broad hints concerning the fidelity of wives and chastity of mothers, that there was none to be found so void of generosity as to think it *convenient* to begrudge the merry fools a portion of their rapidly exhausting purses. Many being thus pinched of their last pice, hurried out of the *melá*, bending their courses reluctantly homewards ; but were perpetually harassed with questions *whether* they had seen Mahádeb and the Burrák, and replying to them instinctively, " To be sure I have."

Thus the whole world were certain of their bastardy, while at the same time, the whole world conspired to maintain their good name by a flagrant lie ! How much was included in that word " No," in speaking the truth, was never more exquisitely felt than on this dreadful occasion. All men, fathers, brothers, sons, husbands, were ready to sink at the result of *their* now-pronounced mad curiosity ; yet, at the same time, they united as one man, to support one of the most arrant lies that it ever entered into the mind of man to manufacture ! Warriors, that had signalized themselves in numberless deadly battles, often at the risk of their lives, by the mere utterance of the word *no*, would in a moment, in the eyes of the world, be robbed of their dearly purchased

laurels. Noblemen, who prided themselves on their honorable descent from nawábs, amirs, and other illustrious men of the nation, found that they all depended on the word *no*. Thus from the lowest to the highest, from the peasant to the prince, all perceived, that, if ever there was an occasion for telling a lie, now was that time or never. If ever it was necessary to say *yex*, against their own persuasions, no time was more appropriate than the present. Bráhmans, who traced their origin to the very gods, were now in doubts whether they ought not to conclude, that it was no such thing, and that they might be the sons of the *goálá* (milkman) or the *harri*, (a general attendant), or even the *náu* (barber), that administered to the comforts of their household, whom, on account of their having turned grey in their service, they had the more become attached to, and proportionately rewarded with higher rates of wages. Hoary-headed Sayads, that prized themselves for being the sons of Ali, were ready to conclude that there might be more of the blood of Shekhs in their composition, than that of the "King of the brave" (*Sháh-i-mardán*). Rajputs were ready to think, that for aught any body could say, they were indebted for their birth to some rascally syce or grass-cutter. Káets were prepared to trace their births to this or that fellow, who they suspected might have had a hand in it. To such a pitch had such feelings amounted, that few of them dared to look into the faces of their menials when they returned to their houses, lest they might discover some feature that might correspond either with their own, or those of their sons and daughters, brothers or sisters! Their judgment had been utterly confounded by the agitation of their

feelings ; and so grossly had they been bewitched by the mania of shame, that every body believed that there was not a chaste mother, daughter, sister, or wife in the city. Husbands, who were previously perfectly satisfied, by the most infallible tokens, that their wives doated on them to distraction, and lived only to promote their happiness, were in a single moment persuaded out of their certainty, that the burning kiss, the open arms, the giddy eyes, the heaving bosom inflated with the purest connubial fire, and a thousand other sweet proofs of supreme fondness, were any thing but the offspring of hypocrisy ! Their children bore their express image, yet the dolts had not seen Mahádeb or the Burrák, and therefore nothing could be more plain than that such proofs of unsullied conjugal chastity were no proofs at all. The slightest indisposition of their husbands threw their wives into an inexpressible agony at the dread of losing a being on whom their happiness depended, eliciting the most heartfelt solicitude for their restoration to health, by incessant watching and trembling attendance during the paroxysms of their disorders, accompanied by floods of bitter tears on the slightest appearance of danger ; but all these signs of supreme devotion were nothing compared with only one sight of Mahádeb or the Burrák, that was wanting, and therefore every thing that was requisite to convince a husband of the unspotted chastity of his wife, was necessarily wanting too. Fathers who had often delighted to discover their own image imprinted on the visages of their children, and could not doubt that they were " bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh," were now ready to discard them from their sympathies as a spurious progeny, worthy only to be cast

out and destroyed. Sons and daughters asked themselves, "Whom shall we call our father?" and some even had the impudence to go and ask their mothers! But who can enumerate the biting pangs of the females of a whole city encountering the averted looks of those individuals who were dearer to them than life—the grinding of the teeth of husbands—the wrathful frowns of the children of their womb—the muttering curses of their fathers! Husbands had gone out rejoicing, but had returned any thing but happy—had parted with a fervent kiss and distracted embrace, but met again loathing and shunning! Sons had left home with their mothers' blessings, but returned to despise and abhor the tender authors of their birth, and to hate the pups that had nourished their helpless infancy! Their very lives were placed in jeopardy, for who could calculate on the forbearance of husbands whose souls were gnawed by the fiend jealousy—of fathers regarding their children as the offspring of others, and sons bowed down with disgrace and exposed to general odium?

But no language can describe the merriment enjoyed by the three lasses, Misri, Rudiá and Tárá, who with much difficulty had prevailed upon their parents to allow them to go and witness the grand doings at the *melá*. Rudiá had set the world agog after nothing, she had made blockheads of the most illustrious princes, and asses of the most erudite *Muflis*; nay more, she had filled the city with a race of bastards! and all this she had done to prove that *nothing was so sweet as a lie!*"

The people had dispersed from the *melá* with no very enviable emotions of soul, for all felt as if they were

journeying towards a wilderness where nothing but the most disgusting objects would present themselves to their view ; so that they were seen moving on with a pace very little resembling the agility that marked their career, when, buoyed up with the most pleasing anticipations, they had sallied out of the city rife with hilarity under the general epidemic of sight-seeing. True it was that none ventured to be otherwise than manifestly cheerful, for the least signs of chagrin or sorrow were the butts at which each fellow-passenger, though himself labouring under a similar malady, was ready to let fly some arrow of his own spleen, furnished with some quaint side remark scarcely to be endured. If any body cursed his horse for a false step or awkward trip, or if the beast wantonly neighed, the passers by set it down conclusively as levelled at the rider's mother. If he laid on his whip to the sides of the horse, it was decided that he meant the action to express his intentions with reference to what he was preparing for his wife or widowed sister. If a dog was kicked by a fellow-passenger, it was in effect bestowed on a bastard son or daughter ! The sentimental world was in an uproar, and every bosom was the seat of a wide conflagration consuming every avenue of the soul ! Pride, honor, jealousy, shame, tore up the distended sinews of the hearts of every one that had a mother's impurity to be enraged at, a wife's infidelity to distract, a daughter's dubious birth to sicken, or a sister's immorality to disgust. There was not a soul that did not in a greater or lesser degree feel the paroxysms of one or other of these passions lacerating his vitals ; and how truly excruciating is the smart that durst not spend itself in groans or tears, lamentations or denunciations, raving or abuse !

Only one individual there was among the multitude of spectators that had too much honesty to allow his face or actions to express any thing but the real state of his feelings, and that person was no other than the Emperor himself. To him there appeared no bastards in the world besides himself, he was the only odious character among the myriads of his subjects! Every body had seen either Mahideb or the Burrak but himself; the inference was obvious. The cheerfulness of the multitudes, though only assumed, seemed to mark him out as the only object of scorn, and forced him to hang down his head abashed, while a petrifying chilliness seized his heart. Their respectful obeisance was mistaken for premeditated bantering, and their prostration as the ill disguised marks of mockery. If a person laughed, it was at his splendour. If his eyes met a smile, it expressed deep things to his tortured soul. If a cough assailed his ears, it denoted some reflection on usurped power; or if some fellow, forgetting himself in a moment of deep reverie on what he was only an hour before and what he had become now, involuntarily discharged a groan, it was to manifest the wretch's disgust at being placed beneath the sceptre of the only bastard in the world! If a passing group from sentinels of the purest respect abstained from audible conversation, being under the eye of his sovereign, and whispered among themselves, it was set down as the indications of the germ of a wide rebellion against the loathsome government of a prince that had no pretensions to assume it, that would ere long burst over his head! No longer able to bear the universal odium, so he imagined it to be, he let drop the *pardás* (hangings) of his gorgeous *ammári*, (seat

on the elephant,) and gave a loose to his insupportable feelings in a flood of the most bitter tears. The moment he alighted from the *sawari* at the entrance of the palace, he turned to the chief of his wazirs, and ordered him to assemble all the officers of state, and all the nobility and other respectable individuals in the city, by proclamation, the next day at the audience chamber; and cause a lofty gallows to be erected facing the palace in the court before it.

Presently the public criers accompanied by drums scoured the streets of the city and its immediate suburbs, which resounded with the loud mandate of the emperor, followed by dinning crashes of the collective *tom-tom* beat upon furiously by the *dhendiwálás*, (beaters of the drums,) to the no little alarm of the people, the agonizing screams of infants, and deafening barkings of dogs. The procession passed by the residence of the parents of Misri, Rudiá and Tárá.

On his return from the *melá*, Rudiá's father, borne down with the excitement of his feelings, (for he had not had the good fortune to see Mahádeb) let himself down almost motionless on the floor, saying that he was unwell and desired not to be disturbed. He had no appetite and refused to eat; he was not thirsty, and rejected the spiced sharbat his affectionate wife had prepared for him against his return, and to make it acceptable had sent it to him by the hand of the smiling Rudiá, on whom she knew he doated almost to distraction. These were unusual acts. He had never done so before, what could it mean? But, the moment the painful question rose in the mind of his wife, then the suspicion that he had not seen Mahádeb, flashed in her wretched

meditations; it could be nothing else, he was dying with the conviction of her infidelity, his dishonor, Rudiá's bastardy! She shuddered with shame, and smote her forehead with torment. The consciousness of unsullied purity for a moment sustained her sinking spirits; but how could she enforce the conviction of the truth in his mind, after the dreadful disappointment he had experienced in not seeing Mahádeb? But where love and fondness sway every feeling, to a tender wife, it is far more preferable to die by the hand of her beloved husband than to be the cause of his death, the greatest calamity that can befall a doating wife. She started from her seat and approached him—he frowned, she stood mute before him; he cast a stern look at her, and turned away his face. She threw herself at his feet, held them fast to her tender swelling bosom, and bathed his knees with her burning tears. In vain he essayed to throw her off, she adhered to them, as if by parting with them life would depart simultaneously from her body! Rudiá, who had conjectured well what was going on, reached the place just in time to hear her mother sobbing convulsively, "Rudiá, sweet Rudiá! she is your own daughter! I have infallible proofs of the truth of my assertion!" "And so I am!" cried she smiling. "I am your own child, who dares to doubt it!" "Mahádeb!" vociferated the agonized father. "I was there too," retorted Rudiá, "but did not hear him tell you that." "But I did not see him!" roared out the poor man, ready to die with shame. "Neither did I," persevered the daughter, "but does that prove that when I have children, some years hence, (and I am determined to have some) I am to bring forth any thing but the pledges

of my fidelity to my husband? You have never seen Mahádeb in your life, yet you never till now were cruel enough both to yourself, to my dear mother, and me, to doubt for a moment that I was your own child!" "You are a pert little fool," cried her father, "and do not understand these things, so hold your peace!" "But my mother does," replied Rudiá, "at least hear what she has to say, before you make yourself unhappy without any cause whatever."

Her mother took the hint, and looking her husband in the face, said, "You will doubtless remember that when you brought me home on the day of our marriage, you found me a virgin; and do not forget that our dear Rudiá was born precisely nine months afterwards—you never suffered me to be out of your sight several months after I had conceived her in my womb, how then can Rudiá be any body's child but your own?" The appeal of such uncontrovertible facts to the judgment of a fond husband and doating father overcame his groundless surmises, and suddenly restored the lost tranquillity of his soul. He snatched them both up, and wildly clasped them to his throbbing bosom, exclaiming, "You are, you are indeed my faithful wife, and you are my beloved daughter! but why then could I not see Mahádeb, whom every body else had seen?" "All I can say about the matter," answered the wife, drying her tears, and feeling ready to jump through joy, "is this, that I am most faithful to the best of husbands, and that that person is yourself, my sweet Rudiá's real father!" "And all I can say about it," interrupted the facetious Rudiá, "is that you have often looked at my face, and swore that it was yours. Look at it again, and endeavour to ascertain whe-

ther I look like any body else you know? Look at this pretty long nose, does it not look as if I had robbed your face of it and fixed it on mine? And these eyes, do they not correspond in size, colour, and lustre with your own? Mark this smile, is it not the self-same one with which you fascinated my mother (who has been mad after you ever since) when she first saw you? And open your eyes a little wider, and examine this sweet little mole below my under lip, examine its colour and size, and compare it with the one that makes you look so handsome just in the same place on your face. Can you tell me whether it is your's or mine?" Rudia had delineated herself most accurately, and none but a moon-struck simpleton could help believing that she was the daughter of her own father, and that neither the appearance nor non-appearance of Mahadeb, could invalidate her claims to the best regards of her father, and those of her mother to the supreme love and respect of her husband; for there never was seen a more striking likeness between father and daughter than on the present occasion. Indeed he had been always wont to notice it, and often had her exulting mother presented her to him, tracing out the innumerable features that were the exact counterparts of their original. But jealousy and pride will distort any feature, will make a person believe any thing but the truth, as if those passions were determined to extinguish every other emotion of the soul, as an arbitrary usurper determines to extirpate every being that is likely to oppose his unjustifiable dominion! These and similar ignoble passions had spread a universal odious influenza over the teeming city, and many a scene like the one above described was acting, with

many others of a different nature in many families ; but which I have not the disposition to edify the reader with relations of at present ; I proceed to detail what transpired at the imperial palace the next morning.

The diván had assembled, the emperor had taken his seat on the throne of Aurungzebe, the gallows had been erected ; and a countless multitude of people of all classes had assembled to witness some extraordinary spectacle. Casting his eyes, (which were red with previous weeping,) round on the ministers and courtiers, the emperor addressed them as follows : “ I trust I have rendered my long reign acceptable to my people ; and every thing I cast my eyes upon declares that they have prospered under my fostering government. I have ever been willing to do justice to the least of my people, as my diván, daily opened for their free and unreserved access, will have testified ; and you are all my witnesses of the eagerness with which I investigated into their complaints, and the prompt manner in which I redressed their wrongs, punishing offenders according to the laws, and not according to the suggestions of my own mind or caprice, rewarding, simply rewarding the good. You, my faithful Wazir, chief of my counsellors, were drawn forth from obscurity and elevated to the highest rank and power in the nation, for it was not right that talents such as yours should be buried out of sight and wasted in the corner. In you I discovered wisdom and probity ; and you have gained the confidence of your sovereign, you wield a power that is only less than that which it was the will of heaven your king should exercise. And you, my other ministers of state, you are no less chosen for your abilities ; you have been promoted for your merits, and share in the confidence of your

sovereign, as well as in the rewards which a happy monarch has always been ready to dispense on worth wherever it was to be found. But my reign is drawing to its close—restrain your sobs till I have concluded my speech, and with it my reign. I command your attention. Yesterday, while every individual rejoiced in the purity of their birth, tested by the sight of either Mahádeb, or the Burrák, I alone saw neither—I alone am begotten clandestinely, unlawfully, impurely. Nay, don't weep, though those tears and those convulsive sobs are the only source of solace to a king who regarded his people as his own children, and acted towards them as an affectionate father would do. I alone am a bastard! the empress mother is a traitress! your emperor is not a descendant of the illustrious house of *Taimur-i-lang*, but of some other person best known to the traitress; and it is my desire that you examine her publicly, and as her guilt must needs be pronounced, I being the prosecuting witness, carry her forth, and let her be hanged on the prepared gallows! Wazir, go into the seraglio and produce the traitress before this august tribunal, to answer to the charge I have preferred against her of treason!" Having concluded his speech, the emperor descended from the throne with a view to take his station there where witnesses were usually placed. His ministers as if by one accord flew towards him, and prostrating themselves at his feet, with one voice exclaimed, "Best of princes! our father! none of us have seen either the Burrák or Mahádeb. We are all *bastards*!" "No! no!" vociferated a person rushing into the assembly, and throwing himself at the feet of the emperor, "none are bastards, no wives are unfaithful, no mothers unchaste, nor any body bastards!" saying that he rose, and the

ministers and courtiers followed his example. The emperor re-ascended the throne, when the stranger threw off her upper garments, and the wonderful Rudiá stood in the midst of the august assembly *in propria persona*.

Apprehending from the nature of the proclamation that her frolic had amounted to a fearful evil, and that some innocent person or persons were about to be sacrificed by the wrath of the emperor, who, she of course concluded, had not seen the Burrák, she instantly procured the masculine dress, habited in which she had forced her breathless way through the crowd, and entered the diván as related above. Being commanded to speak, she related the origin and progress of her illustration of the proposition that nothing *was so sweet as a lie* ! The emperor thought he was born again, the bastardy of Delhi was abolished, mothers were restored to chastity, wives to their fidelity, daughters escaped from being poisoned, sons, husbands, fathers awoke as from a dream of the most appalling description, and testified their rejoicing not only by words and gestures, but by magnificent presents, which, immediately after Rudiá had returned home to the joy of her almost distracted parents, flowed into their house from all parts of the city, to which the emperor added an extensive zamindári, and the dowager empress promised another on the day of Rudiá's marriage. Her father was received into the service of the emperor, who desired that the other two lasses, Misrí and Tárá, too, would prove by argument or ocular demonstration, the truth of their propositions, but added, that their *illustrations* should be less sweeping in their range, and by far not so fearful in their consequences, as that of Rudiá had well nigh proved to be !

RETURN, THOU GLITTERING SWORD.

Jer. xlv. 6 and 7.

BY CHARLES DEARIE, ESQ.

RETURN, thou glittering sword,

Back to thy sheath again,

Oh wherefore shouldst thou bathed be,

In the warm red blood of men ;

Thousands will meet their fate

Without thine aid, bright sword !

The sentence has gone forth at last,

The sentence of the Lord !

From the north the waters rise,

The land is overflown,

The flood holds on its fearful way,

And giant-like has grown !

Where are the men of Gaza ? Hear !

Their cry ascends to heaven !

No answer comes to their bursts of woe

From the God 'gainst whom they've striven.

Madness is on the earth !

The clattering sound is heard

Of horses' hoofs and chariot wheels—

Of the strong, the stern, the proud !

Where is your sternness, where your strength,

And the proud and lofty brow ?

Your strength is gone, and feebleness

Is only left you now.

Look on your children in this hour
 Of anguish and of gloom—
 Look on their weakness, and behold
 The emblem of your doom !
 Gaza is bald, and Askelon
 Is swept from off the earth,
 And misery's howl is heard around,
 Where erst was joy and mirth !

And the sword of the Lord is bare,
 And is glistening in the sky !
 Rest and be still, thou glittering sword,
 List, list, to misery's cry !
 How can it rest ? 'Gainst Askelon,
 Against the white sea shore,
 The Lord God hath appointed it—
 We tremble and adore !

—

THE VISION.

BY J. DUNBAR, ESQ.

—

Sleep ! thou image of that unbroken rest,
 Which shrouds, in death, the wicked and the best,
 To thee what varied visions do we owe,
 Of joys, once ours, of past and present woe !

—

Off, at the dead of night, when all around
 Lies hush'd, beneath the spell of thy soft power ;
 When, save the jackal's cry, no other sound,
 Breaks on the solemn stillness of the hour ;

Thy magic wafts my dreaming spirit back
To many a scene, (in which I bore a part,)
Now left behind in the long weary track
Of other years, but graven on my heart !
All, all, that heart so warmly used to love, -
My dreaming fancy gives again to life;
And those, who're now in endless bliss, above,
Appear, as when in youth and beauty rise.
So men, condemn'd upon a foreign strand
To live, exiled, till Death shall bring release,
In fancy's visions see their native land,
And think their breaking hearts again have peace !
I had a dream—'twas evening, and I lay,
Upon a couch of softest down, at rest,
Methought the gentle zephyrs seem'd to play,
In cooling freshness, round my anxious breast ;
Which still would sink beneath the weary load
Of hopeless sorrow, for an object lost,
And oft my thoughts were turn'd to that abode,
So mournfully link'd with memory of the past :—
A change came o'er my dream—close by my side,
In all the bloom of beauty, lay my child,
Lovely, as when, the night before she died,
In answer to her mother's kiss she smiled —
No trace of wasting sickness, or of death,
Was there—the grave had had no pow'r to harm ,
I heard the soft respirings of her breath,
And traced within her veins the life-blood warm ;
I gazed, in love, upon that beauteous brow,
And those dear soft blue eyes, which used to bless,

The days long past, with happiness, which now
Lives but in fancy, or in dreams like this ;
I mark'd each feature of that angel face,
Where beauty's self did spotless seem to dwell ;
Th' expressive mouth, the coral lips, the grace
Which threw o'er all a more than magic spell.—
My own, my beautiful ! thou seem'dst to smile,
As when I loved to press thee to my heart ;
Whence all the fiercer passions fled the while,
And nought but fond affection claim'd a part !
My arms were stretch'd to hold her once again,
In all the warmth of unforgetting love ;
I sought to clasp her fairy form in vain,
And yet the phantom did not seem to move.
She spoke, and Oh ! those accents soft and sweet,
Like heaven-born melody, softly pour'd along ;
As if her God had sent her down, to greet
Some sorrowing soul, the sinful crowd among.
“ Father,” she said, “ the body of thy lost *Aileen*
Within her early grave now lies at rest ;
But her pure soul has soar'd to realms, unseen
Save by the spirits of the good and blest ;
I come to bid thee, father, not to sorrow,
For I am bless'd, beyond all words can tell ;
For ever bless'd, alike *to-day, to-morrow*,
Where countless angels praise their God, I dwell !”
She ceased.— I bow'd my head my child to kiss,
Before she wing'd her viewless flight to heaven.—
How oft, alas ! we lose the promised bliss !
The phantom fled, before that kiss was given !

MY FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

BY "A GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS."

DR. JOHNSON, if Boswell is to be believed, gave it as his opinion—probably because he wished somebody to contradict him,—that marriages would be distinguished by quite as much happiness if the parties were never to meet until the day of their union, the affair being arranged for them by their friends, as they are under the present system, when each party, after a course of hypocrisy, or *dekne ke waste* intercourse, imagines that he or she has formed an accurate estimate of the character, taste, disposition, and ~~inclinations~~ of the other. The state of marriage in France and in parts of Germany, where a usage akin to that which the Doctor professed to admire, extensively prevails, rather contradicts than strengthens the lexicographer's theory; and if the heart of the Hindu could be penetrated, it is probable that we should find there is scarcely one in fifty who would not have wished to have been left to the free exercise of his own choice. That matrimony is a species of lottery has become so current a truism, that it would be a sort of heresy to deny it. This, however, is a fact which I defy the keenest observer of society, in all its forms and ramifications, to disprove;—*the blanks in the said lottery bear no proportion to the amount and number of the prizes, and when you do meet with the holder of what he deems a blank, it is not that he has not drawn a prize, but that he*

has a treasure which should have fallen to the lot of some one who knows better how to appreciate it.

But, however absurd was the mighty Leviathan's dogma—and we can fancy his blurting it out after a fashion to impress twaddling Boszy with its soundness—the remark is tolerably true if applied to the choice of a fellow-traveller. Propose to yourself a long journey—or a short one,—from Calcutta viâ Afghanistan to London, or from Paddington to the Bank,—you shall seek for a month ere you meet with *compagnons de voyage* to your liking, and when you find them, it is a hundred to one, that you would have met with a much pleasanter, a more intelligent and accommodating set, had you dropped by chance into a stage-coach going—“down the road, sir?”—The writer of this article has, in his day, “wandered many a weary mile.”—He has gone “down to the sea in ships”—has traversed “autres vast and deserts idle”—lisped and worn strange suits, and done sundry other things, besecming an erratic Englishman; but, with all his care and experience, he never yet made choice of a fellow-traveller who could compare, for companionable qualities, with the motley group which is wont to congregate for seven consecutive hours in the Brighton “Dart.” I once embarked on a Liverpool free trader, (a shocking tub,) intent on a voyage to England. The bustle of putting a cabin to rights, once over, I went on deck to see my fellow-passengers, when to my utter dismay I learnt there was “no body with me at sea but myself!”—To add to my consternation, the captain was an uncouth, uneducated person—the chief mate scarcely above the level of a boatswain;—the second—he had been placed before the

mast for misconduct;—the doctor—he had been left behind;—the purser—pooh! I was alone—ALONE!

Ye who live perpetually *vis-a-vis* your two or three hundred very dear friends, judge of my feelings. I could have flung myself into the sea.—I prayed for a foot of land “long heath—brown furze,—any thing.”—It was of no avail—the last studding sail had been set, and land (the last I was doomed to see between India and St. Helena) was fast receding from my view. For three consecutive days and three consecutive nights I kept my cabin, a prey to melancholy, misanthropy, sea sickness, and voracious cockroaches. Disappointment devoured my peace of mind, and vermin devoured my hair and my toe-nails. But on the morning of the fourth day, the smell of roast pork and a delicate three-knot breeze roused me to ablution, reflection, and refection. I left my cabin, and took my station at the cuddy table, most philosophically determined to lower myself to the captain's level, since I felt it to be impossible that such a sea calf could ever rise to the commonest standard of middle-life-ism. It was all vain however. The spoons were pewter—the forks steel;—the mate dipped his knife into the salt cellar, and the captain talked about the *emanuel* of his teeth, and of being *enumerated* for extra trouble.—We *could not amalgamate*. In a word, dear reader, we simultaneously cut one another. The skipper took to his charts, his cigars, and Humphrey Clinker, and I became a devotee to Wragg and the German flute, Mill's British India, a color box, and the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The sea was rough, the voyage long, the fare bad—and yet—I was from first to last the happiest of men! My lot

could not have been cast in a more exquisite mould. I even wept when Cape Clear hove in sight, to think the voyage and its solitary gentility so nearly at an end !

Now, had I selected a nice little party of friends from amongst my own circle of intimates—had I taken all possible pains to form a coterie of intelligent men, full of good humour and philosophy, and of interesting women, full of vivacity and music—the chances are that we should all have fallen out before we had doubled the Cape, and sent one another to Coventry by the time we had crept within the influence of the N. W. trades.—If any one is so impolite as to doubt it, let him or her try the experiment.—We—that is *I*, the writer, have essayed the manufacture of a travelling party on a small scale, and here is the result.

Scene—Odessa the 1st of December, 1830—snow, a yard deep—ponds and the Danube impenetrable as adamant. Enter mine host of the garter, and a Teutscher Wagener,—in dress all fur and sheep-skin—in smell all *wotki* and cigars. “*Mein Herr*,” addressing me—“you will be going to Brody ? Your servant, under Providence, owns two britskas and a landau, seven horses, a wife and *funf kinder**. One britska and the landau are engaged—the first by a merchant of credit and renown—the second, by an Italian traveller and a fair widow, without encumbrances, (and here the fellow smiled,) all bound to Brody. The remaining britska will accommodate *Mein Herr* admirably, baggage and all. Your servant enjoys a name—600 roubles and a fortnight of time are all he asks from you, and he engages to deposit the four persons at the frontier town. The roads are bad, and the accommodation worse—but, to genius, all impediments are but incen-

* Five children.

tives to exertion. *Que voulez vous donc ?* The Governor General, and this worthy inn-keeper know Werner for the most conscientious and careful of guides. Will you go ?”

“ I should like to see my companions,” said I, “ and must first inquire about your terms, and examine your vehicles.” The fellow assented to the reasonableness of this, requested leave to drink my health at *my* expense, and departed, as he said, to desire his two engaged passengers to call on me, and gratify themselves by making acquaintance with their future fellow-traveller.

The first who did me the honor to call was a rubicund, grey-headed Englishman, attired in a drab great-coat, and top-boots, and remarkable for a deportment that smacked of the grace of the old school. We were the dearest friends in a brace of seconds. He was a Russian merchant, a resident at Odessa, accustomed to make annual trips to England, to arrange for the sale of his tallow and his wool. “ Dont’ee trouble thyself,” said he, “ about provender for the trip—my missus shall levy a contribution on the poultry yard—Mary” (I never could find out who Mary was) “ shall make a big pie and a pile of little pies, and then we’ll have a round of beef and a cheese, and some coffee and—” “ Stop, my dear sir,” interrupted I, in the moderation of my wants, and admiration of his profuse liberality—“ we shall want a separate carriage and a commissariat officer if all this be taken. Besides, there are surely inns on the road.” “ Inns ! aye, 300 miles off—and precious things they are;—no, no—a *Kashma*, a barn, a shake down of straw, frozen water, and varmiat, are all you may look to—We must provide—I will provide—and if you like a little wine, why you may bring

a few bottles for yourself.—But don't think of me—don't mind old C——. I'm an old traveller—I shall be delighted to have your company, and I'll interpret for you, and put you up to the way of managing matters, and—" I stopped him. I was overpowered with joy and gratitude, and without staying to ask how many hundred roubles more than necessary I was paying Mr. Werner, I vowed to engage with him at once if the other gentleman appeared equally agreeable.

My warm—my generous friend took his leave, and I walked up and down my apartment with a singularly self-satisfied strut. Yea, said I, furtively glancing at the mirror that overhung a picture of Diebitsch, galloping over the Balkans, as if they were so many mole-hills—" a good face is a letter of recommendation."

* * * *

It was night—I had just returned from hearing the *Odessa artistes* attempt *Gli Arabi nelli Galli*, and was taking off my boots preparatory to a delicate supper when a stranger was announced. It was a strange hour for visitors, but travellers mind no seasons, and I was not in a humour to be offended. The gentleman entered.—He was tall, dark, handsome, bland, and self-denying. He would touch nothing—he was dreadfully afraid he had intruded: but could he?—no, he *could not* deny himself the pleasure of making the acquaintance of one of whom the town (the measureless liar!) spoke in one voice of unqualified admiration. In a word—he had retired to bed, but in the feverishness of his anxiety to see me, he had quitted the most affectionate and devoted of wives, and braved the night air, which it was notorious had a pernicious effect on weak lungs, and was

a great promoter of the tooth-ache. Common sense would have revolted at this profusion of compliment, and morality would have started at the grossness of the falsehood; but self-love was enormously flattered, and—blush for me, reader!—I was absolutely pleased with my guest. Perhaps the position I was in, “remote, unfriended,” contributed to make me cling to each new acquaintance as to a bosom friend;—or perhaps, freed as I just then was from the ennui of a Lazaretto, and the labour of a long journey and the perils of a voyage across the Euxine, every thing wore a *contour de rose* complexion, and I was certainly in no mood to scrutinise narrowly at twelve o’clock of the night.

After a quarter of an hour’s conversation, in the course of which my Ausonian *amico* contrived to paint the charms of Vienna and Venice, in colours that would have tempted a Swiss to abjure the hills of Helvetia, and forswear nostalgia for the rest of his days, he politely took his leave, and left me to the calm discussion of my refection of fricasees, grilled turkey, champagne, and a very oily salad.

The next morning I arose :—[People do rise sometimes in Russia, even though their thoughts be republican and their nation free.] I was in high glee,—such a delightful party! so well disposed! so well arranged! An accomplished Italian who would feed my hopes, and accustom my tongue to “soft bastard Latin,”—an Englishman who would feed my stomach, guide me, and act as my dragoon, till sledges had carried me across the Steppe, and the society of civilized people had rendered me independent of assistance. My star was surely in the ascendant. I paid my farewell visits to the consuls and the officers of state

who had honored me with their notice, and at noon was stepping into my barouche with my dear new friends. Already was my foot on the step of the vehicle,—already had the parting rouble found its way into the horny hand of a Russian boots,—when my landlord approached with a little basket and begged leave to trouble ‘*Monsieur*’ with a few condiments, tongues, madeira, bread, cheese, &c.—‘they *might* be wanted on the road.’ I repudiated the idea: “Was not my English merchant to play the commissary? Had not his wife killed fowls, and Mary made pies? Had not,”—crack! and *Khurasho!* cut short my interrogatories and remonstrances; bang went the coach door, “*bun voy-ayr, bun voyage,*” was echoed by a dozen voices in the yard, and like a flash of heaven’s own lightning off went the three vehicles as vehicles *do* go, when drawn by Russian horses, and tooled by the hardy savages who subsist on train oil, and adore despotism.

Russian scenery may have charms for some people,—there is no accounting for tastes. One vast sheet of snow, unrelieved by even a leafless tree, or the wretched hut of the persecuted Jew or crouching serf, may possess attractions for some of the ultra admirers of naked, very naked nature; but in my humble judgment such desolation is a horrible nuisance, and I honestly think he would deserve well of all travellers who should invent a narcotic that would seal up their eyes hermetically between Odessa and Radzivil, *via* Tarnoff. Entertaining these opinions I passed but little time in gazing about me, and having satisfied myself with the novelty of the thing, I committed my senses to that repose to which the easy motion of a sledge rapidly wools the most restless and conscience-stricken traveller.



Cold and sleep have an extraordinary effect upon the appetite: digestion is accelerated by the one, and hunger stimulated by the other; *ergo*, when we reached the first *Kashma**, I felt a wolfish and indelicate craving of the inward man that laughed to scorn the reminiscence of the last night's repast, and cherished a violent affection for cold boiled beef. My friends had preceded me, and my English provisioner was already engaged in the rational occupation of boiling coffee, with the aid of cotton and *wof-kff*. "Ha! young 'un!" quoth he, "arrived at last, eh?" "Yes, here I am, and peckish as a juvenile jackal." "Hee! hee!—Ay,—Oh!—well—well—We'll get some coffee ready and make up our bed."—"Coffee!—bed!—Sir, my stomach craves for solids. I will neither drink nor sleep till I've stowed away a pound and a half of substantials."—"Eh,—you young dog!—ah, what would I give for such an appetite?" "Well now do open the stores; I hunger, I famish—come—some mutton pies—some beef—anything."—"Ah, thee hast a liquorish tooth. Mutton ^{pies}, quotha! What a dainty rogue." "Well some beef—anything solid"—"Beef! beef, at this hour of the night! I feel no inclination *myself* for any beef, but, of course, if you wish it,—though it *will* be *very* troublesome to undo all the packages.—I have some bread at hand,—but beef! beef,—do^u's you smoke? I've capital cigars, and will offer you one,—

* A species of barn or oblong stable for the reception of beast, with a couple of rooms at one end well furnished with a fir table, a stove, and plenty of straw, for the accommodation of man.

† Russian brandy.

ah, and see here's the coffee ready ! look'ee how it bubbles and simmers. Now—now for a real feast !"—and in this way the heartless *dear* old friend tantalized and tormented me, until he had contrived to make me swallow a pint of *café au lait*, and wearied me to sleep.

Early the next morning I was awakened by a rustling noise in the room, produced by the huge boots of our guide, who was come to summon us to resume the journey. On raising my head and casting my eyes towards the light on the table I saw old C. busily at work—boiling coffee ! and chuckling over the progress of the simmering. My thoughts and my stomach reverted to the last night's supper, or no supper, and "beef" involuntarily fell from my lips. "Beef !—why, you rogue, you dream of beef. It's your dream by night, your thoughts by day. Dont ye know that Shakspeare says it does much harm to one's wit?" Hunger, they say, will break through stone walls. My hunger, however, could not penetrate the deal box of my provisioner, for though I carried on the cause of "*Beef versus Coffee*" with skill and impatience increased by longer fasting, my dear old friend, whom I began to think a dear old brute, managed to spin out the time, until the guide's impatience compelled us to enter our vehicles. It is true that we were promised a halt and breakfast at the distance of 15 versts, but we did not get either one or the other. Indeed, I do not see how we could have done so. A minute's halt would have given the vehicles time to sink into the snow irretrievably ; and as to breakfast,—no place of call, no article of food, save a solitary hare bounding over the Steppe, was to be seen from the rising or first appearance of

the sun at 11 in the morning until his early departure at 4 P. M. The consequence was, that on our arrival at the village of Little Constantinov I was in a very awful condition for so innocent a human being. Faint and weary, I suffered myself to be borne rather than conducted into the first hostelry, and signing to a greasy Jewess who did duty as 'maid of the inn,' was served with a glass of alcohol that stouter throats might easily have mistaken for *aqua fortis*. A state of bestial stupidity was the natural result of the unwelcome but unavoidable potation. I recovered, however, about mid-night, and found the monster whose remorseless avarice had nearly produced my dissolution watching over me with a sort of fearful anxiety. Conscience, perhaps, had smitten him—he had begun to deem himself accessory to my murder. Like all hardened wretches, however, who resume their guilty career as soon as ever chance or their guardian angel has assisted their escape from the consequences of one act of villainy, he began, when he marked my revival, to talk of my "sweet and soothing slumber—my refreshing repose, &c." But despair had lent me energy, and in a phrenzied and heart-moving tone I arrested his return to that complacent state of mind which had enabled him to consign me to starvation. "For goodness' sake," I croaked out—my right hand clutching his coat tail, as, in alarm, he was edging away from my truckle bed, "For mercy's sake—give me food—give me beer—" I could no more. He saw my head fall back and my hand loosen its grasp.—Mercy and Humanity asserted their empire for a moment: he flew to the table, rapidly unpacked the deal case, extracted THE ROUND, and in five minutes had

prevailed upon himself to cut three transparent slices, light as gossamer, for my particular nourishment. To make a long story short; the ice being broken, I at once proclaimed my determination to submit no longer to any attempts to "crib, cabin, and confine" my natural and rational longings. The flimsy repast had sufficed to restore my strength, and, with an energy that petrified my commissary, I sprang to the table and laid violent hands upon the entire store. C—— rallied in a second, and with a countenance in which apprehension, dismay, and resolution were singularly blended, he suddenly seized my wrists.—I turned to him with a fiendish grin, and a glance befitting the genius of hunger—and at that moment we formed, under correction, a magnificent subject for a painter. Hogarth, perhaps, would have done the thing the most perfect justice; for he would not have lost the ludicrous, which here mixed itself with the horrible. In this attitude of fierce defiance we stood for a few seconds, when C——, whose nerves were none of the strongest, at length gasped out—"the beef—the beef—but not—OH! NOT THE PIES!" The spell was broken—mirth could no longer be restrained, and I burst out at once into a loud and hearty cachinnation. From that moment, I was free of C.'s cupboard, and C——, notwithstanding his disclaimers at Odessa, made ample use of *my cellar*. Still—the pies—"Mary's mutton pies"—were not forthcoming. Every proposal that I made in respect to that particular *bonne bouche*, was invariably responded to by a suggestion for delay. "No—no—let us keep them to the last: they all come in *nice*ly by and bye." And sure enough they did "come in *nice*ly." On the eleventh day of the journey, by about six in the

evening, the other condiments had disappeared. Beef, cheese, tongue, &c. now formed part of the corporeal systems of the writer and his *compagnon*,—nothing was left, and the pies were necessarily removed from their place of deposit. The string was untied—the envelopes were taken off—and the “*bonnes-bouches*,” stood exposed to view. Stood!—Reader, do not laugh—they—the pies, absolutely “*lived, moved, had a being*,” and saugh!—O for the perfumes of Araby to dissipate the recollection of what then assailed our olfactories! I leave you to judge of C—’s looks as the “worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out.” I enjoyed a species of triumph.

From Brody to Vienna, the *Gasthof* or hotels fortunately rendered me independent of my penurious companion; but fate contrived, as if to spite me, that I should now have the old rogue’s conversation. He was, as I have said, a wool and a tallow merchant. Silesia abounds with flocks of richly coated ewes, ~~rams~~, wethers, and lambs. These therefore formed an endless theme for Mr. C——, who treated me to dissertations without number on the value of certain kinds of “*ool*,” and was enthusiastic on the subject of mutton fat, candles, and the amount of the tallow exports from Russia.

But I have forgotten my Italian *voyageur* and the mysterious lady. At first I concluded they were man and wife, and politely yielded them the warmest corner of each Kashma, the freshest straw, and the very best attention the Polish Jews who called themselves *Aubergistes* could afford. But at *Tarnoff*, the lady disappeared, as that was *her* journey’s end—and *Signor Alimonda* then politely intimated, that she was a perfect stranger to him—but a woman—a defenceless,

unprotected, helpless woman—and therefore entitled to a gallant man's attentions! For the rest of the journey II Signor contented himself with remembering at each inn that his purse was inextricably buried in the heart of a very closely packed and too-troublesome-to-be-unpacked port-manteau,—a position of affairs which rendered it necessary that I should “come under advances,” as the Calcutta merchants say, for sundry refectations, occasional drinkings, and manifold “small six-pences.” At Vienna, Alimonda's memory failed him, and to this moment there stands recorded in my Pocket Account Book and Young Gentleman's Souvenir as follows :

Signor Alimonda in Account with J. H. S.

	<i>Roubles.</i>		<i>Roubles.</i>
To paid on your Account at taverns, turnpikes, and post houses,.....	350	By Balance,	350
	<u>Rs. 350</u>		<u>Rs. 350</u>
To Balance of old acc. unt, Vienna, } Dec. 31st, 1831. }	350	E. E. and Contents not received, J. H. S.	

Reader—I sat out with my moral and have followed with my illustration. Perhaps, however, the latter has eclipsed all recollections of the former. Let me point then, for your benefit, to the lesson here inculcated. “Take fellow-travellers as accident provides them, and count not on enhanced pleasure from your own selection of a party; for such selection will infallibly produce much vanity and vexation of spirit, especially if you travel in countries unfurnished with inns, and depend for your supplies on the good faith of your companions.”

NATURE.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN art thou fairest, Nature?—When her hood
 Pale Twilight dons, and o'er the quiet vale
 Fares forth to hear, within the bosky wood,
 The plaintive story of the nightingale;
 And, in the dim and drowsy light of eve,
 The spider loves its subtle snare to weave?

Art thou most lovely then?—Thy face is veiled,
 Like the retiring beauty of a bride;
 And, mingling in thy scenes, the soul—regaled
 With gushing fragrance—yields its wayward pride
 To gentlest thoughts, that o'er the spirit creep
 With the calm rapture of an infant's sleep.

Or art thou fairest in the morning hour,
 When day-light dances on the daisied lea;
 And birds sing forth their matins from each bower—
 And blossom-banners float from every tree;—
 When sunshine sparkles on the stream,—and all
 The jocund earth seems one bright festal hall?

O! at that early hour, within the mind
 Fair thoughts spring up—like sea-nymphs from the surge;
 The heart o'erflows with feelings, sweet and kind,
 And bird-winged hopes their happy progress urge
 Across the sanguine breast—whose visions bright
 Are tinted with the sunbeam's cheering light!

Oh ! thou art ever fair !—in every mood,
Through every season and at every hour !—
'Tis but the heart, where sinful thoughts intrude,
That doubts thy beauty and repels thy power .
Why—why should evil mingle with our blood,
Since only *they* are happy who are good ?

I love thee well, fair Mother ! but not now
With all the faith and freshness of my youth ;
The blush of shame hath crimsoned on my brow,
And the *world's* falsehood dimmed my early truth .
And in my heart hath stirred a loathsome throng
Of passions dark—and dire—and dread—and strong !

Yet oh ! I love thee !—in the budding morn,
That cools the fever burning at my heart ;
In the clear day,—and when o'er earth is borne
The healthy breath of eve,—and, when depart
Thy shows of beauty from the view, at night
I love to watch thee, by the moon's soft light !

For then the dead are with me—those I loved
And early lost !—“ the beautiful—the brave ! ”
By heavenly voices are my crimes reproved,
Yet Hope breathes consolation from the grave ;
And mild Religion fills with peace the breast,
That pants and pines for an eternal rest !

The dead are with us when the world's repose
 Is broken by no sounds of moan or mirth !—
 Their spirits—like the odours of the rose—
 Hover around us, though their forms are earth ;
 And it is sweet to think that, while we sleep,
 Blest angels round our beds their vigils keep !

Thine is a glorious volume, Nature !—each
 Page, leaf, and line, is filled with living lore ;—
 Wisdom more pure than ever sage could teach,
 And all Philosophy's divinest store ;—
 Rich lessons rise where'er thy tracks are trod—
 The Book of Nature is—the Book of God !

FRAGMENT.

BY JAMES HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

'Tis something in the dearth of bliss,
 To dream at least of what hath been,
 That lovely resting place between
 Our infant woes and the abyss
 Of those, that wait our riper years,
 And freeze the fountain of our tears,
 When first the mutual pledge is given,
 And heart to heart, and eye to eye
 Respond in sweetest sympathy,
 Of love on earth—of love in heaven.

THE LEPER.

BY J. GRANT, ESQ.

How many there are, whose condition is most miserable, and yet so commonplace, that their fellow-men scarce bestow a thought upon it, even so far as to aspirate a passing thanksgiving to the Source of all good, that they are spared the like misery ! Thus thought I many years ago, while standing close to the water-side under the walls of the fort of Allahabad, where many thousands from all parts of India were assembled at a melá or fair. The scene was variegated and gay, but there sat apart one whose foot was on the line that separates the visible from the invisible, and who had girded his loins to pass through the ' valley of the shadow of death.'

But, to anticipate no farther : in a sequestered spot on the banks of the beautiful Soane, in the vicinity of a straggling village, and within view of the fine commanding mountain-chain of Rhotasghur, stood the humble cottage of Bholánáth, a petty tálukdár. Some pumpkin vines had twined their way up the walls of the cottage, and along the thatch, where the ripening gourds lay in abundance, while the audacious macnás kept up a constant chattering among the foliage. The cottage consisted of three rooms or sides, connected by a low mud wall, forming a sort of rustic courtyard, with a clay altar in the middle, surmounted by the sacred Tulsi plant. On every side, the place was shel-

tered by mango and other trees, amongst which might be seen the delicate areca palm, and its more robust neighbour, the toddy tree. Through an avenue in the distance was visible a small ruinous temple, on the top of which the iron trident of Shiva stood fixed. Through another, again, might be seen the lucid waters, and the yellow sandy bed of the Soane; and through a third glade, in a different direction, the eye was greeted by green *khets* of cultivation. Here under the shade of a waving plantain sat Bholánáth's wife, knitting. For a Hindu she was a pleasing looking woman; and, although no longer what is considered a young one in India, would be so considered in England. Her features were intelligent and agreeable, and her form rounded and graceful: the former evincing none of that apathetic expression, or the latter, the relaxation of fibre, often the result in this country of too early marriage, and its consequent cares. As she sat on the knotty hunch of the root-end of a tree trunk, which a few strokes of the axe had fashioned into a rude stool; her youngest child, a naked little fellow, 15 months old, toddled towards her, followed by his sister, a tiny maiden of seven years. "And why does my little Tuná cry?" inquired his mother. "I cannot catch the pretty bird." "Well, don't cry about it, but come along with me, and see if we cannot catch it together." This saying, she seated the little fellow on her hip, and proceeded down the glade, which opened upon a plantation of Palma Christi. Here the child became exceedingly eager on recognising the object of his pursuit in a crow pheasant, which glided with a low flight towards the edge of the *khett*. His mother now placing him on his feet, he ran to catch

the bird, which he concluded could be very easily done, but stumbling, fell down and began to weep vociferously, though more frightened than hurt. "Do not cry so," entreated his mother, "and we shall try and catch it another time. Old Rámcharan, the goślá, will sprinkle a little salt on his tail, and then we shall have him easily; but you must not enter the *khet* now, lest you should meet a *naja*, or a wild boar, that may be on the watch to devour little children. So come along, and I will tell you an amusing tale about the Garura, a god-bird, who is the mahárájá of all the birds of the air, and the harkára or messenger of Vishnu to boot." While with such-like odds and ends of native legends, the fond mother succeeded in quieting her child, the shades of evening began to fall, but not with the gradual and long twilight of the west. The paroquets, in noisy crowds, were first seen to forsake the grain fields, while the even song of the ring-dove was heard from the tamarind tree, and the village pigeons, with their sharp flight, betook themselves to their leafy coverts. Next were seen the crows, in sable platoons, deploying from various directions, and not 'without a plan.' He who has meditatively witnessed this night muster of the denizens of air and bough, will naturally muse upon the power and the beneficence of that Being, who to countless millions which own no human master, provides food and shelter, and bountifully supplies the wants of every thing that lives!

Last of all, with their heavily gliding, sinister-looking flight, through the 'palpable obscure,' came the vampyre bats, or the 'flying foxes' of Europeans. The circle of the horizon became dimmer and more dim, and the heights

of Rhotas had melted away and become a bank of scarcely visible purple cloud. Night had commenced her reign, and from each village *ṭlākurbári*, now illuminated with tapers by the officiating brahman, was heard 'the requiem shrill' of the conch, which gradually became more faint, as the breath of the blower died away in the effort, yielding at length to total silence, save where it was broken by the hum of insects, of which that of 'the shard-born beetle' was chief, the croak of a distant frog awaking to enjoyment, after the heats of the day, or the sharp whirr of a young bat rejoicing in his wheeling career, and perhaps wishing that it were always night.

Bholánáth's wife had now reached the cottage, and was surprised not to find her husband or her son returned. "I wish, daughter," she said, while laying down her knitting, and preparing to dish the smoking contents of an earthen pot that stood upon a blazing *chulá* in the open space, or court-yard; "I wish your brother were here, for the food is now ready to be offered before the *Shálagráu*" (or household god). As she spoke, her son entered. "Rámnáth, have you seen your father?" "No mother, not for the last three hours. When I last saw him, he was pruning some *pán* vines; but mother, I have had such a fright, for the old *goálá* having fallen asleep, a cow and a calf had got into Seetáram's *bájiá* ground. I ran and drove them out, and on my return, passing near the old ruinous temple of Shiva, I beheld a huge vulture perched on the *triuli*, a glimpse of lambent flame seemed to light the dark entry, and two eyes glared dreadfully at me. My knees trembled, I tried to repeat the many names of Shiva and began with

that hymn from the Sám-Veda taught me a short time ago by my guru, but could remember no more than the beginning, 'Possessed of innumerable heads, innumerable eyes, innumerable feet, Branhā fills the heavens and the earth.' "

"Hark, son," interrupted the gravely-listening matron, "do you hear the *ṭik-ṭik* (lizard) chirping? And thou too hast seen a vulture on Shiva's trisuli. Grant Mahádeo, that no harm has or may happen to thy father!"

Anxiety, the heart-depressing anxiety of affection, is more frequently perhaps the inmate of the humblest hovel, than of the lordliest hall. "What can have happened to the father of Ramnáth?" soliloquied the anxious wife. "The evening meal is ready, and he comes not! The jackal's noon is nigh, and he comes not! What detains him? A tiger was lately seen among the champá bushes, and a *maṣṭ* elephant of the Nawáb of Huseinábhád, I heard to-day, has escaped, first killing his keeper. O Vishnu, let there be no evil to this house, and its people! O Kapilabhrít, thou whose alms-dish is a human skull, spare my husband! Does not Bholánáth know every sunken well, and is he not wise though the *naja* may be creeping through the grass and corn? Away with fear, have we not the Shálagrám?"

Here the youngest child ran in shouting, "Oh má, *mera báp* is arrived—my father is come, with a Sáhíb growing out from his back!"

In order to explain the prodigious phenomenon alluded to, and other little matters, it is necessary to go back a little in our story. The stranger borne on the back of the good Bholánáth, and occasioning such a puzzlement to his little boy was an elderly European missionary, who while

travelling *dák*, (or post) as well as he could manage it, along a route where there was no regular *dák*, and upon an errand which his worldly friends hesitated not to laugh at, as a vagary of spiritual quixotism, had a scurvy trick played him by the palankeen-bearers. Overcome by fatigue, and want of food, he had fallen asleep in his palankeen. The worthy *káhárs* availed themselves of such a golden opportunity, to lay down their burden, and decamp to a village a mile or two distant: wisely determining in their own minds, that by the time they finished a much-longed-after and comfortable smoke, the "Pádri Sáheb" would continue *sofá*, or if he did even chance to awake, why then, they were right well aware that the Pádri would not exactly cut their heads off for the transgression. This conclusion they had arrived at from sheer knowledge, or rather intuition of character. Much as they had provoked the good man they carried, on more occasions than one, he neither abused, nor threatened them, nor assumed any terrors of countenance—none of that *vultus instantis tyranni*, which a residence in a tropical climate is too apt to induce. At length, our worthy gymnosophists' (for so their scantiness of apparel and practical philosophy, entitled them to be considered) came to the unanimous resolution of doing exactly as it might please themselves best, during the rest of the journey. This is precisely what all mankind (each in his way) consider as the *maxima felicitas*, but, not to digress; such a line of policy, our excellent gymnosophists were well aware, might be safely pursued towards the Rev. Evander Hervey. Not but that the good man had his feelings and effervescences of temper, but he had long since succeeded in bringing them into such a state

of discipline to his reason, or rather to his conscience, that with him patience was so every day a virtue, that, as respected himself, he had ceased to consider it scarcely a virtue at all. Let me enlarge a very little more on my recollections of this gentle yet heroic and devoted servant of Him, who while he bore the human form and character was known as 'the man of sorrows,—acquainted with grief.' Evander Hervey was a widower, and childless; not that he had been always the last: for there was a time when three little ones, blooming as pomegranate buds, lispingly hailed him father! They were the delight of his private hours, the joy of him and of his partner, and the hope of their future years; but He who gave, deemed fit also to take away; and the home, once so happy, became desolate. The very hill maená, formerly so petted by the children, appeared to sympathise with the grief that now reigned in that house of mourning. There was now no little hand of love to give it fruits and sweet water, no musical voice to teach it its lessons, or to re-echo its exclamatory eccentricities; and one morning it was found dead at the bottom of its cage.

This touching little incident had a salutary effect upon Mrs. Hervey. Her bereavements had followed so fast one on the other, that her senses appeared completely stunned. She reclined on her couch like a statue of apathy, silent, moveless, and tearless. Her husband, without saying a word, took the cage containing the dead bird, and laid it down on a chair beside her. Her listless eyes beamed with a sudden gleam of feeling—"what!" she exclaimed, "*How* too! yes thou wert *their* darling—I loved thee for their sakes, and that was enough. Whatever *I* love dies!" and hiding her

face with her hands, she burst into tears, broken every now and then by abrupt and passionate exclamations of heart-gushing sorrow. Her husband stood by, but uttered not a word. To attempt words of consolation then, he felt would be but a mockery, and he shared the affliction of the lovely stricken one too deeply to be able to speak, even if he thought that any thing he could say would do good just then. Nature on such occasions will and must have her way. It is cruel even to try and prevent it. Evander Hervey sat down by her side, and silently took her right hand between both his own, while his fast-flowing tears, in spite of himself, fell upon them. He thought then, and with a prayerful mind, of that beautiful passage brought so home to his own heart: "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." There is an awful holiness in the grief of the good. He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, hath taught mankind a better philosophy than that of the stoics, or the epicureans.

At length, Evander Hervey was doomed to undergo another and a severe trial. The first burst of anguish past, his wife struggled within herself to regain her wonted tranquillity. Resigned she was to the bitter dispensation, but her meek spirit nevertheless broke down under it, and her health rapidly declined. She still endeavoured to pursue her usual avocations cheerfully. One day her husband found her busily engaged, receiving an account of clothes from the dhobi, and folding up things, and laying them aside in almirahs. The effort was too much for her, and she had almost fallen from faintness, had not her husband caught

her in his arms. "What for, my love," he inquired in a voice of affectionate remonstrance—"what for, in your weakly state, is all this trouble and bustle—pray, for my sake, take more care of yourself." "My dear Evander," she said with a sweet smile, "I have been setting my house in order!" She gave him a look of fixed expression, which shook his very soul, and filled it with forebodings that three weeks afterwards proved but too true. It was surprising afterwards to find "the order," the minute regularity with which this admirable woman had anticipated what was to happen, and prepared every thing, with lists and accounts made up to the very last day that she was able to move. All this too she had effected quietly, yet urgently, as if aware that no time was to be lost in the intervals that could be snatched from suffering, and the time devoted to the preparation for that great change which she felt assured she was soon to undergo.

Evander mourned, but not as one without hope. His bereavements but more nearly brought home the conviction to his spirit, that his abiding place was not on earth. The universal family of man around him were now his children, and to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare was now his study by day and night, while he looked forward to a meeting beyond the verge of time, with those who had gone before him, to that world where death and the grave cease to have a sting and a victory!

The worthy man was now travelling towards the town of Hussinsford, near the confluence of the Soane and Coyle, in the hopes of being able to establish a school there. To this step he had been encouraged in conversation with a

respectable Mahajan of that place, with whom he had become acquainted at a *melâ* in Patna, on occasion of his successfully interfering to rescue the man from the fury of two drunken Europeans, who had strolled to the fair from the neighbouring cantonment of Dinapore. There was also another motive for this journey, and that was a hope that even the Mahajan himself might be persuaded to abjure the errors of belief in which he had been brought up.

At length the "Pâdri Sâheb," as the bearers called him, awoke from his uneasy slumber, the only refreshment he had had for forty-eight hours, with an exclamation of "*bahut arhchha, tûm log se ham barô khush hae*," and he held out his hand, as if to give them the expected *bakhshish*, but there was no one to receive it, and the still half-dreaming Pâdri Sâheb rubbed his eyes, and found that he was quite alone in a jungly spot, and in a strange place in the dusk. "Now the thoughtless mortals," quoth he, sitting up in his palankeen, "they have, I dare say, got thirsty, and thinking that I required a little sleep, have quietly put me down, and slipped away to some corner to have a handful or two of water. Let me see," he continued, getting out of the palankeen; "'tis almost dark, and not a house visible; but the just discernible dark-green tops of mango groves in the distance, convince me that I cannot be far from some village. So I will even go and seek after my truant folks. If I do not fall in with them, I shall have to sleep in the palankeen, if I chance to find it again. Well, matters might be worse. Many a poor fellow bleeds to death on a damp cold field at midnight, but I am hale and well, and not without refreshment; for I have had some

sleep, and here is some luxury yet in store,"—and as he ended his soliloquy, he took a hearty pinch of Masulipatam out of a rusty looking snuff-box. He trudged along some way, and, as his wont was, considering matters on the bright side; but it is a consequence of our condition here, that if the mind becomes too much absorbed in its own musings, the body, especially if in a state of progressive motion at the time, is very apt to get into trouble. He who while walking abroad, falls into a reverie, is very apt to experience other falls, and so it was with the Rev. Evander Hervey. I know not what it was, but something at the moment brought vividly to his mind's eye those beloved beings the memory of whom was embalmed in his heart. Cogitations of this sort are not suited to a strange and jungly path. The good Padri stumbled against the stump of a *khajur* tree, and fell heavily. Somewhat stunned by this fall in the dark, he with an alacrity peculiar to men who meet with such an accident, got upon his feet again immediately. The exertion, however, produced an indescribable feeling of pain about the left ankle, and while sitting down from the excessive pain produced by the mere exertion of standing, the suspicion flashed across his mind that he had badly sprained the joint. Of this, on further examination, he had distinct conviction; for on attempting to rise, he found that it was utterly beyond his power to bear the weight of his body upon that joint. "Well," he began in his usual way of taking the best side, "it might have been worse. I might have broke my back, or fractured my skull—'tis all for the best," and he took another pinch of Masulipatam, and sat down quietly to reflect upon his situation.

How long he might have remained in this predicament, there is no saying, but luckily for him, one of the fates at that moment assumed the form of Bholánáth, who, on his way homeward, beholding, as he thought, some animal looming upon the sight, did what natives often do on such occasions, he gave a loud hiss as it were to rouse the creature whatever it might be. As Bholánáth advanced from the rear front of the Pádri, so to express it, the latter seeing nobody, but distinctly hearing a well-defined hissing, began to think that a tremendous Cobra Capello was close to him, and felt assuredly, by no means very comfortable. I know no more horrible feeling, than the impression of the close propinquity of a venomous reptile, especially in the dark. At length, there was the bark of a dog; for one of these village, or rather masterless, dogs called *páriá*, which now and then had experienced a kind look, a kind word, and the assurance of an occasional meal about the house of Bholánáth, had followed him. There is an innate, a fathomless spring of attachment on the part of the dog towards man. No matter how degraded or low the condition of a man may be, all other things that have showed him kindness, may forsake him, but the dog never will! The poor strolling actor of the canine species, alluded to, beholding his benefactor wandering about at rather an unusual hour, deemed possibly that *his* aid might become necessary. Be that as it may, he barked vigorously, on seeing in the pathway before him something that appeared to his organs very strange and unaccountable. This expression of his feeling perhaps called Bholánáth to reflection, for he hallooed forth "*Kana ho*." "It is *me*," very specifically answered the

Pádrí. An European would have wittily asked, "and who are you?" Bholánáth did not do this. By the intonation of the voice, he knew it to be that of an European. *How* he did so, I leave it to those who can account for it to say, but this I will venture to affirm, as it involves no theory, that there is no mistaking a native's for an European's voice, and vice versa, even in the dark.

"What is the Sáheb's pleasure?"

"I am hurt."

"That is unfortunate."

"Cannot you help me?"

"*Ham kyá karega*—what can I do?"

"I have hurt my foot badly, and can neither walk nor stand."

"Then you have got into the heaven of *Trishanku*."

"Oh my foot!"

"That, I suppose is what *Trishanku* says. His feet are the wrong way."

"Friend, what nearest thou to teach me by the mention of this same *Trishanku*?"

"Patience, *Trishanku* must be patient, whether he will or not. He was, your worship, a mighty Rájá, who, having few or no merits of his own, wished to get to heaven through the merits of another. So, your lordship, he applies to the sage *Vishnavitra*, who by the power of his virtues and his mantras, attempted to raise him to the *Muláasarga*. *Trishanku*, however, being rejected by the gods, remains suspended in the air with his head downwards, neither able to ascend, nor descend*."

* Ward's Religion of the Hindus.

"Friend, thou art pleased to be merry. Be thankful therefore."

"Cherisher of the poor, I am thankful; but it is seldom I am merry. Know you not, sir, that Mirth is the daughter of Sorrow?"

"Perhaps it would be more correct, friend, to say her mother; but I do know that man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

"Man himself is but a spark that flies upwards; after he has been born to regeneration and absorption unto Brahma. Man is as a Sisū tree that puts forth his boughs, and the doves nestle under his leaves; but he groweth old and withereth, and is cut down as fuel for the funeral pyre. But you groan with pain, my lord, and how is it that I find your worship here, like a lotus in cow-dung?"

"Friend, I will tell thee all that presently, but now I am in great pain, and I beseech thee, help me to thy home, if it be near at hand."

"*Wah—wah!* how can my lord enter the cottage of his poor slave?"

"Alas! then I wish I could find my palankeen, for I feel faint and hungry." An appeal to the compassion even of the poorest Hindu, on the score of hunger, is never made in vain. Where perhaps he may listen with apparent indifference to any other plea, as if it were beyond the necessity of his interference, his capacity to relieve, or the verge of his sympathies; the slightest hint that the applicant is suffering from want of food, shocks his feelings. "Hungry!" exclaimed Bholánáth. "Wherefore should the sáheb be hungry while there is rice under my roof? Lean on me, sáheb, and

by the Shálagrám, it will go hard if we do not find the means of satisfying my lord's hunger, though our food may not be good enough for your worship."

"Friend, I am easily satisfied on that head; and ever thankful for what He who feeds the ravens pleases to send."

"That is Vishnu!"

"I was not thinking of Vishnu."

"My lord, I forgot—your countrymen only worship one god, and his name is gold. We acknowledge three hundred and thirty millions of gods and goddesses, but of these Vishnu, Shiva, and Bruhma are the chief."

"Alas! my friend," replied the Missionary, "I fear that too many of my countrymen are amenable to that rebuke, but we do not all deserve it. But stop a little, I can limp no further, I am very faint." The pain of his sprained ankle had now become so acute, that our weary traveller sank speechless on the ground. His native guide felt much alarmed at this, and was almost tempted to decamp, and leave the *gorá* stranger to his fate; but the better feelings of his nature prevailed, and he remained. He first took off the shoe of the stranger and rubbed his foot; but perceiving that his head lay down a slope, he seated himself on the ground and raised his head into his lap, and fanned his face with the end of his cloth. All this he did kindly, and what could he do more? At length the Missionary, coming to himself, explained to his guide, that he could go no further, and besought of him to seek out his bearers, or get people from the village to help him.

"Not so," said the man in reply; "I may not perhaps find your bearers, and it being the festival of the *Háll*, I

may not be able to find any of my neighbours at home; and while I am absent, *sáheb*, you may become *lechak* again, and the jackals are already on the prowl. See, *sáheb*, you group of them, not twenty gaz from us. They are very quiet. That is the quiet of hope. They too are hungry, but Kali will provide food for them elsewhere. Come, my lord, I am strong—pray get upon my shoulders as well as you can.” Mr. Hervey was constrained by the necessity of the case to accept the aid thus kindly offered, and after some time, Bholánáth arrived at his own door with his burden, as already stated.

“Oh *má!*” exclaimed the little boy; “here is my father come, with an European grown out of his back!” “What can the child mean?” observed the woman. “Go out, Dumanná, and see what is the matter, and whether your father is arrived or not.” The fact, however, was soon put out of the question by her husband’s exclamation on the outside, “Oh! Rámnáth’s mother, the night is come, and food is needful!” The woman hastily drawing her *dopatta* around her, ran out into the square open space before the cottage, but instantly shrunk back on seeing an European stranger settling himself on the simple bench that ran along the side of the cottage, and on which the light of a *chirág* that stood on the *Túlái* altar, distinctly fell. She completely drew the veil across her face, as she fell back into the shade, saying in a subdued tone of voice, “My husband, what has kept thee so long—my heart has been without strength on thy account?” “Mother of Rámnáth, no one can say which tree the lightning will strike, and no one that goeth forth, can say when he may return. I fell in with a *sáheb*, who is much hurt, and very hungry.”

" Oh master of the house, words will not fill the stomach nor stay hunger. The rice is hot, and the fish well seasoned with spices is ready. Sprinkle with salt and eat." She emptied the contents of the cooking pot mostly into a large brass dish for her husband and son, and the remainder upon a plantain leaf, which she set apart for the stranger at a distance, and invited him to eat.

After the meal, water was brought for the stranger, and the mistress of the house learning his mishap, had a warm neem cataplasm prepared, which so soothed the pain of his ankle, that despite of the mosquitoes, he fell fast asleep in a shady nook, in his clothes as he was, and slept as soundly on a rush mat in a Hindu cottage verandah, as if he had been reclining on a bed of down in a palace.

Mr. Pervy's truant bearers, after they had their smoke well out, began to remember that the said person had certain claims upon their consideration; they accordingly returned leisurely towards the palankeen. Concluding that the worthy occupant they had left in it, was still asleep, they without further inquiry lifted the vehicle at once upon their shoulders, but its comparative lightness excited a misgiving, knowing by experience that sleep by no means renders a man less heavy. " Sáheb," exclaimed the *masúcht*. No answer being heard, this luciferous personage drew aside the pannel, raising his liuk at the same time, and lo and behold, no *sáheb* was within! He announced this astounding fact to the other worthies, and there was a general sentiment of consternation. " Báp-re-Báp!" exclaimed one. " Wah—wah," groaned another. " Kídar gyá?" inquired a third. " Kya jáne," responded a fourth. " Sáheb de-

wannah hogyâ," remarked a fifth, and feeling relieved from all further responsibility by this phrenological reflexion, he coolly and quietly drew his *chaddur* around him on the lee-side of the *pálki* (which had now been set down again), and was soon sounding a sennet on the trumpet of Morpheus, or in plain English, snoring. Two or three others caught the soft infection, and thought no more about the Rev. Evander Herry, than if he had gone upon a tour to that pleasant aerial Nilgiri region so admirably described by Peter Wilkins, under the euphonious name of "Ardrumstake." In every section of human society, however small, there is always one or more who is, or deems himself, peculiarly responsible. Now, responsibility of any sort, is by no means of a Thebaic or composing character. It is much more allied to the raw pork and onions supper of Fuseli than the "sweet oblivious antidote" of Shakspeare and the apothecaries. The sardar-bearer felt much more inclined to speculate upon the out-goings of the Pádri Sáheb, than to follow the example of his snoring comrades. Much would he have given to have lain down beside them, and added a note potential to the nasal harmony. This, however, his feeling of responsibility, with a sigh, forced him to forego, and by way of exhibiting the energy of his anxiety, he shouted forth to the dull cold ear of night, "Oh, Pádri Sáheb, ho ! ho !" It is to be presumed that the person chiefly concerned, for reasons not unknown to the reader, did not hear. At least the only response was a distant and equivocal one. "Ho, Rámnaráyan, ho ! masálchi, rouse thee man, and listen whether the Pádri Sáheb makes any answer." And the sardar again gave a shout

worthy of Stentor. "Hā! was not that his voice?" "If it was," said the masālchi, yawning, and shaking his link, as he reluctantly rose up; "if it was, he has assumed four feet since he left us." "How do you mean?" "Mean, why, that it is the voice of one of the village *gadhas* that hath brayed a reply to you. No wonder he takes you for a roaring tiger, yelling at this rate." "I tell thee, Rām-nārhyān, this is no time for jesting; and if we find not the sāheb, thy back and the korā will become better acquainted." "Friend sardar, I'm not *responsible*. Those who hold the place of honour pay for the same, by their responsibility. Thy neck and the Phānsigar's *galāband* have a much better chance of getting into contact, than my back and the korā; but come, let us go and look for the sāheb." So saying he poured more oil on his masāl, and waving it aloft, preceded the sardar, who trotted on as disconsolately as the goddess Ceres in search of her daughter, shouting ever and anon for the "Pādri Sāheb." At length, reaching the village, all the dogs of the place joined in the hue and cry, which at length awoke Bissaram, the village barber, a sort of malicious wag in his way, who felt by no means satisfied with Bholānāth, because he chose to prefer Juggerarj, another wielder of cold steel, in preference to himself. "Rām Rām! what is all this outcry about?" The sardar-bearer and the masālchi explained the cause of their tribulation. "Oh ho! pretty guardians of the travelling sāheb are ye—you ask me if I saw him. Have I no eyes? Has not Bholānāth the thews and strength and fierceness of the tiger?" "You are pleased to speak in riddles, let the mist disappear, and shew us things as they are. Who

is this Bholánáth?" "Who are ye that have never heard of Bholánáth? Have you never heard of the Vishenpad at Gyah, or the strong walls of Rotasghar? Not heard of the celebrated daku Bholánáth, the terror of the valley of the Soane, the waylayer of travellers, the dread of barbers, and the devourer of jackals?" "Oh Bhai!" exclaimed the frightened sardar: "make this matter plain, peel the mango, and give us the fruit at once, even though it be hard and sour—hath Yama* seized the locks of us all? Hath the Padri Sáheb fallen into the hands of this dreadful, dakkait Bholánáth?" "Aur kyá? a wise man can understand a hint, but some are stupid, and require a thing to be beaten into them." "Oh Bháiji, didst thou see this with thine own eyes?" "By Panchanan†, did I not? The tiger bears not away a buffalo calf with greater ease and celerity than did Bholánáth this Padri Sáheb of yours in the dusk, when he thought no body saw him." This to a certain extent was true, but the wily barber forgot to add that important circumstance, that the said Padri Sáheb was alive when so borne away. The overwhelmed sardár, and the forlorn masálchi, now gave a voluble loose to their consternation, and were fairly at their wit's ends. What to do they knew not, but they perfectly concurred with the barber that any thing was better than being hanged. "Oh my friends," the latter resumed, "there is one thing that may prove your innocence—go to the dwelling of this Bholánáth, and try and seize him, and there also you will find no doubt the body of the Padri Sáheb?" "But," object-

* The Pluto of the Hindu Pantheon.

† A form of Shiva.

ed the masálchi with a shiver of fear, "even if we durst proceed on such an adventure, we know not the house." "That," said the barber, "I could point out to you for a remuneration." "Where have we poor creatures the means of remunerating you?" inquired the sardar, with a look of anguish, at the prospect of paying tribute for information. "It is no concern of mine," replied the barber; "but this is no time for *báitchit*, I must to sleep," and he made a movement to turn away. The poor palankeen man exclaimed, "Bhóij, stop one moment;" he untwisted his waistcloth, and took out two annas, but not so adroitly but that the barber saw a silver coin. "Here, Bháiji--here is all the pice I have, and show us the way." The barber poised the coppers with an air of indifference. "Thinkest thou me a coohe to work for such hire? I move not a step without a white pice." There being nothing for it, the poor sardár-bearer was at length obliged to produce his rupee, which the barber having first chucked with his thumb, to prove its goodness, secured about his person. All three then proceeded towards the residence of the dreaded Bholánath. Sundry were the misgivings that came over the masálchi and his companion, as they drew near the house. The teeth of the one chattered, and the other shivered as if he had the ague. "Hist!" whispered the barber, stopping at the door; we are now at the entrance of this daku's door, let us enter gently, and when I give a slight cough, lay hold of him, and by no means let him go. "There is no one to help him but his wife and boy, and what are they before two *palwán*s like yourselves?" "O Agni," muttered the masálchi, looking wistfully at his

masál, as he laid it quietly down on one side of the door.

“ O Agni, fasten with a peg the tongue of my enemy! O Agni, destroy the senses of my enemy!” “ Oh,” added the sardār-bearer—“ Oh let the messengers of Yama go to sleep, that they may not see us!” The latch yielded without much difficulty, and the two heroes, hand-in-hand, and with palpitating hearts, were soon groping their way in the court-yard of Bholanāth’s cottage. The barber deeming that *his* presence was no longer necessary, never crossed the threshold, but quietly sneaked to his own domicile, satisfied with having earned one rupee and two annas without the necessity of drawing his razors, and with the sweet consciousness of having had his joke at his neighbour’s expense to the bargain. The sardār, who was the boldest of the two, inasmuch, it is to be presumed, as his responsibility was greater, at length whispered his friend, “ Do you not see through the thick obscurity of night the shape of a human form yonder?” “ Have I eyes?” “ Nay, I know not, that depends upon your being subject to the Ratnundi or not; but Bhái, stand by me, for now—oh Vishnu help us, I am going to lay hold of him.” Editing the action to the word, he grasped in a most vigorous manner the foot of our sleeping friend the good Pádri. Luckily it was not the sprained one, but the whole thing put to flight the sleeper’s repose, and he sat up in his bed, asking, in a voice of mild perturbation, what was the matter! In the mean time, the masálchi was assailed by an invisible enemy behind, in the shape of the dog already alluded to, which fairly plumed him by the heel till he roared again, but more from fright than pain. Bholanāth, awoke by the

noise, gave a shout of "thieves," and came forward with a *chirág* (lamp) in one hand, and a short *láthi* in the other. The group discovered by the aid of Bholánáth's *chirág* was one in which it was difficult to say, whether the comic or the tragic predominated. The bearer on seeing the *Pádri Sahab* alive, and hearty, blubbered like a child, and laughed by turns, and tried to embrace his feet, which the other was equally anxious to prevent; while the *masálchi* dropped on his knees, with "*Wah ! wah ! kysá tamáshá hae !*"

In the morning, all were up early, save Mr. Hervev, whose foot and leg were so much swelled, that he deemed it most prudent to remain where he was. Bholánáth, returning to the house to avoid the extreme heat of the middle of the day, found him amusing the youngest child with a musical snuff-box, having laid down the book he was reading, on purpose. "Oh, sir," began Bholánáth, "you *Viláyti log* (you British) are a wonderful people. Nothing daunts you—you understand everything—you undertake every thing—you overcome every thing. Whence is this?"

"What is your own opinion on the subject, Bholánáth?"

"*Ham kyá jáne ?* What do I know? It is *nasib*, it is fate."

"Believe me, Bholánáth, that every man may be said to be his own fate."

"Wah ! wah ! Sir, how can that be? When you fell and hurt your ankle so badly, was not that your *nasib*?"

"It was my *faul* : if I had taken better care, I should not have met with such an accident."

"Perhaps, *sáheb*, you met a *dains* or witch, who generally appears in the shape of an old woman. Oh, sir,

such are much to be dreaded. She will by a look* make a person go mad, and while sitting near you, a *daimu* will without your knowing it, draw the blood out of your body, so that you die on the spot!"

"My friend, there are no such beings as *daimus*. Do not believe it. To suppose so would be to believe that human beings like ourselves have it in their power for a time to become as gods."

"You *sáheb* log are a strange race, you believe neither in fate nor witchcraft, nor the sanctity of the *bráhma*na, nor the sin-purging power of the Ganges."

"You mistake—your *bráhma*na are even as your gods. This we must suppose."

"Oh *sáheb*—how sayest thou—gods!"

"Yes, ye worship them, ye swallow the dust from their feet, and deem it a privilege to do so."

"Now, *sáheb*, you are *funslauing* me—you are joking. But tell your slave, whence comes it that you are so powerful."

"Friend *Bhola*náth, it is partly because we do not lick the dust from the feet of even the mightiest of the earth. But it is chiefly because we are brought up to love the truth for its own sake, and to consider a breach of the truth as the most debasing vice into which a man can fall."

"Do we not also love the truth? Do not our *shástras* prescribe it as a duty?"

"That you love the truth I doubt not, for truth is loveable, and it is natural to man, save in a very degenerate state, or when it makes directly against his immediate self-

* Ward's Religion of the Hindus.

interest, to love the truth ; but certainly as a nation, you do not universally practise it, and your shástras in several places encourage lying under certain circumstances as a duty."

" Have you not found us honest ?"

" Indeed, Bholánáth, I have—most honest. The honesty of your people, however, is rather conventional than abstract. You are honest in particulars, but not in generals. The servant to whom I entrust a certain number of articles, or even a sum of money, will account strictly for the whole ; but he will not scruple to steal other articles if he can, that have been entrusted to a fellow servant."

" Oh, sir, you are very hard upon us—you give us a *bad-nám* ; and yet though I venture to say so, I know your words to be like the tusks of an elephant, being once out, they cannot be got in again. In argument, the *sáheb* log beat us, as cotton is beaten. But this you learn in your books."

" And cannot you learn in your books, too ?"

" Sáheb, we have no books. The bráhmans have the Vedas and the Puráns, and they are very wise."

" And why do they not teach the people to acquire the wisdom, and knowledge, and religion deposited in these books ?"

" It is not the *dustúr*, *sáheb*—it is against caste."

" Now, friend Bholánáth, you asked me a little ago, how we Viláti people were, as you have been pleased to call us, a wonderful people. I tell you, it is because we instruct the poorest man in our Vedas and Puráns, and we have no caste."

"Ye are sáheb, the *dímaks* (the white ants) of mankind. Nothing can withstand ye. Iron and stones are not proof against your subtle power, your numbers and your contriving ends. But the white ants will not cross water. Ye, however, come over the ocean, which I hear is vaster even, than from this to Calcutta (where I have never been). Oh how I should like to see the *Kálá-jáni*, (the ocean.) But perhaps the ocean is your god, as Gunga is a deity with us? Great Vishnú! thou mighty Tortoise that supportest the universe upon thy back, we adore thee!"

"That must be a huge and a steady Tortoise; but oh Bholánáth, what a god must this Vishnu be, who in the *Kachhyapa* incarnation found it necessary to assume such a form, and still maintains it. Brother, if you beheld the ocean in all its grandeur, you would not believe in such fables as this."

"Sáheb, my gúru taught me so, and tells he not truth? But what a thing must be the ocean! I have been at Patna in the height of the rains, and oh, but the scene was awful! Nothing but water, water! as far as the eye could reach. I thought then of Vishnu, the preserver, when he appeared in the form of a boar, and descending into the waters, with his tusks drew up the drowned earth."

"Brother, a drop compared with the Ganges, as you beheld it at Patna in the rains, is more proportional than the breadth of waters you there beheld, is to the vast ocean. Imagine thousands and tens of thousands of such an expanse, and still you will form but a poor idea of the illimitable ocean! Conceive the heights of the loftiest peaks of the

Himālayā, and it equals not its fathomless depths ; and in this tremendous region of waters, are myriads of animated forms, some of them of a bulk to which an elephant were almost but as a mouse. When you have imagined all this, divest your mind of silly legends about boars and tortoises raising and supporting the world, and think of the always existing, never ending, and omnipotent Deity, besides whom there is no other, who created the world, and the sun, moon, and stars, and the ' multitudinous ocean,' and the mountains, and the islands, and the lakes, and the rivers, and all things moveable and immoveable, animate or inanimate, out of nothing, by the word of his power !" It were out of place here to follow the missionary in his eloquent summary of the attributes of that Being hitherto unknown to his humble auditors, save with glory dimmed through the dark revelations of a stupendous superstition. Warming with his subject, he took up a volume which was his constant companion, and with that readiness of translation which his knowledge of the Hindusthānī gave him, read aloud the sublime Sermon on the Mount. Deep silence followed this exercise ; but with Bholānāth, it was the silence of apparently the profoundest dejection. The cause of this absorbing sadness, Mr. Hervey became curious to know, more especially as they were now left alone with each other.

" Bholānāth, my friend, what is it makes thee so mahnaboly ?"

" Ah ! Sāheb, these were beautiful words that you spoke and read ; but every country has its own religion, some worship one God, and some another. It is good for these

who worship the adorable and merciful deity you have told me of, but I am a servant of Mahádeo, the terrible, and my destiny and that of my house must be fulfilled."

"The decrees of Him who made the universe must in all things be fulfilled, but we have reason and free will to guide us aright, if we seek to know by prayer how we are to be guided."

"And have I not groaned in prayer? Have not I, from the rising to the setting of the sun, meditated on the merits of Mahádeo, and repeated the *gáyatri*, or the names of the gods—have not I sacrificed as far as my worldly substance would allow—have not I performed all the prescribed ceremonies—have not I swallowed in water the dust from the feet of half a lack of bráhmans; but still the curse of my race is heavy upon me, and am I not the victim (oh grant it Shiva, an auspicious one for all who may claim kindred with me hereafter), of a sure and terrible destiny?"

"I grieve for thee, my brother—what rests upon thy mind?"

Bholanáth, who seemed agitated by some internal struggle, took off his pagri, and pouring a lotá full of water over his aching head, and feverish brows, exclaimed, "Blessed are the waters; for the god *Soma* has said, that all medicines exist in the waters. O waters, with your waters wash away the guilt that I the sacrificer may have committed. O that the waters of the waters could also wash away the guilt of our progenitors. Oh that Chitra-gupta, the secretary of Yama, the judge of the dead, and who keeps an account of the actions of men, would tear out the leaf that contains the name of Utár Singh, for ever!"

"What meanest thou—and who was Utár Singh?"

"Pádrí Sáheb, deem not that I have drank of the juice of the flowers of the Mahuwá tree. I am not out of my senses; but as the seed of the pipal tree, swept by the wind, taketh root in a strong wall, and by its growth teareth it to pieces, there is a curse engrafted on my race. Twenty generations have passed away, but the name of my ancestor Utár Singh has not been forgotten. Dearly have we cause to remember it. In turbulent times, he was an unquiet spirit. Tradition records, that he came far from the up-country, and settled here. The arm of the land-holder was then strong, and that of the law weak. This parganah belonged to a neighbouring zamindár, whom he slew, harrying his cattle and spoiling his substance. In a temple, the ruins of which still remain, not three flights of an arrow from this house, stood the sacred Linga, the image of Mahádeo. Utár Singh, who passed his time in revel and debauchery, though he called himself a Voishnava, was supposed to have little regard for religion. One day, passing by the temple, he became offended, because the holy Sanyási, who superintended the image, took no notice of him. 'Fellow,' he asked, 'dost thou know me?' 'Better,' answered the Sanyási, 'than thou dost thyself.' 'Then why salamest thou not as I pass?' 'Thou musk-rat—thou vulture,' said the Sanyási, 'when the bráhmáni bull salutes the hog, then will I salám to thee. Prythee leave me alone to my meditations on the perfection of Shiva, and no further taint this holy spot with thy presence.' Then waxed Utár Singh wroth as a male wild buffalo circumvented by the hunters, and he spit at the Sanyási,

and beat him with his shoe, and overturned the image of Mahádeo. Then up rose the Sanyási, and exclaiming, 'Woe! woe! woe! to Utár Singh and his race!' he rushed wildly into the jungles, and was seen no more in mortal form, but oft on the verge of the deep tangled covert at midnight, an unearthly figure was seen waving its fleshless arms aloft, and exclaiming in hollow blood-freezing tones, 'Woe! woe! woe! to Utár Singh and his race!' Some days after the disappearance of the Sanyási, as Utár Singh was towards evening sauntering about, he was passing by the desecrated temple, when he heard a sound like the roar of the tiger, and looking up he beheld the god Shiva sitting in the doorway of the temple. His aspect was dreadful—his hair stood erect and matted, forming a sort of turban over his head—his eyes were red and fiery, and he had a third eye in the middle of his forehead, and his teeth were large and pointed. He wore a necklace of human skulls, and there he sat black, shaggy, naked, and terrible upon a tiger skin, while he held a trident in his hand. 'Impious mortal!' he spoke in sepulchral tones to the trembling wretch before him, 'thou hast violated my temple, and insulted the image of Mahádeo, and committed other and many acts of deliberate wickedness. Hear then thy doom, pronounced by me *Mahá-Kálu of Sháuli*, who bears the trident of *Sákánu*, the everlasting*. I do pronounce upon thee and thy generations the curse of the *Mahávyádhi*, and thus be it for ever, till one of thy descendants shall sacrifice a human being.' Utár Singh had ere this fallen prostrate on his face, like a palmyra tree felled by the tempest.

'Mercy!' he shrieked, 'mercy, Mahá Kálu, the past shall be redeemed—the image shall be set up—the——.' He looked up, but there was no one near him, the vision had vanished, and there was no sound but the murmuring of the wind among the leaves of the neighbouring pipal tree, which seemed as if it had become articulate, and whispered in low despairing tones, 'Woe to thee, Utár Singh! Woe, woe, woe! to thee and thy race.' Melancholy was the change that took place in Utár Singh, for from that day he became a loathsome leper."

"And, my friend, believest thou all this?" inquired Mr. Hervey, with a look full of compassionate regard.

"Believe it, *sáheb*! O the conviction of it burns within my heart like a quenchless fire. To think that I and mine are doomed also to feel the appalling effects of the god's malediction. O if my sufferings alone *would* but be accepted, and the doom pass away from my house for ever!"

"Bholánáth, thou'rt a sensible man, and should not give credit to such fables. Believe me, if ever there was such a man as Utár Singh, he must have laboured under a delusion, or the whole vision was one of the mind, conjured up by an alarmed conscience."

"Conscience! what is that?"

"It is the divinity that stirs within us, and tells us in plain terms (whether we would hearken or not) when we do wrong."

"But the *kusáka* (leprosy) that clung to him till he closed his eyes by the Ganga side; and hath ever since clung to his race, that could be no self-deception?"

"No, certainly not, but the seeds of the disease might

have been germinating within him long before. Besides, it is much more likely, that it was the offended Sanyasi who passed the whole thing upon him as a trick of revenge, to frighten him."

"Hush!" said Bholánáth with a deprecatory look—"Hush! utter not such words, lest the god should even now appear, and reiterate the doom of our race, because such words are uttered near the Shalagrám of one of them."

"Oh, friend Bholánáth, there is no God but one, and his name is not Shiva, nor Mahá Kálu, and he sitteth not on tiger skins, nor delighteth in human misery. *Bhái*, the yoke of the creed you bear is very heavy and galling, and presses you down, even to the dust of death. Listen to me, and bear patiently with me, while I discourse of another religion, the yoke of which is easy, and the burden light. How can beings be sources of holiness, whose actions are unholy? Will the vulture hatch a ring-dove, or the jackal nurture a kid? Consider of your many gods, with their criminal acts, their crimes, and their murders! Why did your *Rájás* and governors punish murder and other dreadful crimes with death, seeing that your *shástras* teach, that it is the great spirit, or the universal god or *Brahmá*, which is diffused through every form of animated matter,—that all actions emanate from him—that the soul is but a particle of *Brahmá**, and that man is but the elephant of which he is the mahut or guide? To serve a *bráhma* *all falsehood is allowable*: but the great title and attribute of the Being whom I would fain that you should know more about is, that he is the *Gov or Tatv*. He hates a lie. He

cannot lie. Then your gods are merciless, and your rules derived from your shástras cruel. For instance, if a sudra dares to listen to the Vedas, he is to suffer the punishment due to sacrilege. Then the repeating of the *gáyatri*, the mere repetition of the names of the gods, or some other ceremonial, you suppose to be an act of infinite merit, and capable of wiping away the foulest sins. Oh Bholánáth, turn away from these deadly notions, the true religion inculcates a contrite heart towards God, and a charitable one towards man. But thou art grievously afflicted in mind—listen ! here is the record of one that was sorely tried !' and he with ready and eloquent application ran over portions of the book of Job. As he read, Bholánáth listened with parted lips, a fixed eye, and a listening ear, and now and then uttered abrupt exclamations of awe and wonder. 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.'

The reader proceeded.

'O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave—that thou wouldst keep me secret, until thy wrath be past—that thou wouldst appoint me a set time, and remember me !' Here the feelings of the poor fellow became so agitated, that he knelt down, grasping Mr. Hervey's knees, and as fast as his bursting tears would let him, said, " Oh ! Sáheb, what magic is this ? How have you put my feelings in your book. Oh these are my thoughts, put into beautiful words. Enough, enough ! your religion is good for you—O very good ! But I am Bholánáth, the descendant of Utár Siagh, and I must forever bear Shiva's mark on my forehead. O

sir, no more, no more, your words make me unhappy, and pierce me like a spear."

"Bholánáth, I expounded so much, thinking that my words would make you very happy."

Mr. Hervey still continued his efforts, fondly hoping to turn the convictions of his hearer. Vain thought! Of all superstitions, there is none that so barricades the heart and the judgment against all argument or appeal, as that of the Hindus. You may wean the inhabitants of other countries, the natives of the isles of the southern ocean for instance, from grovelling idolatry; but here it is generated into the core of their being, and so blended with their civil system as to be ineradicable. The chief engine of all this is *caste*, that masterly invention of the author of all subtlety and mischief, for debasing human character and brutifying the mind. Bholánáth listened a little longer to the affectionate and eloquent monitor, who took such a deep interest in his welfare, but it was with a pre-occupied head and heart. What he had heard affected him as does the breeze that slightly ruffles the surface of the lake, but leaves the dark profound beneath cold and unagitated. His heart was too seared with the apathy of constitutional dejection to admit of any appeals of a nature foreign to his usual habit of thinking to reach it, and too paralysed by an absorbing feeling of imaginative terror, to be moved by such if they could touch it. It was with infinite concern that Mr. Hervey observed this, more especially, as the time had come when he must pursue his journey, even putting out of the question, the impropriety of his intruding longer, at that time, on the simple hospitality of his friends. As he

was going away, he endeavoured to make Bholánáth accept a little pecuniary offering. This, however, Bholánáth peremptorily refused, asking if he was a Baniá? This however, did not prevent the good Missionary from presenting his musical snuff-box to the little child, first teaching his sister how to wind it up; but their boy Rámnáth lingered, and hesitated, and though evidently wishing to say something, laboured under a difficulty of expressing his request.

"You want something,—Rámnáth, speak freely, what is it?"

"Oh Sáheb, speak low lest we be heard; but that book you read out of. I listened unseen, and the words kindled warmth within me like unto spices. Oh Sáheb, the gúru had taught me to read Hindustháni. Cannot I have that good book in Hindustháni?" The Missionary was delighted at the request, which he fulfilled on a future day, with an effect that surprised even himself; such is the difference between the attempts of turning old and young convictions.

"Fine doings truly!" said Bissarán the barber to Rámacharn the goálá.

"Fine doings indeed! So Bholánáth has lost his caste."

"Lost his caste! how do you mean?"

"Mean, quotha! Why has he not had a Mlechhá staying with him for two or three days? and I dare say if the truth were known, he was not only contaminated by his contact, but drank out of the same vessel with him. What does Jagráj, who deprived me of *kám* in that house, say to it? By Panchánan, I would not now be in his place, or take

the *kām* for the asking." Poor Bholánáth soon found that this conversation indicated more than met the ear, for shortly afterwards, he perceived that he had been quietly sent to Coventry by all his friends and acquaintances. Let those who affect to be above the opinion of their fellows rail at such a feeling as they will, it is a fearful thing to stand the world's dread laugh or the world's dread frown, especially when either may have a shew of circumstance to sanction it, for the world follows not the Baconian train of reasoning, but ever jumps at once to a conclusion, and there sticks as fast as an elephant in a quicksand. The consequence of the usual charitable course of the world, as it respected Bholánáth, was, that he had to give a grand feast to the brahmans, which exceedingly inconvenienced him and cost him a large sum of money, but then the curries were pronounced passing good, and the *mitháís* unexceptionable. Poor fellow, he was destined to be still more discountenanced by society than he then imagined!

There is a kind of gradual untidiness that grows insensibly in people of very contrary habits, which may occasionally be observed to be in a manner ominous of some coming misfortune. No man was wont to go more neatly trimmed than Bholánáth, but many days had passed, and Jagráj the barber came not near him. Was he ill? No. Then why came he not? The reason arose out of a conversation that occurred a short time before, between himself and his brother shaver Bissarām.

"Hem, hem!" quoth the latter, whither so fast this morning, Jaggraj?"

"Hast thou no eyes? Doth Bholánáth give me of his salt for nothing?"

"The day, Jagrāj, is not distant, when thy feet shall know the threshold of Bholānāth no more!"

"What dust is this thou castest into my eyes! Why should my feet turn from Bholānāth's door?"

"The dhobi placeth not the linens washed as white as milk on a heap of mud, nor does the brāhman contaminate himself by contact with the *parikā*."

"Thou speakest in dark sayings, I understand thee not."

"Look to thy razors, Bholānāth; no honest man would knowingly shave with razors that had passed over the chin and head of a *kushta-wāllah*."

"But Bholānāth has not got the *kushta*?"

"If he has not, then say that Bissarām's eyes have mud in them. I remember his father, and there is a fashion of the human face not to be described in words which precedes the immediate breaking out of the *kushta*. Just as Bholānāth now looks, looked his father a few days before his neighbours took the alarm. I bathed close to Bholānāth on Mangal (Tuesday) last, and observed him sharply, and I tell you the *kushta* is like a smothered fire burning within him, and ready to break out in all its hideousness. Look to thy razors, Jagrāj, look to thy custom, and look to thyself, thou knowest how catching the *kushta* is. Let it get hold of thee once, and it will cling to thee like the stings of ten thousand scorpions. But I wish no harm to Bholānāth. Look to thyself. I say nothing!"

So goes the world; it circumvents the unfortunate with a circle of fire, and then affects all the time to say nothing.

"What is the reason, father," inquired the boy Rāmnāth one day, "that Sitā, and Baktaur, and Śūparsād, and

Issar-Din, and other old friends never come near the house now. To-day I met young Mirwán, who has been so long my companion at the Gúru's school, and he abruptly turned aside, as if I had been a venomous reptile?" Every word spoken by the lad pierced his father's heart like a dagger; he sat down where he was, drew his chaddar over his face, and groaned with internal agony. "What is the matter," inquired Ramnáth, "what is the matter, my father, are you ill? Shall I send for Jagráj? he may suggest something proper, he is experienced in leechcraft as well as in his own business." "No, no, my son, Jagráj will come to me no more, and all the friends thou hast mentioned will no more cross the threshold of the victim of destiny. They will avoid us all, as they would a pestilence." A pause occurred on the entrance of his wife. "Husband," she asked, with a look of surprise, as if noticing it for the first time, "What is it makes you look so sorrowful? your face seems swelled and shining as if it were rubbed with clarified butter, and yet now I feel you, your skin is quite dry and hard like, and your hands too are the same, and rough; say, are you fatigued, have you been exposed to the sun? What is the matter?" The poor man could endure no more, but covering his face with his hands rushed out of the house. While turning down a lane that led to the Soane, he came at once full in the face of his old friend Issar-Din. The latter fell back three steps, and would have passed without speaking. "Issar-Din," exclaimed Bholánáth reproachfully, "is it thus that you meet an old friend? Have you not even a word of kindness to exchange, no former token of recognition? May you never know the

bitterness of finding coldness where you expected kindness, and how precious a kind look may be at times !”

“Bholánáth, pass on your way. I will keep to mine. Henceforward we must meet no more.”

“Why, Issar-Din, why should we meet no more?”

“Bholánáth, I loved thee, but I love my own. Thou hast on thee the incurable *kushta*. I cannot hazard speaking to thee even any longer. Farewell !”

“Oh Mahádeo !” groaned Bholánáth, “and is it come to this ! am I then forsaken by my old friends, and has the dreaded curse of Shiva fallen upon me indeed visibly and openly ? But I must have further proof !” He proceeded hurriedly down to the river side, where all the village people were congregated for their evening ablutions. Some were in the water washing their clothes, and repeating their formularies of evening puja, and others were engaged on the bank forming clay lingas, and pujaing to them, while a number of little naked children, like so many bronze Cupids, ran about in all the merriment of infantine glee. Wherever Bholánáth drew near, his neighbours shrunk from him as if he had been a loathsome creeping thing. On entering the water, every one close to him, immediately quitted that spot with signs of disgust. Among them he beheld Baktaur, and Sitá, and Siuparsád, and others, old and tried friends, as he deemed them. He was thunder-struck at this universal avoidance of one who erst was warmly welcomed among them on such occasions. Siuparsád was the nearest to him. “Siuparsád,” he inquired in a faltering voice, “what have I done to deserve this treatment, am I a Mlechhá ?”

The other at this question looked confused, and felt somewhat touched. This was observed by Bissarām the barber, who in a tone loud enough to be heard by all interposed, "Go thy ways, Bholánáth, and pollute not the waters while decent people remain to bathe. Thy beard requires trimming, friend. I doubt if even Jagráj deems your custom now such a catch as he did some time ago. I am sure I don't." Bholánáth listened in silence as he wrung the water from his dhoti, and adjusted it again beneath the surface round his loins. He then slowly left the ghát, while the tears coursed each other down his cheek. This was his last appearance at the ghát. Who can tell what was the intensity of that bitterness which now drugged the cup of his humble being? He saw his friends drop from his side like a falling bank in the ruins. But a more dreadful thought wrung his soul. "Will my isolation stop here? It is known abroad that I am now a wretched leper! Oh bitterness of bitterness, to be thus cut off from all the accustomed amenities of life, and all the sweet communings of friendship! Henceforward no man will speak to Bholánáth or say 'Rám Rám!' as he treadeth his way through the morning dew! I am now alone on the earth! But hold—have not I my wife and children? may not they too forsake me? O Shiva, spare me, spare me! This is more than I can bear." The unhappy man sought not his home that night. He wandered till midnight among the jangles, purposeless and hopeless, and at length gliding through the gloom like a guilty thing entered the ruinous old temple already known to the reader, and falling down before the broken image watered it with his tears, and poured forth his soul in heart-

broken prayers before that idol which felt not, heard not, and knew not his anguish. Claspings his arms wildly round the senseless stone, he invoked the dread being whom he believed to be mystically lodged within its form, and so spent that long and miserable night.

Hour after hour passed, and his wife expected him, but he came not. "Hast thou looked out, Rámnáth, for thy father?" "I have searched in every direction, and even near the old temple—but hearing strange and unearthly sounds issue from it, I turned my feet homewards, not knowing what to do."

In the morning, ere the sun's first beams had tipped the tree tops with gold, Bholánáth's wife, who had fallen asleep from exhaustion sitting as she was, awoke from her uneasy slumber, and beheld her husband standing with blood-shot eyes, but with a wild, wearied, and haggard air before her. "My lord!" she exclaimed, with a look of joyous recognition, bounding up and embracing him—"What became of you? Are you well?"

"Mother of Rámnáth," said her husband gloomily, "thou too like the rest I suppose wilt forsake me!"

"Master of the house, oh my husband, what words are these—why should I forsake thee?" "Answer me this, woman," he said harshly; "Wilt thou sleep on the same mat with, wilt thou put thy hand into the same dish with, wilt thou drink out of the same cup with a *LEPER*; for behold I am become so? Answer me that. No, thou wilt not. Thou art like the rest, and Bholánáth is alone in the world."

She sunk down as if she had received a blow, and clinging to his knees, wept bitterly. "Oh my husband," she

spoke in broken tones, "it is as I feared. I thought so, when Bisserrám's daughter taunted mine with her father's having the kushta. But whatever may betide, in woe as in weal, I never quit thee while I live."

"My kind, kind wife, it must not be—this day we part, and part for ever!"

"Part! Bholanáth, what words are these! Ah! now I know why last night an owl perched on the house-top, and awoke the child with its hootings. Alas! alas! why should we part?"

"Listen to me, mother of Rámnáth—Couldst thou endure to behold me day after day rotting before thee in living death, and dropping off joint by joint? Oh horrible destiny! But even supposing that thou couldst—remember, that thou too mayest be struck with the same malady, and blast my sight and wither my being with beholding thy sufferings, and the ravages of disease on the form I loved; and worse and worse, our children! Imagine our dear children festering loathsomely before our eyes, and we unable to help each other! and this dwelling of peace and love become a noisome charnel house! Oh horrible, horrible! Thou couldst not, my wife, endure this!" A deep groan of mental agony was her only reply. "Yet further listen to me, my wife. Oh mother of Rámnáth, hear me and be content—Knowest thou not that when Mahá-Kálu appeared to my ancestor Utár Singh, and pronounced the doom of the Mahávyádhi on my race—knowest thou not, that he said the curse should not depart from our house till one of Utár's descendants should sacrifice a human being? The curse *shall* depart, for the sayings

of the gods are truth, and not lies, and it shall be my care to provide the sacrifice."

His wife started, and in a tone of terror inquired, "*Thou* provide the sacrifice ! Oh Bholaⁿáth, thou wouldst not commit a murder ?"

"Nay, my wife, you mistake, and yet I tell thee that dark thoughts have come into my heart of waylaying Biss^{er}ám the barber ; but I contended with them, and flung them from me, as I would stinging centipedes. No, my wife, a human sacrifice will appease the wrath of the offended deity, and the victim shall be myself."

"Alas ! alas ! and must it be so ?"

"It must—There is no other resource, save life, and the dismal picture which its continuance presents to the mind. If I live, we shall all be miserable. If I die now, I shall die content. My disease is only in its commencement. Let it break out, and I may infect you all ; and what would life be worth to me, cut off even from thee and my dear ones ? Oh no, no. Death and freedom are before me, and the enfranchisement of my children from that dread doom, the fearfulness of which they cannot understand. My wife ! I spent last night in Mahádeo's temple, and I saw or dreamed that Shiva looked smilingly upon me, and held out a hand of encouragement. Cheer up. My business here is at an end. I shall meet Rámnáth in the fields. To take leave of the younger ones is beyond my strength."

"Whither," inquired his wife wildly—"Whither wilt thou go ?"

"I go towards Prayága, where there is a gate of death. There shall I consign myself to Kámya-mareña, (voluntary

suicide,) and comfort thou thyself with the thought, that the practice is laudably enjoined in several Shāstras, and that some of the Smritis and Purānas lay down rules for Kāmya-marana, declaring it meritorious in a Shudra*. But I can no more delay. I am called hence." His wife threw her arms round his neck, and they were for some minutes clasped in this, their last embrace.

"Art thou prepared for the journey—hast thou means of procuring food and lodging?"

"Means sufficient, that has been thought of—again fare thee well!"

"But one word—thou wilt send me back thy staff, or thy shoes, by a trusty messenger?"

Bholānāth looked fixedly at his wife, and his eyes filled as he did so. He understood full well the meaning of that request, it being (*formerly*) a custom of the Hindus, that when a widow cannot sacrifice herself on her husband's funeral pile, she will become a Satī with a staff, or any other representative of him, that is brought from the place of his death or burning. Bholānāth was silent.

"Wilt thou," she continued quickly, "wilt thou not grant me this last, this small favour?"

"Rāmnāth's mother! who will take care of our little one, our tender little boy whom I dare not see again lest he should unman me, and make me forego my fated purpose, if it were possible? Oh my faithful, my kind and much loved wife, thou wilt live to be a mother for that helpless child, whatever you may hear of me?"

"Bholānāth, I conjure thee as my last wish, comply with

my request—I have much to say, but my head is confused. Oh I can no more—farewell." One last long look of mutual anguish, and she found herself alone.

The shades of evening deepened ere her daughter returned with her little brother. His father had been in the habit of cutting out little rude figures out of every bit of wood the child picked up, and in this way the little fellow had accumulated a host of *kkelonás* or play-things. The boy ran up to his mother, who sat silent and abstracted with her head upon her knees. "Mother," he asked, "where is my father? I want him to make an elephant for me." She looked up, clasped him in her arms, and bursting into tears said, "Child, thou hast no father." At this declaration the poor little fellow began to cry most piteously. Why, however, dwell further on the sadness that reigned that night and many following nights, in a dwelling where formerly the inmates had been so contented and happy?



There is something very imposing in the spectacle of a vast multitude of human beings, especially when assembled to hold some solemn festival. On a beautifully serene and cool day, the strand under the walls of the fortress of Allahabád, presented such a scene of varied interest and bustle as a great *melé* usually does. Thousands of both sexes were assembled on this day declared propitious by the bráhmans, to bathe in the waters of the sacred Prayága, or the confluence of the Jamná and Ganges. Dealers in all sorts of articles, edible, useful, or ornamental, had their wares assorted in booths. While at one place might be

seen a bear-ward and a monkey-man earning their pice and cowries from a group of idlers, a strolling band of *bhōurs*, or buffoons set another on the broad grin, and a third was entertained by the vicious plunging and kicking and squealing of half a dozen tattús, apparently trying to devour each other. It was evident at a glance that numbers had come there from no religious feeling whatever, but the eye fell on masses of weary and wasted forms who had travelled a long and rough pilgrimage to bathe at the holy place, and to carry away the sacred water to their houses, which many of them were destined never more to behold. It is indeed affecting to witness and to reflect on the sufferings, that tens of thousands of poor pilgrims of Hindustán, annually undergo for religious reasons. The privations and the tortures they endure are sometimes appalling, and it is but justice to say that they bear such trials in silence and with fortitude. One cannot, who has witnessed all this, think of millions of his fellow men exposed to such ordeals, without an emotion of deep sympathy for beings who make such sacrifices to conscientious conviction. With this also mingles the hope that a better day may dawn for them, and that their spiritual bondage may yet pass away before the light of revealed truth! This was a feeling that even a comparatively unconcerned spectator, pretending to any feeling at all, could not help experiencing. We may suppose, then, how it moved the very soul of the Rev. Evander Hervey, for he too was there, and might be seen accompanied by a Native Christian bearing tracts, which he distributed as he passed, to those who appeared the most grave and reflecting. But whence that wild music of the Indian drum and pipe?

There is a whisper of one come to perform Kāmya-marana. The musicians are followed by an old brāhman, and after him comes a pilgrim with a long staff, and his head without a turban, but a chaplet of flowers round his brows. He walks at a slow and steady pace, and has now reached a spot detached from the crowd, and close to the water side, where there is moored a dingi (or small boat). Mr. Hervey has recognised in him his friend Bholanāth. Some misgiving of what was about to be done, came across his mind, and he moved hurriedly towards the spot. He found him sitting; his open hands clasped together, his lips moving but uttering no sound, and his eyes shut, as if he were engaged in silent prayer. Mr. Hervey was much struck with the change that had taken place in his appearance. There was no longer scarcely a trace of the personal neatness that formerly distinguished him. His body and limbs were attenuated and wasted; his cheeks hollow, and his hair quite grey. The hereditary disease under which he laboured gave evidence of its ravages about the feet and hands, and the skin of his face and body appeared very dark, and shrivelled, with shining patches here and there. Mr. Hervey addressed him with words of salutation. He opened his dim and lustreless eyes, and shut them again, evidently not recognising him. Mr. Hervey spoke to him yet more eagerly, and his face suddenly lightened up with a look of cheerful recognition, while he saluted with both his hands. "Oh Sāheb, and do we then meet once more!"

"Yes, Bholanāth, and I hope we shall often meet again."

"Never! Pādri Sāheb—never! I am like a broken

bank tottering to its fall. I am an image made yesterday to be cast to-day into the river—I am as a drop about to be absorbed into the great ocean of time, and the spirit of Brahma !”

“ Death, Bholánáth, is the portion of us all, but neither you nor I can tell the very hour of his approach, for he cometh like a thief in the night.”

“ Oh Sáheb, to me cometh death not like a thief of the night, but radiant as Surya. To me he is the sure friend that will enfranchise me and mine. You, Sáheb, may not know the hour of your own final release, but the minute of mine is at hand, and has been fixed by destiny.”

“ Thou meanest not truly, Bholánáth, to destroy thyself? O the self-slayer commits a most dreadful crime.”

“ Nay, Sáheb—you are deceived. The gods whom I adore have commanded me to sacrifice myself.”

“ At least pause—wait for some days, and listen to what I have to say on the subject.”

“ Look, Sir, at this expanse of rapidly flowing water. In its dark recesses will I seek peace and expiation ere half an hour has expired.”

Mr. Hervey became much agitated at thus fully comprehending the intent of the unhappy man's determination. “ Bholánáth !” he exclaimed in a voice the impressiveness of which was deepened by a feeling of horror: “ Bholánáth ! In the name of that true God who delights not in the death of a sinner, I adjure thee commit not self-murder. Thou that wouldest not willingly tread on a worm, why wilt thou raise thy hand against thy own life ?”

“ Sáheb, you mean well, but you are mistaken. It is not my hand that raises itself against its lord, but the voice

of the gods that calls upon me to perform a meritorious rite. The boat waits—pray say no more."

Earnestly and eloquently did Mr. Hervey use every argument in his power, to turn him from his purpose, but in vain. "Sahib," he said with that apathetical air which betokens that the hearer is wearied by appeals that strike his ear but not his heart—"Sáheb, you give yourself much trouble. By your Shástras suicide may be pronounced wrong. With mine it is not so. The gods who have bestowed upon us a different complexion, have also ordained that we should have different creeds. I say nothing against yours—pray leave me to the quiet contemplation of mine for the few minutes I have to live. Arguments are like the breeze that stirs the cedar sapling and bends it hither and thither, but moves not to this side or to that the gnarled trunk, in whose boughs the wild pigeons have nestled for many years."

"But Bholánáth, one word more—think of your wife to be made a widow by this rash step—your children to be rendered fatherless! O think of your little boy running to the door to see if it is his father's step he has heard, and crying, on being told that he is to behold him no more: think of your poor wife hiding her tears from her children who torture her with the question—'Why did our father leave us unprotected, and prefer death to the society he once delighted in?' Oh Bholánáth, I intreat of thee, be kind to thyself, as thou hast been to others. Come with me, and I will accompany thee home. If you like not to return to the home of other days, return with me to mine, and I will send for your family, and we shall yet see many happy days together! Come, come, I see you relent." No-

thing that Mr. Hervey had yet said moved him with whom he expostulated so much as this. He clasped his hands convulsively together, and sobbed, while the tears coursed down his wasted cheeks. At length after a momentary struggle he found words. "Pádri Sáheb, your heart is as tender as the young lotus bud; but oh in mercy try to move me no further—my mind is made up, Mahádeo has decreed it. The curse *shall* depart from my house. Our name shall no more be a reproach in the land of the living. What can I say more?"

"Bholánáth, think of this—all crimes may be repented of and forgiven; but suicide ——"

"No more, no more," said the man, starting to his feet, and looking imploringly at his kind counsellor—"if thou wouldst not embitter the very last moments of a dying man, I adjure thee by the holy name of *thy* God, speak to me no more on this point. The cake is kneaded, and the fire is ready. All is complete." He then joined his hands together, after chewing some grains of parched rice handed to him by the bráhmaṇ, repeating these words: "Brahma! thou art the great being. Thy command is as the water of life; from thee proceeded the *Viráta-puráṇa*. The whole universe is thy body, in which thou dwellest as the animating soul. Thy mouth is fire, thy hair the clouds, thy beard the lightning! Thou art the source of universal motion. I bow to thee who art the universe. To the gods who dwell in heaven I bow. To the gods who dwell in space I bow. To the gods on earth I bow. To the regent of waters I bow*. To thee, O Varuna, and to thee, O indomitable Yama! Be propitious, Shiva—hear, O Mahá-Kálu, remem-

* Sáma-Veda.—Ward, &c.

her thy word—with *me* perish the curse of thy wrath on my ancestor Utár Singh and his race ; may it be buried with me to be seen no more !” The Missionary was now silent, for he was deeply engaged in inward prayer, that the universal Father of all would receive and pardon this his erring child ; and that while he walked through the valley of the shadow of death, His rod and staff should comfort him. His heart and his eyes were full ; but Bholánáth now looked serene and unconcerned. “ Good Sahib,” he said, saláming with profound respect, “ were there many of your countrymen like yourself, it were better for us, and for yourselves. Believe not, however, that the Hindu is ungrateful for kindness—may the universal spirit of Brahma into which I am about to be absorbed ever be gracious to you—may you belike an old pipal tree, firmly rooted in the soil, a shadow to the fainting, and revered by all who pass you ! Oh Sáheb, one favour and I am done. I am a stranger here—no one knows me, no one cares for me but yourself. Will you—if it is not too much to ask—will you see this staff delivered into my wife’s hands—if possible, O do so yourself, for much may depend upon it. I promised this—but Sáheb, let her not burn ! You understand me, and oh be a protector to my children.” Mr. Hervey, with a voice half choaked with emotion solemnly promised all he wished. He had turned aside his head to conceal his agitation. On looking again, he saw Bholánáth sitting in the bow of the dingí already mentioned ; while a single boatman sculled it out towards the confluence of the sacred rivers. The bráhman sat opposite to Bholánáth, and the open hands of both were closed together. The boat at length stopped. The bráhman helped the suicide to fasten two earthen pots full of

sand round his middle. The latter then looking up to heaven stood for a moment wrapt, and then slipped into the water. The bráhmán held him under the arm-pits. His head and arms were still above the water, and his eyes directed towards the blue expanse of heaven. Whatever he said was now inaudible to the people on shore. The head disappears—two hands grasped in those of the bráhmán are still above water. “Hari-bol!” shouted the latter, as he let go. “Hari-bol!” rose in a universal shout from the thousands on shore. Not even a ripple of the water showed where the poor suicide had gone down to the chambers of death!

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

A Fragment.

BY COLONEL ARCH. WATSON.

BUT, now, in distance seen,
 They near'd the frightful, grim, Promethean rock,
 Where, since outstretch'd, by keener vulture gnaw'd,
 Thy heart, Napoleon, writh'd in foreign chains,
 A warning star for monarchs yet unborn!
 Though dark the cloud that overspread thy end,
 In times when conquest droops the spreading wing*,

* It may be asked, what Cæsar—assuredly “the foremost man,” and greatest military genius the world ever beheld—could have done, at the present day, supposing him to have been at the head of any kingdom in Europe; where the discipline, and furniture, of armies, are every where pretty nearly on a par, and the science of war is reduced to a system of calculations? We remember no other character of antiquity whose actions, duly examined with the obstacles that were

Turning the mental view through ages past,
 For master-spirits, if we sole except
 Great Julius, who the Roman eagle led,
 The world ne'er saw thy Fellow, first of men !
 And ha' st thou died a king, i' the battle's smoke,
 In shock of squadrons, mid the cannon's roar—
 A fall magnificent, and worthy him
 That shook the nations, seal of glories past—
 To latter ages had thy comet path
 Descended, by some future *Shakespeare* drawn,
 Dazzling the world with thy setting sun.

Let private men, who grieve at fortune's frowns,
 But think of thee—and, inly shrinking, blush,
 Awe struck at thy dread fall. Thy last sweet hope,
 Thy princely heir, too, gone ! Alas ! we fear
 Something in thee provok'd the King of Kings
 To seal thy doom, and shroud thy race in night.—

opposed to them, can bear a comparison with those of Napoleon.—There seems, also, a considerable resemblance between the personal characters of the latter, and Cæsar, and scarcely a striking action, or saying, in the life of the one that may not be paralleled in that of the other.

The state of the world, even at this moment, seems clearly to indicate, that the time is rapidly approaching when " nation no more shall rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The improvements in Science, and the arts (of which the progress of Steam presents a leading and remarkable instance), and the advance of knowledge and civilization, will gradually bring mankind every where on terms of equality, and conquest, in any direction, will become an impossibility. Then will be fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, (xi. 9,) and universal peace reign on the earth.

TO A LADY WHO INSISTED ON CONTRIBUTIONS
FOR A NEW ALBUM.

M. G. F. SIDDONS, ESQ.

WHEN sovereign woman issues her decree,
What man presumes her mandate to reject ?
We talk of Liberty ! — yet who so free
But stands a slave contest in this respect ?

The young, whose glowing breast with ardour boils,
Hurries impatient to obey her call
The old, from long experience in such coils,
Sighs and submits to the accustom'd thrall

" Vain were th' attempt, indeed, by skill or force,
To stem the torrent of dear woman's course !
For if she will, she will — you may depend,
And if she won't, she won't — and there's an end "

Nay do not frown—I mean that she's *consistent*
When once she has resolv'd upon a matter.
From *obstinacy* this is widely distant —
A porcelain vase is not a vulgar platter.

Since you exact, as tribute from each friend,
Some verses for your book, however bad,
My quota with humility I send,
For my best poetry is " prose run mad."

I knew you in the budding of your age,
When first you enter'd on the world's career ;
And though you now enact the matron sage,
Time's progress has not render'd you less dear.

You need not shake that tiny little finger,
Nor pout that lip as if inclined to scold :
Some youthful graces, I perceive, *do linger*,
Declaring that you're *not so very old*.

Not one grey hair a cause for doubt supplies,
Nor on your forehead can I spy a wrinkle :
Aye, and those sparkling, dancing, speaking eyes,
With all their wonted glances laugh and twinkle.

Long be it thus, and—'midst the tender cares
Which on a rising family await,
But which the anxious husband fully shares—
Contented happiness be still thy fate !

FINIS.

